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NEW YORK ~~PRe~~

AUGUST 20, 2001

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Divorcing Your Therapist

Is your shrink holding you hostage?

By Jennifer Senior

us:
ie and Anthony: uder Than Howard

inter S. Thompson on eorge W.'s Vacation

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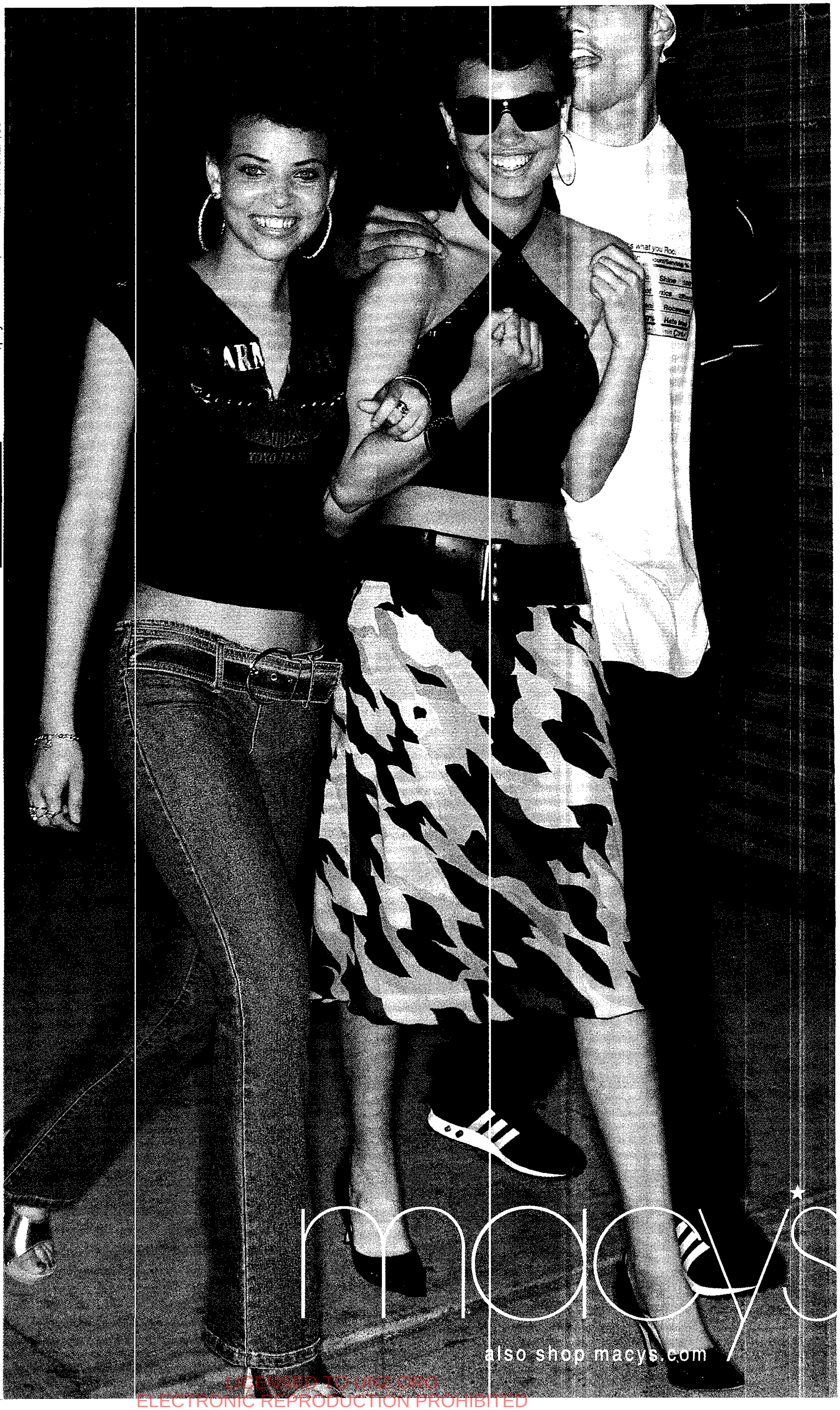

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Guardian Crossword

"Organizing a crew for a regatta is like calling your ten best friends and offering to pay for their vacations."
—Yacht racer Jim Richardson, page 38

24 Separation Anxiety By Jennifer Senior

To many New Yorkers, the arrival of August evokes powerful fantasies of escape—from psychotherapy, that is. But few shrinks will give you up without a long-term struggle. From Freud on down, therapists have had ways of interpreting their patients' exit strategies as evidence of their neuroses—and therefore worthy of (what else?) more talk. But the author dared to wonder: Is this for the patient's good? Or the shrink's?

30 League of Their Own By Michael Dolan

Despite their beautiful new ballpark and the devotion of baseball-starved Brooklynites, the Cyclones don't always have it easy. There they are, in the shadow of their parent team, the Mets, making $850 a month each, bunking in dorms, and dining on leftover hot dogs. It's just a subway ride to Shea—but only one in ten will ever make the trip.

34 The Man Show By Ian Spiegelman

Sexy amputees, aging strippers, "Bra Bingo"—Opie and Anthony's "cringe radio" smacks of vintage Howard Stern (who's called them "my bitches") and has won them a place among the top shock-jocks in New York. This summer, they signed a syndication deal with Infinity Broadcasting, but how will their freakish frat chat play in the heartland?

38 Operation Sail By Marion Maneker

For a select group of investment bankers, high-powered lawyers, and real-estate moguls, regattas have become an intensely competitive obsession, the extreme sport of gentlemen who can afford technology-rich yachts—and the America's Cup vets to sail them. Let the games—and the spending—begin.

COVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LANGE.
Models: Aileen Fehy and Armand C. Piscopo; styling by April Johnson; prop styling by Mark Turnaje; hair and makeup by Scott Patric/Garren.
Photograph by Brian Finke.

Volume 34, Issue 32

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One of the major highpoints of summer in New York City is the energy that radiates from the courts at the US Open. But the US Open isn't only about great tennis, it's about experiences. Lincoln — Official Vehicle of the US Open and Exclusive Sponsor of the Men's Singles Championship — will share its passion for design, luxury, and tennis in very innovative ways for US Open fans.

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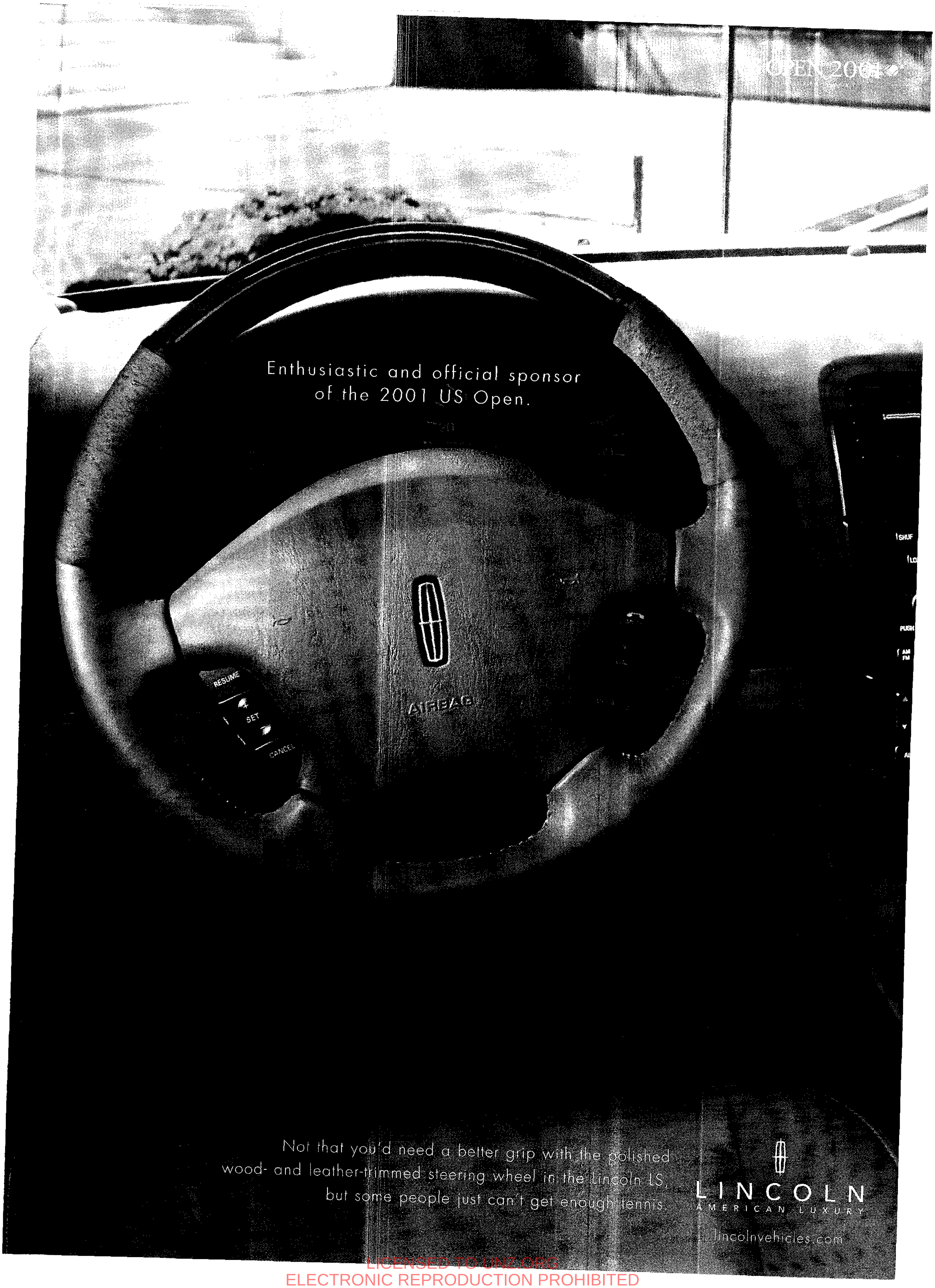
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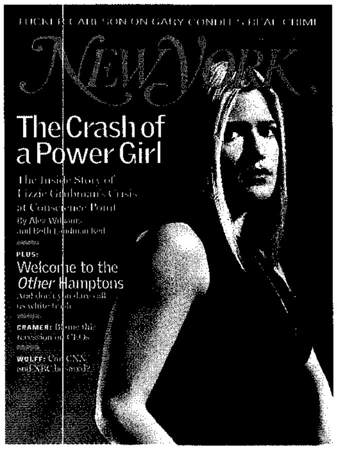
Letters

> No wonder the locals resent the cell-phone-toting morons invading their land—right down to the family cemetery.
>
> —Joan Warner

Trash Talk

New York Magazine made Lizzie Grubman look like a victim ["Reversal of Fortune," by Alex Williams and Beth Landman Keil, July 30]. Have you no journalistic integrity? The real victims are the sixteen people she plowed into that night, the victims you can't even manage to name. My stepsister was one of the "two women" pinned against the wall, and four of her friends are among the injured. Poor Lizzie couldn't sleep?! Unbelievable! It sounds to me like *New York* is afraid of standing up to the Grubman Empire for fear of alienating its New York Elite audience. You should be ashamed.

Kelly Alpert, MANHATTAN


TUCKER CARLSON ON GARY CONDIT'S REAL CRIME
NEW YORK
The Crash of a Power Girl
The Inside Story of Lizzie Grubman's Crisis at Conscience Point
By Alex Williams and Beth Landman Keil
PLUS:
Welcome to the *Other* Hamptons
CRAMER:
WOLFF:

Like Leona Helmsley before her, Lizzie Grubman feels free, by dint of her obscene wealth and the protection of a powerful man, to express aloud sentiments that decent people don't even entertain. Uncouth, uneducated, and unskilled in anything but self-promotion, she is a paragon of Bush-era values. No wonder the locals of the Springs ["Fine Arts and Auto Parts," by Greg Donaldson, July 30] resent the cell-phone-toting morons invading their land—right down to the family cemetery. And no wonder so many Manhattanites who lived in and loved the Hamptons fifteen years ago now stay as far away as we possibly can.

Joan Warner, MANHATTAN

Having just read your piece on Lizzie Grubman, I turned back to the beginning to see what journalist attached his name to this sympathetic puff piece. I guess I should not be surprised that it took two reporters to kiss the collective Grubman ass. It would be interesting to see if the number of years Ms. Grubman could face in jail would be termed "ludicrous" by your reporters if she had plowed into a group of their family and friends. On the positive side, I can now feel Ms. Grubman's pain.

Christopher Hendry, HOBOKEN, N.J.

Slick P.R. people inspire neither affection nor trust from most of us, but this is not the point here, nor should it be. Smashing into one's friends and potential clients is not a good business move, and it's hard to conceive of Grubman as being that stupid. Cars do spin out of control, and one need not be drugged or drunk to have it happen. Sure, she comes off as an ill-tempered and spoiled rich thirtysomething brat, and she may, in a fit of pique, have slammed down an accelerator, resulting in an unwanted nightmare—but does this warrant a jail sentence, and if so, to what purpose? Is society going to benefit? Are there not more productive ways of dealing with such a situation? It is difficult to identify or sympathize with the troubles of a Lizzie Grubman. Worse yet are those who would condemn her for what she is rather than make an objective study of the incident.

Elizabeth R. Baecher, MOUNT KISCO, N.Y.

In the United States, we have a nasty little habit of glamorizing the crimes of the social elite. Lizzie Grubman did not dribble punch down the front of her blouse at the spring cotillion. She threw her SUV in reverse and struck down sixteen people, causing trauma and bodily harm. If you or I had done what she did, we'd be incarcerated. It's obvious someone neglected to inform Ms. Grubman that while cash may be expendable, human beings are not. Gone are the days of social graces and etiquette, of true socialites such as CoCo Chanel and Jackie O. How tragic. I suppose in the end, trash is trash no matter how pretty the packaging or expensive the bow.

Susan A. Kurdach, DUNELLEN, N.J.

Flip Side

Greg Donaldson's article about the Springs was wonderful. Lately, I had become a more casual reader of *New York*, but this restores my interest in your publication. Your article treated Bubs and Bonackers with a much-deserved respect. They are the "real" inhabitants of the Hamptons. Memorial Day to Labor Day, they put up with second-home owners, but the Hamptons are at their best in the off-season, when locals, out-of-towners, and this magnificent landscape find an extraordinary harmony. Let's hope Lizzie Grubman has the time to read your article and learn that there's life beyond Conscience Point.

Andrew Visconti, MANHATTAN AND EAST HAMPTON

Friends Like These

Though it was nice of Tucker Carlson to weigh in on the Chandra Levy case—how timely—he is not only late to the party but ill-informed as well ["The National Interest: Interngate: The Sequel," July 30]. Carlson writes about Condit's friends on the Hill, assuming they are Democrats, when just the opposite is the case. Condit, a blue dog, has long been a Republican favorite, so much so that no less than Rush Limbaugh predicted he would switch parties back in '94. And as for Tucker's readiness to swallow Condit's self-administered lie-detector test, well, he's got as much to learn about polygraphy as he does about political-party alliances.

Harley Peyton, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

NEXT WEEK...

New York's double-size annual fall fashion issue.

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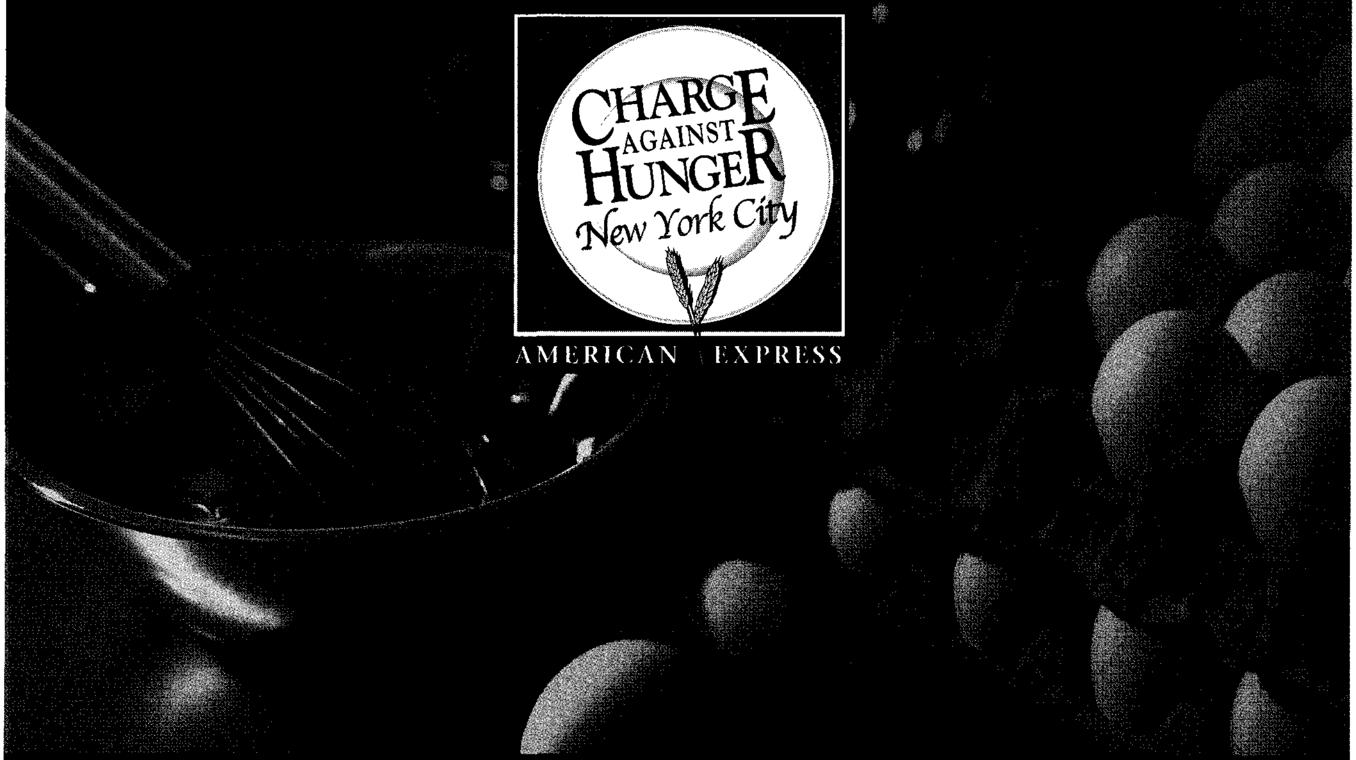

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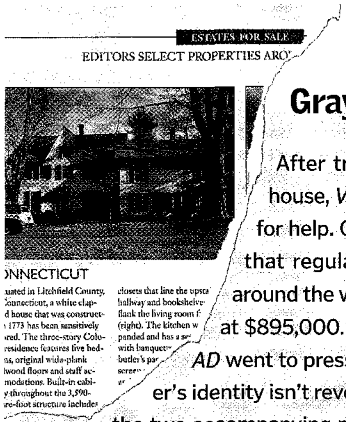
By Marc S. Malkin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Connecticut, a white clap-
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1773 has been sensitively
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modations. Built-in cabi-
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re-foot structure includes

closets that line the upsta
hallway and bookshelve
flank the living room f
(right). The kitchen w
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with banquet
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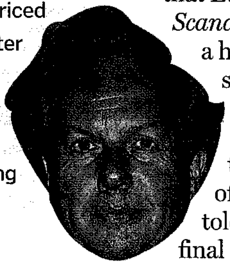
Graydon Carter's *Architectural* Logrolling

After trying for almost a year to sell his Washington, Connecticut, country house, *Vanity Fair* editor **Graydon Carter** has turned to fellow Condé Nast editors for help. On page 178 of the September issue of *Architectural Digest*, in a section that regularly showcases editors' picks of multi-million-dollar homes for sale around the world, is Carter's humble 1773 Litchfield County manse priced at $895,000. Earlier this year the asking price was $995,000, and after *AD* went to press Carter slashed the price again, to $850,000. The owner's identity isn't revealed (all the listings in the section are anonymous), but the two accompanying photos are by **Jonathan Becker**, a contributing photographer at—you guessed it—*VF.* **Paige Rense**, *AD*'s editor-in-chief, insists she wasn't playing favorites: "If Graydon was selling a seventies ranch house, I would have to pass."



Puffy: You Should Be Dancing

As **Perry Farrell** D.J.'d and **Tommy Lee** dirty-danced with **Prince**'s ex-wife, **Mayte**, at Lotus's fête following MTV's twentieth-anniversary party, **Sean "Puffy" Combs** was happy just watching one of his minions dance at his behest. "I wanna see you dance," Combs was overheard demanding. "Dance for me." The guy complied and promptly got jiggy with it. The rap royal had less luck, however, trying to woo an MTV staffer onto his yacht for the weekend. "Sorry," she said. "I play bingo on Saturdays."

Palling Around With Gayheart & Ratner

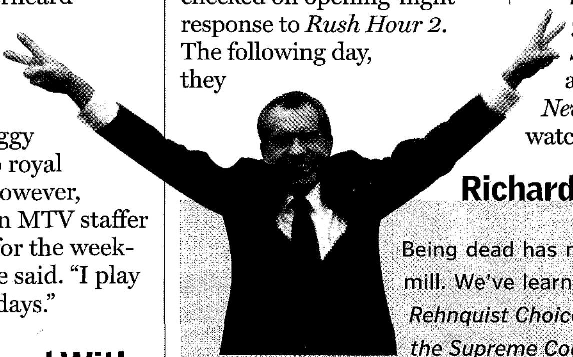
Rush Hour 2 director **Brett Ratner** and actress **Rebecca Gayheart** (a.k.a. the Noxzema girl) insist they're just friends, but appearances would suggest otherwise. Not only did Gayheart show up at the Los Angeles premiere of *Rush Hour 2*, but the two—who split two years ago after twelve years together—were inseparable during a recent jaunt to New York. A couple of nights after attending MTV's twentieth-anniversary party, the couple took in the Off Broadway play *Topdog/Underdog*. Later that night, they were at the Empire movie-theater complex in Times Square, where they checked on opening-night response to *Rush Hour 2*. The following day, they strolled East Hampton's Main Street. (Ratner bought Gayheart some goodies at Scoop Beach.) By Sunday, the two were back in the city and spotted at Louis Vuitton on Fifth Avenue. Reps for both say they're not lovers, just best friends.

A. J. Benza: True Hollywood Story

A. J. Benza is saying good-bye to *Mysteries & Scandals*. Just weeks after the former *Daily News* gossip columnist watched his late-night talk show, *A.J. After Hours*, tank and then found himself banned from the Howard Stern radio show after brawling with "Stuttering John" Melendez, now comes word that E! has put *Mysteries & Scandals* on hold. "It's taking a hiatus," a rep for the show says. Benza has a gloomier prognosis. "As far as I know, we're through," Benza, author of *Fame: Ain't It a Bitch*, told us. After taping his final episode two weeks ago, a source tells us, Benza thanked his production team with a night out at Deep, a trendy club in Los Angeles. Benza insisted on picking up the $1,500 bar tab.

THEY DO? We hear **Anne Heche** and her fiancé, **Coley Laffoon**, will marry any day now. The actress formerly known as a lesbian has been telling friends and family that their wedding will take place somewhere in Los Angeles before the end of August.

With Catherine Townsend and Aric Chen.

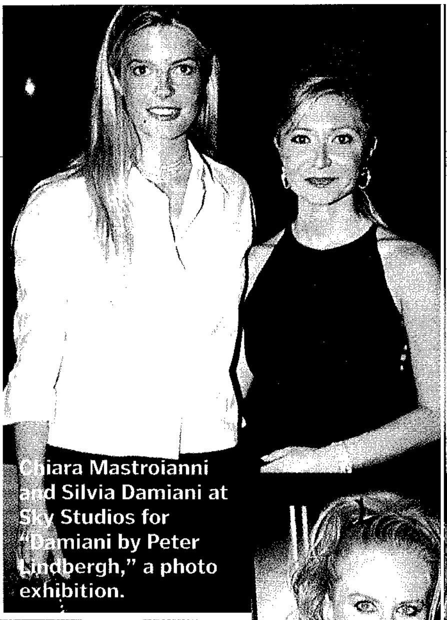


Richard Nixon's Untold Tale of the Tape

Being dead has never stopped Richard Nixon from being grist for the gossip mill. We've learned that the Free Press has been rushing to put together *The Rehnquist Choice: The Untold Story of the Nixon Appointment That Redefined the Supreme Court*, a new book by Nixon lawyer **John Dean**. A tipster sent us transcripts of tapes that Dean uncovered of Nixon talking to Attorney General John Mitchell and domestic-policy aide John D. Ehrlichman about his Supreme Court picks. At one point, Nixon theorizes that appointing a woman to the court would win him needed support, but he moans to Ehrlichman that women should never have been given the right to vote. In fact, he thought women shouldn't even be hired for government jobs. "The reason . . . is mainly because they are erratic. And emotional," Nixon says to Mitchell. "Men are erratic and emotional, too, but the point is a woman is more likely to be." As for **William Rehnquist**'s Protestant background, Nixon tells Mitchell to get him "baptized and castrated. No, they don't do that. I mean they circumci—no, that's the Jews. Well, anyway, however he is, get him changed."

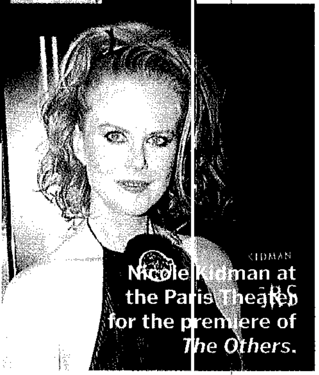
Photographs: from top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Corbis.

Scene

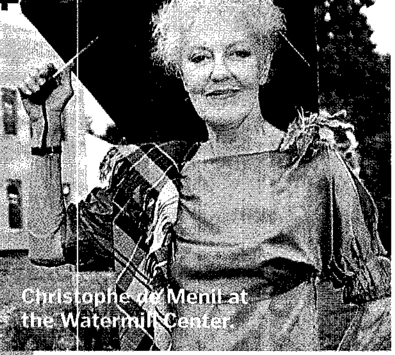


Chiara Mastroianni and Silvia Damiani at Sky Studios for "Damiani by Peter Lindbergh," a photo exhibition.

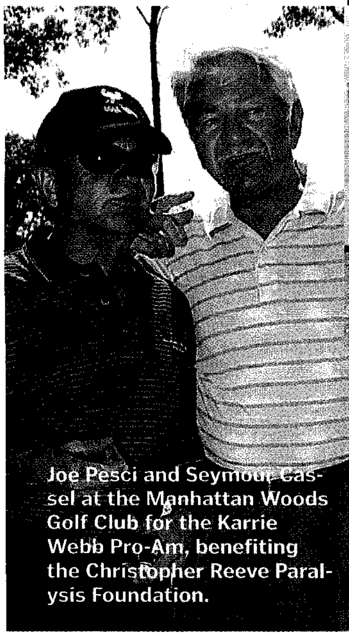
The Dahm triplets at Light for the launch of *Playboy*'s Triple Platinum Dream Sweepstakes.



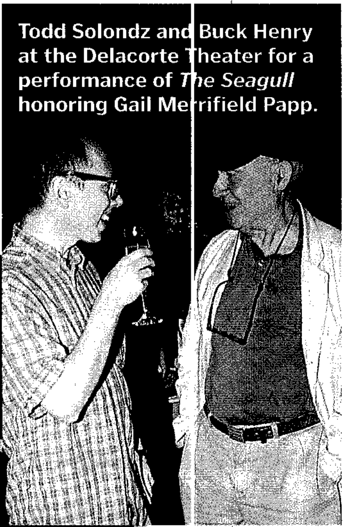
Nicole Kidman at the Paris Theater for the premiere of *The Others*.



Christophe de Menil at the Watermill Center.



Joe Pesci and Seymour Cassel at the Manhattan Woods Golf Club for the Karrie Webb Pro-Am, benefiting the Christopher Reeve Paralysis Foundation.



Todd Solondz and Buck Henry at the Delacorte Theater for a performance of *The Seagull* honoring Gail Merrifield Papp.

Charles Jourdan and Martine Verbrugghen at the opening of the Arche SoHo store.

Kennedy, Dave Navarro, and Carmen Electra at MTV's twentieth-anniversary party.

Prince Pavlos and Marie Chantal Miller, Alex and Alexandra Von Furstenberg, and Prince Dmitri at Barneys for a party celebrating Diane Von Furstenberg's debut in the store's windows.

For Art's Sake

"I was the assistant on that shoot when I was 16 years old," marveled **Francesco Scavullo** after coming upon a Horst photo of Marlene Dietrich hanging in the Watermill Center during its annual benefit auction on August 4. The guests, all supporters of the arts center run by **Robert Wilson**, included **Donna Karan**, **Alan Cumming**, **Richard Meier**, and **Chuck Close**, who also contributed portraits of Wilson and **Philip Glass** to the auction. "This is my most productive time of year, so I hate to come to things," said Close. "It's a tribute to Bob that I'm here." (A tribute made all the more profound by the fact that the portraits went for $25,000 each.) A few of the artworks were somewhat more interactive, like the two live nudes covered in flowers and a modern-day Ophelia wrapped in white cloth, mumbling verse. **Calvin Klein**, accompanied by **Claudia Cohen** and **Bob Colacello**, ventured up to an innocent-looking podium. "Say your name," a disembodied voice demanded. "Calvin," whispered the low-key designer. "This is for you, Calvin," replied the voice, at which point the trio was bombarded with Hawaiian music and a storm of Styrofoam beans. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

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Photographs by Patrick McMullan

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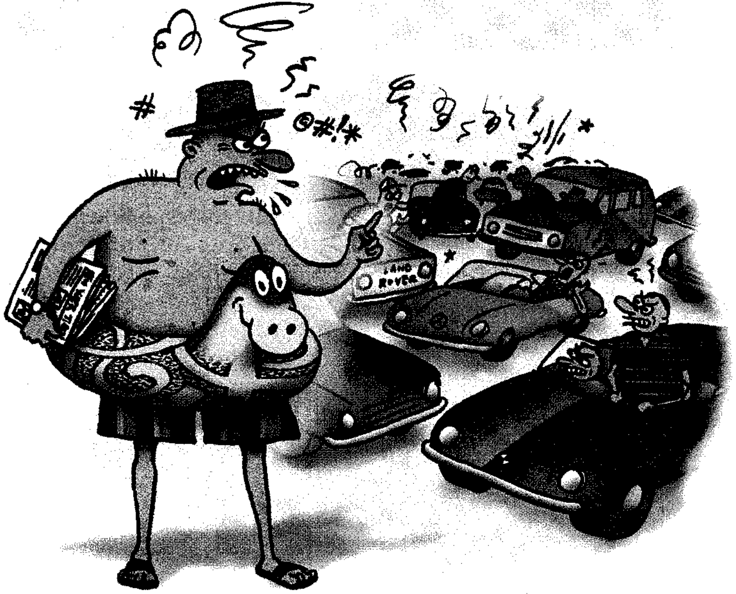
GOTHAM



M.V.N.Y.

Investment bankers. Traffic jams. Rodents. Martha's Vineyard in August feels an awful lot like a certain other island. By Meryl Gordon

Martha's Vineyard's people have always had a certain snobbery about the Hamptons—Manhattan by the sea. This year, however, their idyll is seeming a lot more like what happens in a Lincoln Tunnel traffic jam. Last week, Manhattanite Toni Goodale started out on what should have been a ten-minute trip to the liquor store to pick up Brazilian rum for the caipirinhas (yes, the New York *Times* food section is available on the island) she planned to serve her guests. "It took me 50 minutes to get back," says Goodale, a fund-raising consultant. "Thank God I had a book."

Last week, ocean breezes at least cooled this scorching island, awaiting the downsized arrival of Bill and Hillary Clinton, but the wind didn't do much to soothe the tensions of vacationers fighting the traffic to get to the beach or the fish store. "The line of cars was so long yesterday that I thought it was a search party for Chandra Levy," quips investment banker Richard Grand-Jean. "The stock market is down, and you still can't park."

Tisbury police chief John McCarthy seems to enjoy the idea that his summer charges feel inconvenienced. "Are you telling me *New Yorkers* are complaining about our traffic?" says McCarthy, a former city denizen who moved here more than 25 years ago. "Can they come give me an autograph?"

Unfortunately, though, traffic isn't the only urban ill that seems to have crossed Vineyard Sound and infested the island. At a large celebrity-studded cocktail party here recently, the wife of a movie mogul was distraught as she described the invasion of her waterside estate by—you heard right—rats. "Everybody freaks out at rats, and you have to talk people through it," says Bob Drummey, an assistant manager at the island pest-control firm Griggs & Browne, which charges a bounty per rat. "There are a lot of urban people who aren't used to seeing any wildlife, even ants, and they get hysterical."

To islanders, actually, New Yorkers have always brought two much-appreciated imports: money and comedy. At John's Fish Market in Vineyard Haven, the staff was laughing last week about the man who came in and ordered live lobster, then asked, "Are they fresh?" Documentary-film maker Kate Feiffer says that unlike in the Hamptons, "there aren't any secret back roads here. But as a former New Yorker, I feel like I'm in my element in August—the traffic, the long lines. It's just like home."

Hamptons Road Warriors

No, East End road rage is not confined to dyed-blonde publicists or Alec Baldwin. In fact, riders say it's even infected the Jitney. "Traffic patterns have changed," says Tom Neely, vice-president of Hampton Jitney—and not for the better. Several East End towns, he explains, have passed new laws preventing use of alternate routes, thereby ratcheting up congestion and testing the civility of stressed weekenders shoehorned into $24 seats. The most serious flash point is the three-minute cell-phone rule, which some riders find too long and others too short. "There's not a whole lot we can do about it," says Neely. "We can't throw them off the bus."

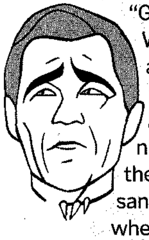
Another insult is that, by all accounts, police in the Hamptons have stepped up traffic and parking enforcement, using an army of young summer interns and a weapon that had been deployed only sparingly before: the boot.

And the asphalt itself seems to be rebelling. "The roads are buckling from the heat," said an officer at the Southhampton police station last Thursday. "Everybody—with the exception of the emergency workers—has been sent home for the day."

Illustration by David Goldin.

THE BIG QUESTION

Where would you take George W. Bush on vacation?



Dr. Hunter S. Thompson: "George is Never where the White House says he'll be, and especially not *this* time. Hell. I spoke with him on the land-line last night, and we agreed that the Hwange wildlife sanctuary in Zimbabwe is where we want to go. I will meet him in Miami and fly direct to Africa on Air Force Nine, which he assures me is very comfortable. 'Very cozy,' he said. 'Just me and you and the girls, and maybe Laura—but you know how she feels about your smoking.'

'Wait until she smells those Hyenas,' I said. 'She'll be begging me for a Dunhill.'

He laughed nervously. Ernest Hemingway hated Hyenas. They're pansexual and they track victims—but the President finds them 'fascinating,' and so do his daughters. 'We will live completely in the Wild,' he told me. 'We will do as the animals do.'

'Why not?' I said. 'Hyenas are unpredictable, but they won't bother us as long as we're naked.'

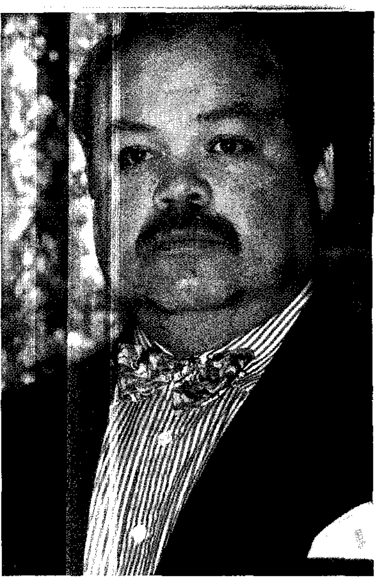
'Yes, sir. Naked as Jaybirds, out in the wilds of the Congo.' There was a childish joy in his voice that I hadn't heard for a while. 'Just like Tarzan and Jane—us and those crazy Hyenas. I can hardly wait!'

'Me either,' I said. 'It's a good thing there won't be any photographers. We sure as hell don't want any *pictures* getting out.'

He laughed. 'Fooled 'em again, eh?' "

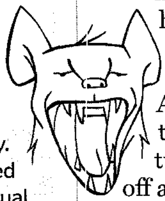
Remembering Jack Maple

NYPD Blue



Two weeks before Jack Maple lost his battle with colon cancer, he somehow managed to drag himself to John Miller's house on Long Island for a barbecue. Miller, the ABC correspondent and former press guy for the NYPD, had put together a kind of crime-fest by the sea. There were lots of cops, feds, and lawyers. Though Maple was heart-wrenchingly frail, needing a walker as well as assistance to get around, the once-robust former deputy police commissioner seemed to have a fine time.

"All the FBI guys and all the NYPD guys kissed his ring," says Miller, who handled the arrangements for Maple's funeral at St Patrick's. And as he was leaving the barbecue, Maple turned to Miller, peeled off a $100 bill, and said, "Make sure you take care of the band for me."



Maple, who was 48, stayed in character to the end: funny, cranky, irrepressible. And courageous. "He faced his illness head-on," says private eye Bill Stanton, who was Maple's partner in the investigations business. "I grew up with some cartoonish ideas about heroism and toughness. But I learned from Jack what it really means to be a man."

In 1991, there were more than 2,200 murders in New York, and everyone—pols, sociologists, urban experts—was ready to throw in the towel. But not Maple. He sat at his table along the wall in Elaine's and talked about how he could cut crime in half. It was a preposterous barroom boast—and he made it happen.

In a mere 27 months as New York's deputy police commissioner for crime-control strategies, he obliterated decades of accepted wisdom about police work, crime fighting, and responsible government. His Compstat process, which brought accountability to the NYPD, is now used by more than a third of the country's big-city police departments.

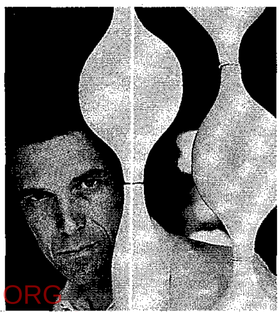
Maple's extraordinary success was a triumph of the eccentric over the conventional. But he was an iconoclast in ways far more important than his foppish dress. He challenged the way things were done. He questioned procedures. He was perhaps the most creative cop in history.

Not bad for a high school dropout who called himself a crookologist. CRAIG HOROWITZ

Hotels

W's New Standard

In his style war with Ian Schrager (though not, of course, in his wealth war), Barry Sternlicht is at a disadvantage. Even his hippest hotels—the rapidly multiplying Ws—are seen as derivative (their decorative Granny Smith apples appeared first at the Delano), and some of his properties are downright dowdy, like the Westin and Sheraton chains. But now the CEO of Starwood Hotels may hook up with ultrahip, perpetually *tan André Balazs (pictured), owner of the Mercer* and L.A.'s ever-cool Chateau Marmont. "Barry's credibility is as a businessman," says a source. "This would be a sexy association for him."



Sternlicht is eying Balazs's recession-ready Standard in Hollywood, whose *Wallpaper**-ed rooms start at $95. A second Standard is about to open in L.A., and Balazs has bought property with Cape Advisers at Lafayette and Delancey Streets for a third. "We've been talking to Starwood as well as other companies," confirms Balazs. According to a Starwood insider, the hypercompetitive Sternlicht—who once contemplated buying out Schrager and who wooed away bar czar Rande Gerber—might also look to *Balazs to spruce up brands like the Westin. If Sternlicht* brings money to this potential marriage, Balazs (who's already married to Katie Ford) can offer his impeccable decorating sense—and the right sort of guest list. "You can't make a hotel hip just with furniture," he insists. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

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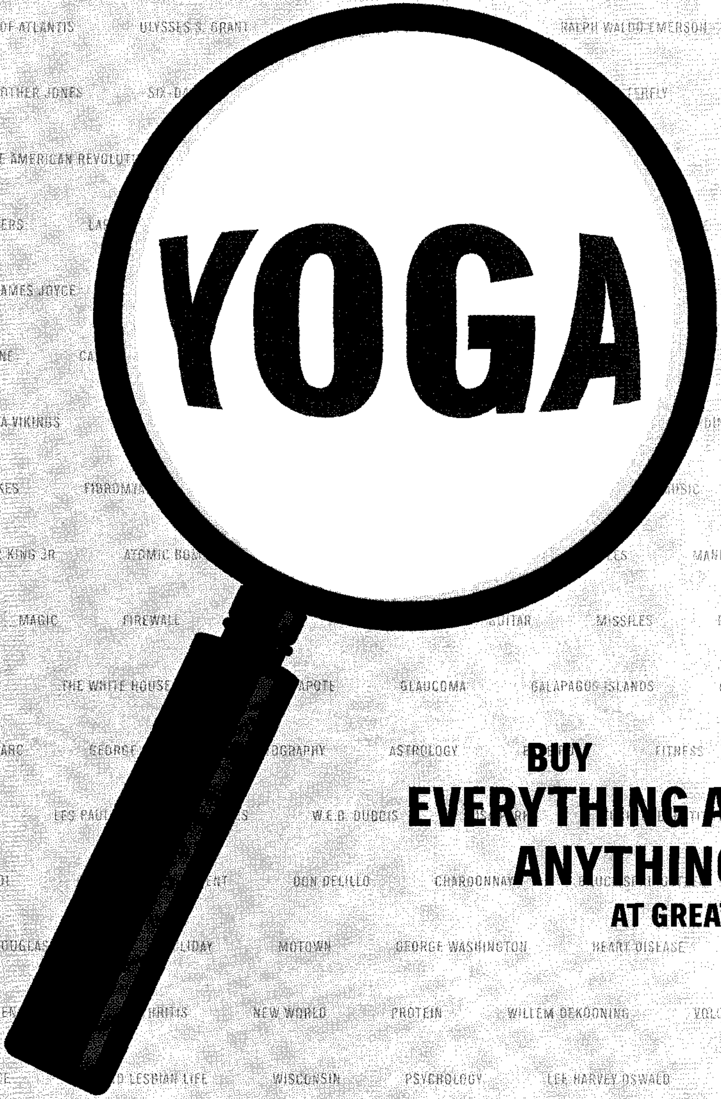

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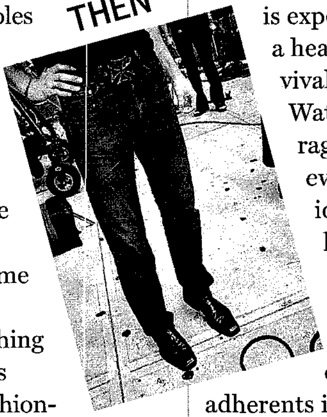
Style

AMY LAROCCA

A Holey Revival

There was a time when wearing aged jeans with worn-out knees was something to aspire to. You'd buy them old or make the holes yourself with repeated washings and purposeful scratching with sandpaper—you could even buy them pre-slashed at places like J.Crew. But then a man named Helmut Lang came along, and jeans were transformed into something stiff and dark. There was even that odd fifteen fashion-minutes when jeans were cuffed (in some cases, there was about a foot of extra turned-up fabric) and people sent them to the *dry cleaner.* Holes were a thing of the past. But as with most things, the pendulum has swung back again; even acid-washed denim has had a revival. So start globbing the self-tanner on your knees. Holes are back—witness Dolce & Gabbana's fall collection. But a word to the wise: They are always best when they at least *look* legitimate.

THEN



NOW

Smart Ones
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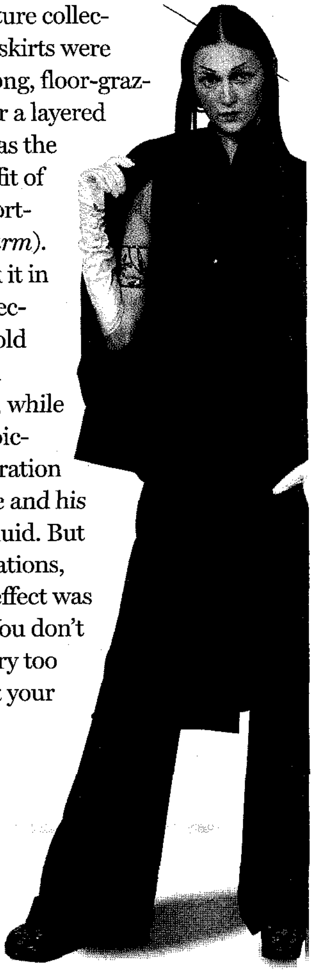
1, 2, 3 Success?

Like A Flock of Seagulls haircuts, another eighties trend is experiencing a hearty revival: Weight Watchers. The rage for the Points System is evident among the lithe fashionistas at Condé Nast headquarters—arguably the diet capital of the world (for proof, one need only visit the Frank Gehry cafeteria, with its Atkins adherents in the line for cheeseburgers and its Zone contingent crowding the sandwich bar). Now a stylish posse has been braving the sweaty crowds of Times Square and making the weekly trek to the Weight Watchers center at 1290 Sixth Avenue to be weighed in and attend an "encouraging" group meeting. And with the results on display in the empire's elevators, the idea is catching on. "They look," one editorial assistant whispers, "fantastic."

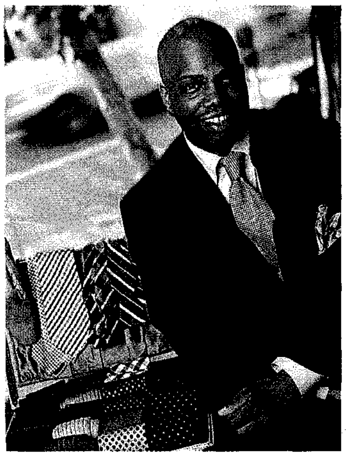
BRIDIE CLARK

Pants Marching

Are trousers the new hose? Karl Lagerfeld and Jean Paul Gaultier have finally picked up on a tremendously practical trend that's been popping up on East Village sidewalks and the mannequins at Urban Outfitters for several winters now: pants worn beneath skirts. At both houses' couture collections, short skirts were piled over long, floor-grazing pants for a layered look (that has the added benefit of being comfortable and *warm*). Chanel took it in a classic direction, with gold buttons and boiled wool, while Gaultier's (pictured) inspiration was Chinese and his look more fluid. But in both situations, the overall effect was flattering: You don't have to worry too much about your butt.



Smart Set



Anthony T.

"English gentleman by way of Bed-Stuy" is how 35-year-old Anthony T. Kirby describes his look, which consists mostly of complicated pairings of shirts and neckties. Kirby, who got into the fashion business eighteen years ago (doing customer service at Brooks Brothers, where "they told me I was too young for the selling floor"), takes his furnishings—ties, pocket squares, and made-to-measure shirts—directly to men who want to replicate his bold style. His private customers range from Graydon Carter to the Reverend Gary V. Simpson of Brooklyn's Concord Baptist Church. "He's a throwback," says Jay Kos, a haberdasher on Lexington. "He goes through the archives at the English silk mills." "The very model of whimsy and elegance," says Elliot Rabin, patting T.'s shoulder with a paternal hand. (Kirby's day job is in Rabin's Madison Avenue store, Peter Elliot, which also sells Anthony T. ties.) "Everything the well-dressed man should be." "He's the only guy I've ever met that I'd let pick out my clothes," says the lawyer Ed Hayes, who relies on Kirby for exotic items like tweed slippers. "Having him visit your office is the high point of a fourteen-hour day." MARION MANEKER

Photographs: clockwise from top, Andrew McCaul; FirstVIEW.com; Sarma Ozols; Annie Schlechter (2).

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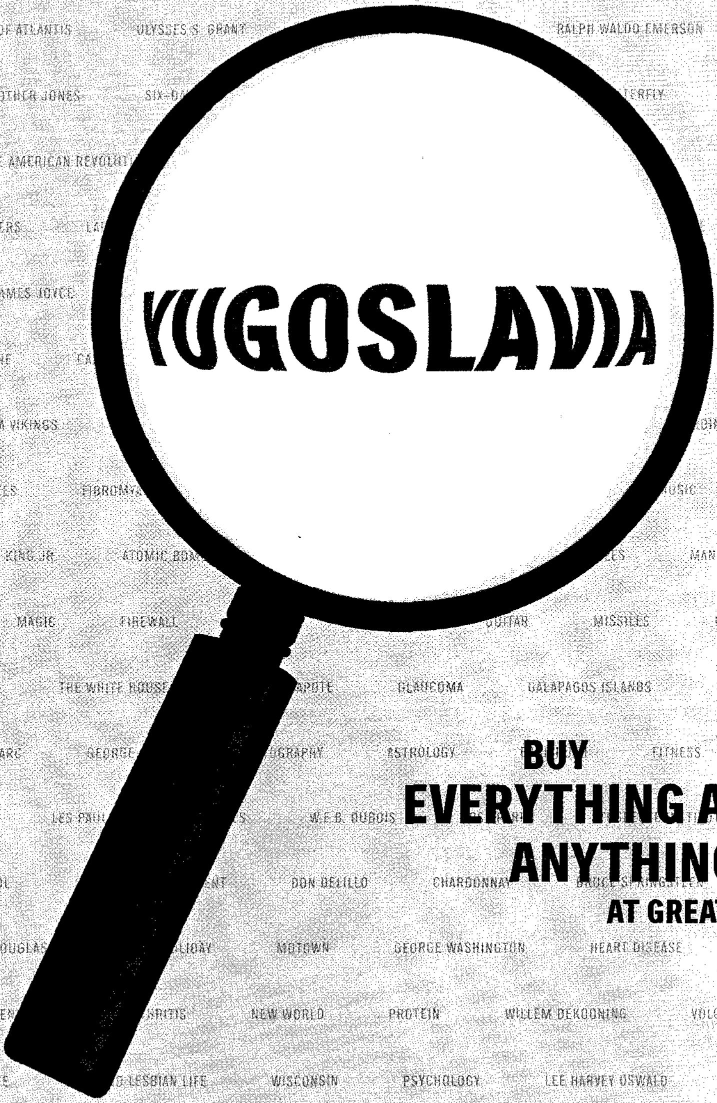

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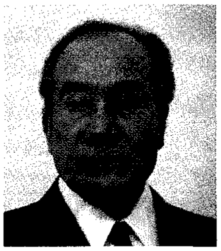
Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

New World Order

Wake up! Campaign-finance reform has made a contender of gadfly George Spitz as well as Alan Hevesi; term limits have given us the most hotly contested races in years.

IF YOU HAPPENED TO FIND YOURSELF locked in conversation with an urban-politics junkie at some point in the past five or six years, he would have told you that the two most substantive and far-reaching changes in the city's governance of the last decade—more than Rudy Giuliani's election, and even more, from said junkie's peculiar perspective, than the laws and policies that brought about the crime reduction—were campaign-finance reform and term limits. You would not have believed him. And he would have said, *Wait until 2001, and you'll see.*

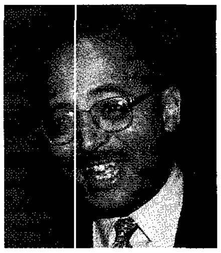

Herman Badillo

Let's test the hypothesis. The term-limits referendum, passed by voters in 1993, has first and foremost opened up the mayor's office—is there any doubt that if it hadn't passed, Rudy, even with a family life resembling the Bundys' more than the Bradys', would be seeking a third term? It has also opened up the other citywide posts, and 37 of the 51 City Council seats. The people we're choosing, and, so far, assiduously avoiding, this fall will govern us for the next eight years and, since most of them hope to continue trading up, many more after that.

Likewise, the public-financing law has dramatically changed the rules under which these people will be elected. Alan Hevesi knows: If there were no such law, Hevesi, who has raised $7 million, far more than his rivals, would be ahead in the polls and probably breezing toward victory in the primary. Without the law's spending caps ($5.2 million in the Democratic primary) and pressure from the editorial boards to abide by them, Hevesi could have overwhelmed the others with television ads, and his current mess—his consultant, Hank Morris, is alleged to have provided his services free in an effort to skirt the law—wouldn't have happened. At the City Council level, where the spending cap is $137,000, the law means people who can't raise a lot of money can still compete; "busting the caps," as the phrase goes, is the one thing a candidate can do to ensure the universal contempt of every person who pays attention to this sort of thing.

Michael Bloomberg

You may wish Rudy could run again, and you may be morally opposed to spending tax money on politicians' propaganda, but you can't deny that these changes have made this election the most open and widely contested in the city's modern history. And yet at the same time, other, larger forces have taken root that have more than nullified whatever drama these changes might potentially have created. Politics occupies a far less prominent place in the city's culture than it once did—look at a seventies tabloid and you'll be shocked to see how much more local politics there was. The rampant gossipization of news has meant that the papers are most interested in personalities; short of dancing naked in Macy's window, the best way for a candidate to ensure coverage is to be named Hillary Clinton or Michael Bloomberg.

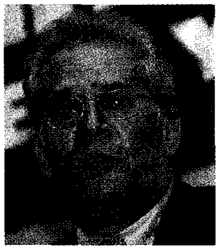

William C. Thompson

So voilà, here we are: a fiercely contested election about which no one cares.

Well, all I can do is my part. Herewith, a survey of some of the races, a look at some lesser-known candidates, and a few observations about how this election might actually matter.

- **The Fifth Man** In newspaperthink, any candidate who doesn't have a few million dollars is a gadfly. But in the real world, there are gadflies, and there are gadflies. The "candidacy" of Kenny Kramer has the smell of someone who's trying to pump up lagging tour-bus ticket sales. George Spitz, however, is another kettle of fish. Spitz, best known as the man who invented the New York City Marathon, is a retired public servant with encyclopedic knowledge of every arcane issue you can imagine and many more you can't.

Spitz is running against the four major Democrats in the September 11 mayoral primary. You will see him in the two debates, which under the admirable terms of the campaign-finance law must include all candidates who qualify for matching funds. He may not win, but his years of earnest citizenship have won him the right to lay before the voters his notions, which you can also find at georgespitz.com.


Herbert E. Berman

- **The GOP primary** The question here is simple: Are the editorial boards going to let Bloomberg skate through this primary season without having to face Herman Badillo in any televised debates? Last month, WNBC and New York 1 invited both candidates to participate in debates before the primary. Badillo said yes, but

Photographs by Richard B. Levine.

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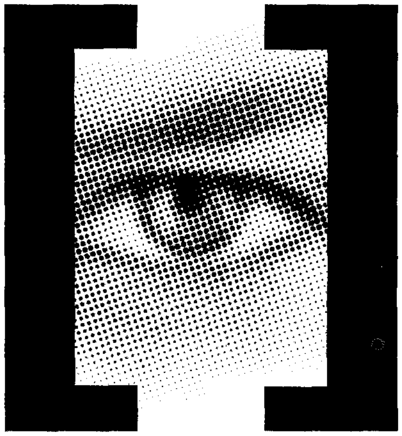

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Betsy Gotbaum

Bloomberg has stonewalled.

The reason is obvious. Badillo's knowledge of city government is the equal of any living person's, and he would probably pulverize Bloomberg in a debate. "If there's one thing I know," Badillo once said to me, "it's this city and its agencies. I know where all the bodies are buried, because I buried some of them myself." Bloomberg, who has rarely appeared at any multi-candidate forums, let alone actual debates, won't get within miles of a soundstage that has Badillo on it.

Unless he's pressured to. Editorial boards love to lecture candidates about debates. It will constitute an unprecedented free pass for a candidacy if the *Times* and especially the *News* (I say especially because the *News* editorial page has shown signs of bending its usual criteria to favor Bloomberg) don't jab the points of their swords in Bloomberg's back.

• **Comptroller** The candidates here are Herb Berman, a city councilman for 26 years, and Bill Thompson, a former president of the Board of Education. Both are Brooklynites. Thompson, the only black candidate for citywide office, is a soft-spoken and somewhat remote man who worked in the securities field, while Berman, from Canarsie, is more the hail-fellow-well-met type.

Their political pedigrees bear striking, and only partially inspiring, similarities. Thompson's father was a judge, and the son, now 48, worked first for a member of Congress who got caught up in scandal and later for Borough President Howard Golden. Berman, 67, came out of an old-line Canarsie political club and was part of a group of people who were close to Koch when he was mayor (Koch has endorsed him). Both can manage the books, but a good comptroller is someone who doesn't mind taking heat from the mayor, and neither of these men has been a boat-rocker, to put it mildly. The one who'll deserve to win is the one who shows he can change that habit.

Scott Stringer

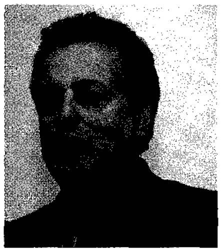
So far, this race has played out almost entirely under Wayne Barrett's byline in the *Voice*, where the tenacious scribe has lit into Thompson for doing securities transactions without a license, among other charges. Thompson says, "The firm I worked for didn't believe it was necessary, and believe me, the firm was very careful about this." Whatever the truth, the real question is whether Barrett's stories will hurt Thompson with the *Times* (the Berman camp has mailed Barrett's pieces to the editorial boards), whose nod in this race is probably dispositive.

• **Public advocate** Was there ever a better marriage of pol and office than Mark Green and public advocate? The activist schooled in Naderism, handed a staff and subpoena power. Rudy's presence made it even richer; Green, especially with Hevesi mostly ducking mayoral skirmishes, became a sort of opposition leader, giving city government a quasi-parliamentary gloss that was the framework for some lively and important ideological warfare.

Norman Siegel

But now, since everybody who'll be in office next year will be a liberal Democrat, what's the point? This office will be a bare room, and the person who can furnish it most creatively--by hiring good staff and thinking of intelligent things for them to do—deserves the job.

At a forum I attended last week, Brooklyn councilman Steve DiBrienza and Manhattan assemblyman Scott Stringer came across as best prepared to do that. The NYCLU's Norman Siegel has name recognition and an undeniable history as an advocate of many causes; one wonders whether his stated enthusiasm for litigating policy questions is really what the job calls for. Betsy Gotbaum, David Dinkins's parks commissioner, is at the anti-Siegelian, conciliatory extreme. She has raised the most money and is considered a favorite; but she evinced less knowledge of the specifics of government than her opponents, and that knowledge is something the person who hopes to be useful in this office should have. Lower Manhattan councilwoman Kathryn Freed has the knowledge, but she's had trouble raising money and expanding her base. Finally, salsa king Willie Colon is running, but my space is getting short, so he'll be saved the embarrassment of my retailing the particulars of our conversation, in which I asked him if he could tell me (within $3 billion) the size of the city budget; he could not, and then called back and left a message in which he was obviously reading from a crib sheet with numbers describing the city's capital budget (an entirely different thing).



Stephen DiBrienza

Kathryn Freed

• **City Council, Brooklyn, 33rd District, the Heights and Williamsburg** I highlight this race because nowhere in the city is there so stark a choice as here, with an excellent candidate facing uphill odds against a troubling one.

David Yassky is a professor at Brooklyn Law School, but he used to be the chief counsel to the House crime subcommittee when the Democrats were in the majority and it was chaired by Chuck Schumer. This man basically wrote and oversaw the passage of—ready?—the Brady law, the assault-weapons ban, the Violence Against Women Act, and the clinic-access law. He organized the hearings, did the lobbying, and put together the coalitions that passed them. A person who's done that—and he's only 37—and wants to be on the City Council should be ushered in to the sound of trumpets.

But alas, he has to get votes. And he's running against Steve Cohn, a longtime Democratic district leader whom Jack Newfield once called "the tunnel between the clubhouse and the courthouse." (Cohn's law firm was the single biggest recipient of judicial patronage in Brooklyn.) Cohn has raised a ghastly $290,000 in a race where he's only allowed to spend $137,000, which suggests that he may be intending to bust the caps in the race's final days, when campaign officials may be too busy with bigger races to notice.

There are two other candidates from the Heights in the race, by all accounts good fellows. But David Yassky is the textbook definition of the sort of person who can change the council for the better. He will need every vote he can get to stop Cohn. So you see, something is at stake after all. ■

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Photographs by Richard B. Levine.

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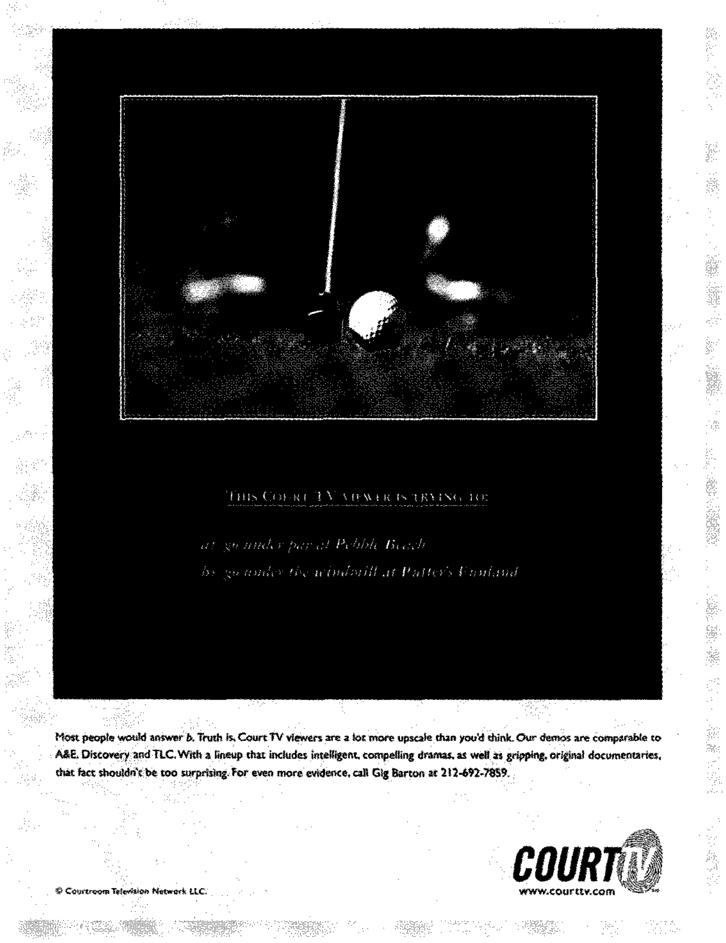

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James J. Cramer THE BOTTOM LINE

Overexposed

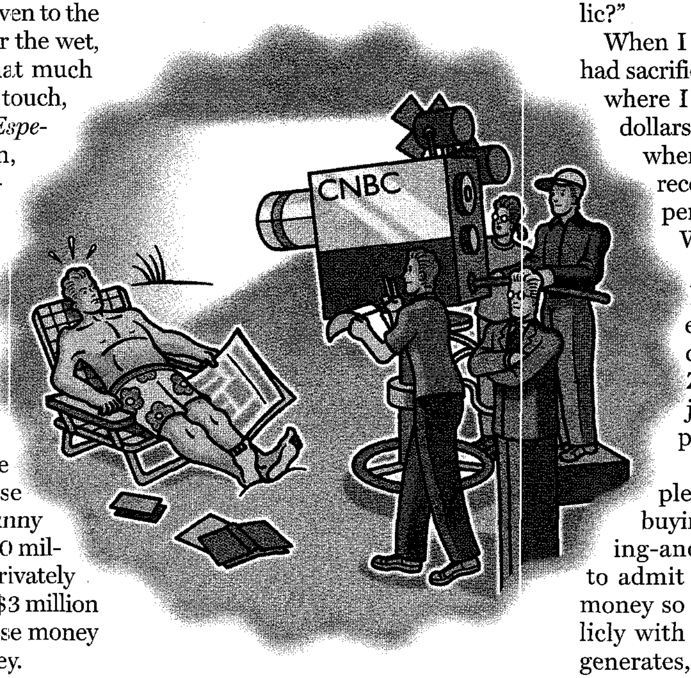
Doing all my trading in public seemed like a good idea at the time—but it turns out there's nothing worse than being caught outside with your portfolio down.

TWENTY DAYS AT AMAGANSETT, WITHOUT A care in the world. Well, sort of. Last year, when I quit the hedge-fund business, I looked forward to taking a real vacation, one where I wasn't watching CNBC and checking in to the office seven times a day, buying and selling stocks from the cell phone under the umbrella, oblivious to the waves, to the wife, and, yes, even to the children burying my body under the wet, hot sand. I had never taken that much vacation, ever. I always stayed in touch, even during the honeymoon. (*Especially* during the honeymoon, since my wife and I worked together at the time.)

This year, though, all I had at stake was my personal portfolio: $3 million and change that I had decided to run on my own to keep my hand in the markets. I chose to run it publicly—announcing every trade as I made it on TheStreet.com's subscription section—for the benefit of my readers and those who watch me on CNBC. The funny thing is that whether it's the $300 million–plus that I was running privately for a bunch of rich people or the $3 million now, it's still just as painful to lose money . . . and this vacation, I lost money.

I tried to tell myself, when I drove my mountain bike to Lisa's Deli each morning, that I was buying the *Journal* for those crackerjack front-page stories in the first section and not the morose numbers in the third section. I tried not to punch in symbols the few times I went online, particularly for the more problematic of my holdings. And I certainly didn't want to ask my assistant for my personal fund's net worth . . . even though the rest of the world already knew it. (For a snapshot of my portfolio at the time I wrote this, go to www.newyorkmetro.com/link/cramer.)

I had left standing instructions not to bother me about any stock that I owned or was thinking about buying unless it plummeted substantially. Which was why it was so jarring to get a call from Rachel, one of my assistants, before I had even gotten to the Manorville exit on the L.I.E. Fluor had hit my buy point, she told me. The construction-and-engineering company had touched $38, where I had said I would pick up some more. Frankly, though, I never really thought it *would* hit $38, not unless thermonuclear war broke out. So I bought some more then and there, by cell phone, and the trade was dutifully tallied up on my public Website portfolio.



"Looks like I picked the wrong time to go public with my buys and sells," I told my dad, who was driving with us to the beach to begin our Hamptons holiday.

"Wait a second," he said, hearing the slight panic in my voice when I explained that Fluor had hit my extreme price target for buying. "I thought you got out of that game." My dad was thrilled when I retired from the hedge-fund business last year; he feared that I would never get out of that pressure cooker alive.

"Don't worry," I told him. "This is just a little portfolio I run to show everybody what I do."

"You mean people know you're taking a beating in Fluor? You're making it public?"

When I said yes, he said he thought I had sacrificed one high-paying headache, where I was compensated millions of dollars for getting it right, for another, where I made nothing and would receive more ridicule than any one person should have to handle. When I told him I intended to give the gains away to charity, he said I should have my head examined on the spot. "And I don't think there is enough Zyprexa in Amagansett for the job," he added, knowing his pharmacology cold.

But despite Fluor and a couple of other stinkers I had been buying because I like the engineering-and-construction sector, I have to admit it's a pretty cool idea to run money so all can see it, to wrestle publicly with all the questions a portfolio generates, and to do it yourself, without being able to yell over to an analyst, "Find out what's wrong with Fluor, and I want to know now!" It's kind of like . . . well, like real life. It's how most people run their money, and at least until now, I've enjoyed the challenge. So far, I'm down about 5 percent since the experiment began in April. (Better than the market, but still painful.) I let everyone

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Check out TheStreet.com's "10 Questions" feature this week. Jordan Schreiber, manager of the Merrill Lynch Healthcare Fund, is on the hot seat. Available free of charge at www.thestreet.com.

Illustration by Peter Hoey.

who subscribes to my portfolio product know what I am going to do, ahead of when I do it, via e-mail. I fret over declines, debate selling the winners and adding to the losers, and attempt to cut losses as best as I can by simply admitting I have made a mistake. (Contractually, I can't sell until four months after I buy, to prevent flipping. I also can't touch a stock that I mention on television for five days.)

I am trying to do things differently from the traditional Wall Street don't-blame-us approach. When I think I have made a mistake, instead of saying "I would hold that until it gets cheaper," I just call it a mistake—as I did in March when I bought EMC in the thirties—so that my readers don't copy me into oblivion. I rail against analysts who downgrade my stocks because the stocks have lost momentum, and I buy stocks that are beaten up after they are downgraded because I don't care how I do this quarter and am willing to sit with the position.

I bought a ton of Microsoft and then helplessly watched it run up after its appellate-court victory, something that would have led to some quick scalps had I owned the position at the hedge fund. I own oil and oil-service stocks that have simply cratered, and I own retail stocks that have been hot as a pistol going into tax-rebate season.

Unlike most portfolios that were created in the past few years, mine has very little tech. I'm "overweighted," to use the portfolio term, in financials, meaning I own a ton of brokerage and financial stocks, because I think they will do well in a lower-interest-rate environment—so far they haven't.

It's been a humbling and, at times, just plain embarrassing experience. People e-mail me and tell me what a knucklehead I am for my bad buys. They praise *themselves* for following me on the good ones. Still, I wouldn't have it any other way. I think that *showing* the process, blemishes and all, is the easiest way to demystify the investing game, which is a mission I've been on for five years now, ever since we started TheStreet.com. With this crummy market, that means there won't be any rest on my next trip to the Hamptons. Fortunately, I'm not going back until next summer! ■

James J. Cramer is co-founder of TheStreet.com. At the time of publication, he owned stock in Fluor, EMC, and Microsoft. He often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns and articles, both before and after they are published, and the positions that he takes may change at any time.
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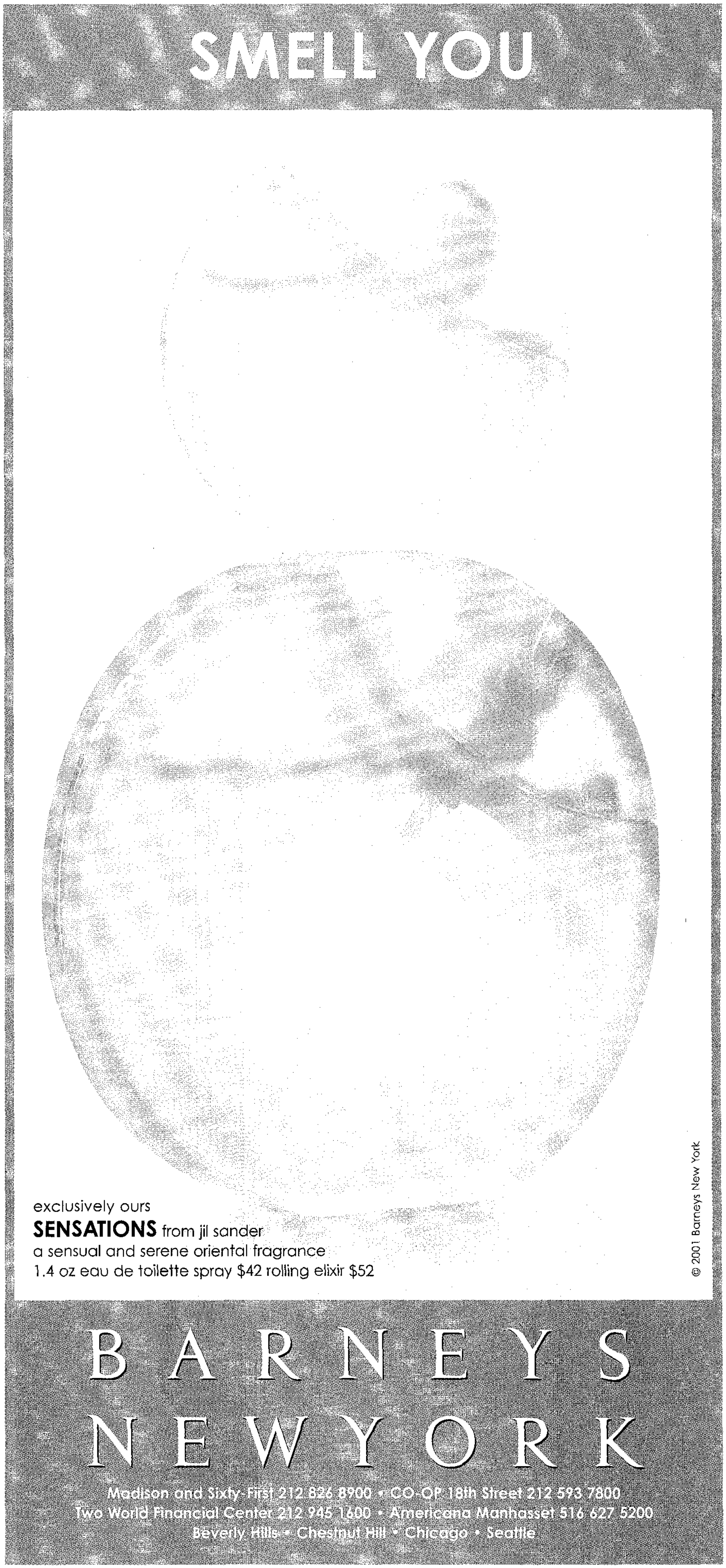
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So

By Jennifer Senior

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE LANGE

ry, Your
ime Is Not Up

To many New Yorkers, August poses a potent question: What would life be like without therapy? Analysts have no shortage of answers to this question—and it could take you a year's worth of 50-minute hours to explore them all. The story of one woman's struggle with—as the shrinks say—termination.

RECENTLY, I WAS LYING ON MY ANALYST'S couch, wishing I were wearing a wire. I didn't tell her this. I was in a rebellious mood. But the fantasy was there, vivid and insistent, lingering above my head like a giant dirigible.

What lurked beneath it was obvious. Isn't it always? Clearly, I was pining for evidence—something, anything, that would show the sinister brilliance with which my analyst had twisted my long, dull confessions into a long, sturdy rope to keep me lashed to her couch. I'd been trying to break up with her for months. She was having none of it. Our conversation was running its usual vaudevillian course.

"I really, really think we should discontinue this."

"*Of course* you do. You *started* this whole process because you said you had *trouble* with *commitment*. This is a passive way of resolving your conflict."

"Passive?" I nearly rolled over to look her in the eye. "If I wrote you a check this instant and leapt off this couch, would you call *that* passive? Wouldn't that be a rather active, decisive moment in my treatment?"

"No." Her voice was calm. She is always maddeningly calm. "But it'd be a solution to your ambivalence about coming here."

She was right, of course. And wrong. I left that day in a terrible mood, formulating more persuasive rejoinders in my head, reenacting our singular, circular dialogue for friends.

Does it always come to this? That our shrinks become our jailers?

My desire to terminate psychoanalysis has, as my analyst so often likes to say, been *multi-determined:* by time, money, doubts about her efficacy, doubts about my analyzability, an emboldening sense of progress, a wistful sense of my own limitations, a realistic sense that all the hard work, scarily, begins now.

But a fear of commitment? Good Lord: I've been seeing this woman four times a week for nearly four years.

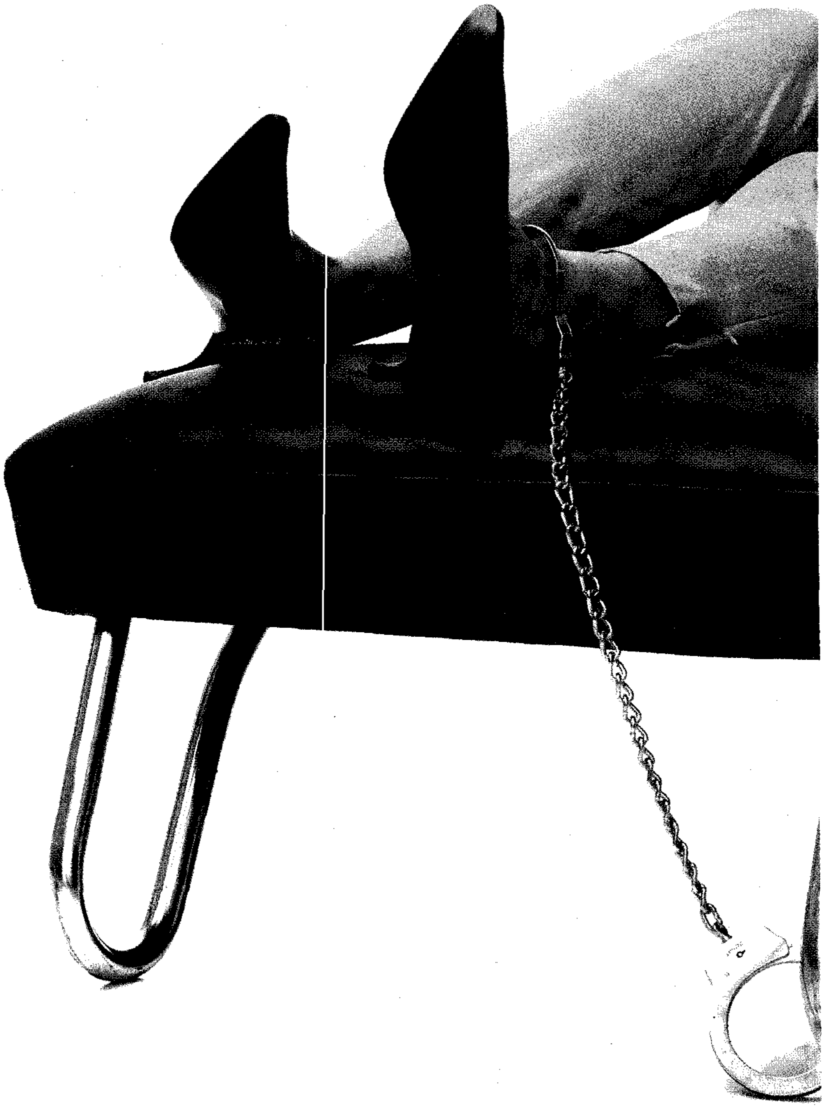
Thank God it's August.

WHEN FREUD FIRST STARTED SEEING PAtients, his analyses seldom lasted more than a year. The Rat Man he treated for roughly nine months; Dora he treated for roughly three. Little Hans, who feared horses, he saw on only one occasion—though he worked a good deal with his father; and Gustav Mahler, who was traumatized by his wife's extramarital dalliances with Walter Gropius, he saw for just four hours. (Sadly, the composer was still unable to finish Symphony No. 10.)

But the point of psychoanalysis, at least in its early years, was to relieve suffering neurotics of their symptoms, not to effect full-scale characterological change. And this, Freud believed, could be achieved merely by coaxing a few sleeping demons from their tombs. "The early thinking," explains Charles Tolk, training analyst at NYU Psychoanalytic Institute and chairman of its admissions committee, "was if you tell 'em what's in their unconscious—'Look, kiddo, you want to kill your father and sleep with your mother!'—you'd done your job. Which made you more amusing at cocktail parties. But it didn't help."

It wasn't until the second half of the twentieth century that the multiple-year analysis became standard procedure, transforming all of us willing participants into a horizontal fleet of couch potatoes. A pair of studies just completed by Joan B. Erle and Daniel A. Goldberg, both from the New York Psychoanalytic Institute and Society, found that the median length of a Manhattan psychoanalysis—"psychoanalysis" meaning four to five times a week on the couch—was five to

Styling by April Johnson; prop styling by Mark Turnaje; hair and makeup by Scott Patric/Garren; pants and top by Kathy Kemp for Anna.



six years, for populations starting in both the mid-seventies and the late eighties.

Five to six years. One wonders whether these patients would have fared just as well if they'd spent every morning doing lanyards.

At any rate, longer spells on the couch have obviously prompted the psychoanalytic profession to grapple with the question of termination—how to do it, when to do it, why. The topic has spawned curriculum changes at most training institutes and a whole new family of academic literature (including, satisfyingly enough, investigations into not just how patients do after termination but how *analysts* do—suggesting that some of them actually miss us when we're gone). The latest thinking is that the "termination phase" of psychoanalysis should last six months to a year.

Again: lanyards.

Don't some people just sleep in one day and never return?

In fact, they do. Erle and Goldberg's studies also note that roughly one third of their 253 participants terminated in an "unsatisfactory way," which the authors later refer to in lay English: "quitting."

August, as one might expect, is a common time for patients to get itchy, because the city's mental-health professionals have hightailed it to the Cape, Tuscany, or wherever it is that the International Psychoanalytical Association is holding its biannual hoo-ha. I've been told—by psychiatrists, mostly—that many patients suffer from separation anxiety in August. Not me. I sleep in, work out, and exult in my bloated bank balance. Last week, I had the most electrifying fantasy, which visited me in the form of a single word: *Nobu.*

"A lot of analysts aim to have a termination take place during a summer holiday," says Stephen K. Firestein, professor of clinical psychiatry at NYU and author of *Termination in Psychoanalysis*, which was rereleased this July. "But in the long run, that's not the best way to do it. It seems to work out better if the termination takes place when the analyst is around, in case the patient has a difficult response."

I tell him I doubt I'll be one of those patients. He chuckles.

"Somebody once characterized analysis as a contest between the couch and the door," he says. "Obviously, you'll only continue if the couch wins out."

FOR NOW, THE COUCH IS STILL WINNING, but the door's putting up a pretty valiant fight. As I stare up at the ceiling, jiggling my leg, I announce to my analyst that I want to write a piece in August about our struggle.

She starts to laugh.

"Talk about passive aggression! I won't even be here! Do you feel like it's safer to criticize me when I'm far away?"

"I'm *sure* you'll manage to find a copy of the magazine in Wellfleet."

She chooses not to pursue my fantasy about her vacationing in Wellfleet. "Well, that's certainly one way of acting out."

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

"This is your resistance speaking. You should be working out your conflicts about analysis here. *In this room.* On this couch."

"Isn't that like telling a confused Catholic to try to work out her conflicts with a priest? Shouldn't she check in with a lapsed Catholic or two?"

"Why not wait until after analysis?" she asks after a moment. "I have no trouble if you wait until after."

"That'd defeat the whole point. The story is: *You won't let me leave.*"

Silence. I stare at my shoes. I need new shoes.

"Lots of people work out their conflicts through their work," I point out. "Philip Roth. Woody Allen—

"Agh, Woody Allen. *Woody Allen.* Look at where it's gotten him. He's been in psychoanalysis for how many years . . . ?"

"He might have been worse without it."

"That's true."

I am getting angry. This woman is denying me custody of my own neuroses.

"Do you realize what you're implying?" I ask. "You're implying that what we do for a living—writing or litigating or putting braces on people's teeth or whatever—is just a form of acting out, and not a form of therapy itself."

"Uh-huh . . ."

"This," I declare, with what I believe is devastating logic, "*is a very problematic value.*"

She is silent.

"How would you like it if I did that to you?" she suddenly asks.

Whoa. Is this what we're talking about? *Her* feelings? In retrospect, this seemed like an extraordinary moment, because it exposed the true limits of the psychoanalytic conceit, which demands that the therapist be unreadable, undefaceable, *unharmable*. This has to be very hard. My analyst was saying as much. She was implying that such a story might hurt or humiliate her.

I feel like a jerk.

"But you do talk about me, don't you? To your colleagues, to whoever trained you . . . ?"

"The printed word is different."

"But won't you write about me one day? Don't all you people write papers about your patients?"

"You'll be disguised."

"Okay. So you'll be anonymous."

We drop the discussion then but take it up a few sessions later. To my amazement, she relents, telling me to go ahead, write it—I probably have a point.

I am lucky, I think, to have an analyst this open-minded.

"Do you realize what you're implying?" I ask. "You're implying that what we do for a living is just a form of acting out, and not a form of therapy itself."

ALL ANALYSTS CAN GIVE YOU THEIR ideal termination scenario. "Oh, there are external criteria," says Harold Blum, executive director of the Sigmund Freud Archives. "People feel better: They no longer have terrible insomnia; they no longer have tension headaches; and they have, as Freud said, the ability to work, love, and play. Then there's the internal criteria: People have a greater capacity to work productively in treatment; they have a much wider insight into their feelings, fantasies, conflicts, and problems; and they have an ability to tolerate separations—from their analyst and other significant others in their lives."

Which all sounds perfectly lovely. But let's be honest: How often are we messy, layered creatures ever this tidy?

When I first started psychoanalysis in December 1997, I didn't consider myself any sadder or more troubled than most of the people I knew. I suffered the usual plague of single-girl afflictions—melancholy, anger, low self-esteem—and, as an added bonus, a bizarre inability to visualize myself in a marriage, with my boyfriend of three-plus years or anyone else. But once-a-week therapy seemed palliative and bush-league; in my family, psychoanalysis is considered as normal and as natural as taking a swim.

Today . . . I'd say I've traveled some distance. I'm hardly a model of calm and inner clarity, but graded on a bell curve of neurotic people, I'd say I do pretty well. Of course, I'm still a rotten sleeper. I still make similar versions of old mistakes. And I'm still awfully self-critical. But are these reasons to keep spending thousands of dollars a year on psychoanalysis?

I asked Firestein this question. He said one of the main litmus tests for any patient who's feeling this way is "to ask themselves: 'Can I accept, for the balance of my life, to feel, act, and be the way I am this afternoon?' "

Which is fair enough. But the question assumes that if the answer is no, the only possible solution is to remain in analysis. This is precisely the argument my roommate got from his therapist last month when he tried to terminate his thrice-weekly sessions, pleading poverty (a reasonable claim, considering the staggering size of his student loans and the fact that he'd just bounced his last check to her—oops). Her response was to catalogue, one by one, his problems and faults, demanding to know how he'd cope if he left.

I thought that this was pretty manipulative. He agreed, and said something about it to her the next time he saw her. She came as close as she ever has to apologizing, apparently.

But money . . . ! Money is a very real issue for many of us who see therapists, whether it's five times a week or one. Fortunately, our therapists are prepared to deal with our financial concerns. *Very* prepared. When my roommate told his therapist he was too poor to continue, for example, she responded that money was precisely the reason *to* continue—after all, didn't he have trouble managing his finances? And how would he ever get to the root of this problem without exploring it?

"But then I'd be paying you $1,000 a month to discuss managing my money," he moaned. "I just bounced a check to you. *I don't have $1,000 a month*."

But at least my roommate says his analysis is still helping him. Me, I'm not so sure. In 1937, when he was 80 years old and dying from cancer, Freud wrote perhaps his best-known essay on the limits of his art-science in "Analysis Terminable and Interminable." It's a surprisingly pessimistic monograph—doubtless discolored by his illness—in which he speaks with fierce candor about the traits that would render someone immune to his craft: the intractability of the id, the rigidity of our defense mechanisms, the constitutional strength of our instincts. And he goes on to express real skepticism about the power of analysis to inoculate us from new versions of old problems, suggesting that some neuroses lurk forever inside us, awaiting their triggers, like tiny allergies of the soul.

For a person in therapy, this paper is pretty terrifying. And so is one particular result of Erle and Goldberg's studies: A full 33 percent of their participants were found, by their very own therapists, to be "unanalyzable"—at the *end* of their treatments. (On a more reassuring note, the studies also say that 71 percent of the participants experienced a "good to excellent benefit" from their time in analysis—though of course it was their psychiatrists making this assessment.)

Still, what does it say about a healing art when a substantial number of people don't respond to it? And when its practitioners continue to practice it—and charge quite a lot for it—even when they're obviously, at times, feeling the same pessimism about a patient's prognosis as the patient him- or herself?

I ask Phillip Freeman, a psychoanalyst who just taught the spring course on termination at Boston Psychoanalytic Institute, whether he's ever had a crisis of faith. "Like when Freud did?" he says, laughing. "How could you not? It's a very dicey business, psychoanalysis. I mean, what would it mean if we were two people talking about the unconscious and its symbolism and its ambiguity and we *didn't* fear that we had no idea what we were doing? Wouldn't there be something wrong?"

"MAYBE I NEED BEHAVIORAL THERAPY," I conjecture one idle day. I tell my analyst this because my insomnia—a problem that started *during* analysis, thanks very much—sometimes eases up if I simply pretend I'm my old, pre-sleepless self. "Wouldn't it be worth trying drama therapy or something? So I could get into the character of being a good sleeper?"

My analyst sucks in her breath. "Don't tell me," she groans, "that *The Sopranos* has gotten to you too."

The Sopranos? It hadn't even occurred to me that Dr. Melfi's efforts to send Tony into behavioral therapy in season three would have led to a citywide uprising of frustrated analysands.

"Um, I don't think so. Why? Are other patients suggesting they go into behavioral therapy this week?"

"Uh-huh."

"Really?"

"Let's get back to your sleep troubles."

A few weeks later, I phone Charles Tolk of NYU. "There's a lot of *Sopranos* material that comes into the office during those Monday sessions," he says. "Some patients seem to have wishes that you would please do for them what Dr. Melfi is doing for Tony. Or they'll basically say, 'We've been in therapy for months, and we *still* haven't reconstructed the capocollo fantasy that's the key to my neurosis.' "

I hang up, wondering whether I have been unduly influenced by HBO.

"It's a very dicey business. What would it mean if we were two people talking about the unconscious and *didn't* fear we had no idea what we were doing?"

FUNNY: I SELDOM HEAR STORIES ABOUT people leaving therapy under mutually agreeable circumstances. No doubt, this is partly because the malcontents scream louder than the satisfied. But I think it's also partly because analysts have a habit of dismissing all arguments for termination with a psychoanalytic explanation, creating a maddening, self-referential logic loop that completely obliterates the possibility of rational conversation. My friend Nina, for example, tells me about an unhelpful, unimpressive sixtysomething Freudian who insisted, on their final visit, that the reason she wanted to discontinue was because she couldn't tolerate her attraction to him. "It was so implausible," she sputters. "He was this fat old man." She politely tried to explain to him that their arrangement simply wasn't working; he countered that she was . . . resisting. "These people," she ruefully declares, "are like well-managed SWAT teams. They bar every door."

Ah, resistance. Freud wrote copiously, endlessly about this concept. In his introductory lectures, first published more than 80 years ago, he catalogues its many varieties—repeating the same stories over and over, recovering no new memories, putting psychoanalysis *itself* on trial—and that's pretty much what I'm doing today. I thought it was because I'd reached the point of psychoanalytic poop-out—I'd become so boring I was boring myself. Apparently, I was mistaken. A plateau, according to Freud, is never just a plateau.

I understand the psychoanalytic value of resistance. The closer we get to our own hobgoblins, the more apt we are to run away from them. (Another friend once told me that whenever he touched on a particularly harrowing topic in therapy, he'd abruptly switch gears and start weighing aloud the virtues of different kinds of cell phones.)

The trouble is, shrinks often use the notion of resistance as an all-purpose cudgel to keep us cowering in place. (I mean really: If the subway breaks down and we're ten minutes late, is it resistance? Or the incompetence of the MTA?) More important, the notion of resistance doesn't allow for the possibility that we're stymied in therapy because we really *have* gone as far as we can go—or that our analysts are no longer appropriate for us—which renders both psychoanalysis and our analysts impervious to criticism.

"Analysts are often trained to think about patient objections as a resistance," acknowledges George Frank, a training analyst at the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis and a member of IPTAR, the Institute for Psychoanalytic Training and Research. "As if their competence or appropriateness could never be an issue until the analyst says so."

"There's always a kernel of truth to the criticism," adds Leon Hoffman, co-director of the Parent Child Center at the New York Psychoanalytic Society. "Your office is too messy or too neat. You take too many vacations or you're always here. You make comments that are incorrect."

What probably nags me most, though, is how resistance serves the economic self-interests of our therapists. Without it, I have no idea how they'd pay for their summer places in Wellfleet. Joshua Wolf Shenk, a friend who's currently writing a book for Viking Press about Abraham Lincoln and depression, recently wrote me a memorable e-mail on this subject. As he descended further and further into an analytic slump, he grew angrier and angrier at his therapist for urging him to stay the course, which at the time was costing him $460 a week. "My therapist felt I should 'tolerate' the rage," he wrote. "I felt he should go fuck himself.

"Of course," Shenk continued, "I did feel rage at him, and he helped me see it and feel it—probably saving my life. But there came a time when I needed to *act* on my feelings." So Josh lived out every indignant patient's fantasy. He didn't show up for a session, believing it was his only way to make himself heard. "If you go to therapy to argue that you should leave," he points out, "you've already conceded you're wrong."

I wish I had the guts to do that. Instead, I just complain a lot—and privately suspect that my therapist is taking advantage of me. Because let's face it: A psychoanalyst has no more financial incentive to tell you you're finished with therapy than a car mechanic has to tell you there's just one tiny thing wrong with your engine. (I often think of a cartoon I saw once, in which a bearded Ur-shrink stares at his patient and says something like: "You can't terminate now. I haven't finished paving my tennis court.")

I suppose I usually feel more charitable toward the psychoanalytic profession than that. But there's some data out there suggesting analysts are hungrier these days. A recent practice survey by the American Psychoanalytic Association says that the number of patients who've offered themselves up for psychoanalysis went down one percent per year between 1986 and 1996. The millions of Americans who are currently on Prozac or one of its cousins can't be helping, either.

And I'm continually astonished by the number of people—single, articulate, upper-middle-class women especially—who've told me about showing up for weekly therapy and being told they really ought to be coming in three, four, or five times as often. (According to the Annals of Improbable Research, one of the Web's more curious sites, the profession even has a term for such a person: a YAVIS, or young, attractive, verbal, intelligent, successful analysand.)

This prompted me to ask Firestein whether his colleagues ever say to a patient, *You know, I've been treating you for nine years, and I'm not sure this is doing you any good.*

"Uh, some," he says, after thinking it over. "Some may do so."

But is it common?

"I can't say," he says.

THERE ARE NO CRACKS IN MY THERApist's ceiling. Sometimes I wonder if she takes care to paint up there frequently, in order to avoid hearing people's tedious associations. (*Oh, look! It's a bunny! Or is it a duck—?*)

"Have you ever heard of a YAVIS?"

"YAH-vis," she corrects. I had pronounced it *YEAH-vis.*

I am stunned. "You know this term?"

"Yes. I believe: young, adult, verbal, intelligent, single."

"I thought it was young, *attractive,* verbal, intelligent, *successful.*"

"Maybe."

"Is it a commonly used term?"

"Not really . . . What is this about?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid you're only keeping me here because you want my money."

"You don't think I could fill your hour if you left?"

"Not really. It's a buyer's market."

"It is?"

"And you never fill my hours when I'm away. I'm always charged full price."

"Maybe that's because I prefer to do analysis. I can't just put someone in there for one week."

I am silent.

"Would it surprise you to hear that other people might want to come here?"

I still say nothing.

EVERYONE HAS DOUBTS ABOUT THEIR ANAlyst at one point or another. It's a natural concern to have once you've reached a plateau. Unfortunately, it's also a bit of an embarrassing concern—so tedious, so narcissistic, so horribly *New York:* Don't I deserve better? Shouldn't I be trading up?

So here, a few words about the woman I've been seeing for nearly four years: She is warm. She has a sense of humor. She is supportive but does not coddle. There are times I am astonished by her insight and find her mind enliveningly quirky. There are times when I think I stump her, and she tries to conceal her confusion by repeating back to me what I've said or by spitting the usual handbook bromides—which inevitably makes me feel like I'd be better off paying $280 a week to a parakeet. (*Sqqquaaaawk! That's because you're mourning a loss.*)

She seems particularly good at analyzing dreams. Then again, this may be because I'm a lazy dreamer, sometimes resorting to such unchallenging symbolism as bananas, tunnels, and the Chrysler Building going in and out of Shea.

I like the fact that she's fluent in pop culture, that she tells me directly if she's seen certain movies or plays (God, how that saves time), and that once, when I mentioned an office party at Marylou's, she responded by noting (correctly), "Ah, yes—Jack Nicholson used to go there."

I also sense that she's very well adjusted. I cannot tell you how much this matters. As a listener, she's unencumbered; very little of her own shit comes into that room.

But there are problems, as there are in all relationships. Occasionally, she disastrously misspeaks, Ginsu-ing the English language into a George W.-style julienne. For someone who writes, this can be very disconcerting. And I don't think she's terribly intellectual. She's intelligent, definitely, and competent, certainly; she clearly has a lot of experience. But there are times when I feel like we're both muddling together, racing in circles, missing the point.

To break this impasse, analysts will often recommend that you see another analyst, a meta-analyst, someone who can help you evaluate your relationship with your own analyst.

Yes, I know. It made me laugh, too.

But I did it. I went to see the woman who recommended my therapist to me—whom I hadn't seen myself because her practice was located in an inconvenient neighborhood.

It was a very strange experience.

After just three sessions, she told me in a confident, declarative sentence that I should stay with my current analyst.

Three sessions? *Three sessions!* I've spent months—years!—on the couch, wondering aloud whether to stay with various boyfriends, and my analyst has never uttered anything even remotely resembling an opinion on the subject. Yet this woman was willing to assess my relationship with my shrink—a relationship as complex as any other relationship in my life—in just *135 minutes?*

It seemed like an appalling double standard to me.

(continued on page 80)

Almost Famous

They're mobbed by fans, photographed by fashion magazines, and adored on MTV. The Brooklyn Cyclones might even forget they're minor leaguers—if it weren't for the cramped dorm rooms, all-night bus rides, and concession-stand meals. **By Michael Dolan**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN

THE SMELL OF SALT WATER breezes in from over the right-field wall, the afternoon sun glints off the Parachute Jump, and Method Man pumps over the sound system. It's another day at the beach for the Brooklyn Cyclones, who are swinging from the heels at waist-high fastballs thrown by former Mets hurler Bobby Ojeda, the team's pitching coach. Howard Johnson, his former teammate on the World Champion '86 Mets, offers tips and friendly jibes from behind the batting cage.

On the fourth of his five allotted practice swings, outfielder John Toner, a 21-year-old from St. Joseph, Michigan, lines a pitch toward the Brooklyn Brewery ad plastered on the left-field wall of KeySpan Park. "Did he get me?" Ojeda asks Johnson, refusing to turn to watch the ball land. There's a loud thud off the

base of the wall. "You can hear it for yourself, pal," Johnson replies. On the fifth pitch, Ojeda unleashes a swift breaking ball that Toner misses by a mile.

"Don't worry, HoJo—I'm working on a cut fastball," says Ojeda, referring to a pitch now in vogue in the majors. "Once I get that down, none of these punks are gonna get a hit."

No sweat. Pregame practice is like recess for these students of the game, most of whom went straight to the minors out of college or even high school. There's no pressure to put up the kind of statistics that impress the coaches. And there's no additional coaching from Brooklyn's diehard fans, some of whom seem to have been waiting since the Dodgers left town in 1957 to tell a new crop of Brooklyn bums when to take a pitch and when to swing away.

"Brooklyn is a great place to play," says Edgar Alfonzo, the manager of the Cyclones. "This is a beautiful park and the fans are great. But let's face it: No one wants to be here. Our job is to keep moving up until we get to the *other* ballpark."

The other ballpark is Shea Stadium, home of the Cyclones' parent team, the New York Mets. Like Ojeda and Johnson, Alfonzo knows the other park well: His younger brother, Edgardo, is an all-star second-baseman there. Shea is only an hour and a half away on the F and 7 trains, but the trip is a lot longer for the Cyclones. They play in the A-level New York–Penn League, so the few players who do make the trip will face A-league layovers in Columbia, South Carolina, and Port St. Lucie, Florida, before moving up to AA in Binghamton, New York, and finally AAA in Norfolk, Virginia. One out of ten Cyclones might make it to Shea. At any step along the way, a slump could propel them backward through the organization or even out of it completely.

For now, they spend the summer soaking up the cheers of nearly 8,000 supporters a night. Children line up for signatures by the hundreds before and after games, sometimes accompanied by provocatively dressed moms who aren't above leaning in to ensure Junior doesn't get passed over in the autograph gauntlet. Mike Cox, a 22-year-old pitcher from Pasadena, Texas, who enjoyed a promising but anonymous season in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the Mets' Penn League team played last year, is already feeling the heat from the New York spotlight. "This 14-year-old girl comes up to me with her mom and dad, crying her eyes out," Cox says. "She's saying, 'You're getting called up! You're not gonna be here anymore!' I turned beet-red! She had me confused with another guy on the team who got moved up to Port St. Lucie. What was I supposed to say to her? I felt like a Backstreet Boy."

THEY MAY BREAK HEARTS LIKE A BOY band, but the Cyclones certainly don't feel like teen idols when payday comes around. First-year players make $850 a month, out of which $200 is taken for the privilege of sharing five-man suites in the St. John's University dorms. Cyclones also receive a $20-per-day meal allowance on the road; at home, they're rewarded with postgame deliveries of leftover hamburgers and hot dogs from the concession stands.

The evening before a rare day off, Cox and six of his teammates skip the van ride back to St. John's and take the subway to the China Club, where the magic words "We're with the Cyclones" get them major-league treatment at the velvet rope. The only celebrity they spot is Mets centerfielder Jay Payton. "We didn't feel right going up to him," says Blake McGinley, a 22-year-old reliever from Bakersfield, California. "We just let him be. But, man, that place is expensive. I go there with a hundred bucks, figuring I'd come back with a twenty. All I have left is pocket change."

The following morning, Cox and roommate Ross Peeples continue to test the Cyclones charm by having the team's media-relations manager, Dave Campanaro, wrangle them and five teammates an appearance on MTV's *Total Request Live*. As the players pace around the green room, Puff Daddy walks by in the hall, and several players scream his name. Puffy steps back, pokes his head in, takes one look at their jerseys, and shouts right back, "Yo, Cyclones! Whassup?"

On air, the Cyclones are stars. "Do you guys hope that one of the Mets sucks or gets hit on the head, so you'll get a chance to play?" asks *TRL* host Carson Daly. "A little bit," says Peeples, a 21-year-old pitcher from Cordele, Georgia, quivering in his temporary role as spokesman. "But we're still a few steps away from the Mets."

"The opposing players always ask us what it's like to play in front of all these fans every night. It's all they want to talk about."

When Daly asks if anyone hit a home run last night, every teenage girl in the studio starts screaming at once. Peeples pauses and points to outfielder Forrest Lawson and says, "Yeah, he did." Lawson shyly shakes his head no, and Daly gives him a quick *TRL* etiquette lesson: "You should've gone with it, bro—there are chicks in the room." On the way out, all of them call friends and family on their cell phones to make sure someone saw them.

Nearly all new to New York, the Cyclones still feel more at home on the field than on the town. Before a night game against the Hudson Valley Renegades, a thunderstorm drowns the air, forcing several thousand fans to seek shelter under two small overhangs in the grandstand. Keyed up to play and now increasingly bored, the players start to wrestle in the dugout, away from the eyes of their trainer, who would be none too pleased to see the team's prized pitchers doling out charley horses with their throwing hands. "It's not much different back at the suite, mate," says Matt Gahan, a 25-year-old Australian accountant who was discovered pitching part-time in a winter league back home.

Attack of the Cyclones: Clockwise from left, Tyler Beuerlein, Francisco Sosa, and Joel Zaragosa *in the clubhouse;* Beuerlein *in the dugout;* Mike Cox *meets his public.*

Gahan, who's among the league leaders in strikeouts, is one of the few married men on the team, and he shares a room with his wife in a six-person suite at St. John's. "We have our own room and our own bathroom, so it's not so bad," he says. "The guys are pretty good about giving us our privacy."

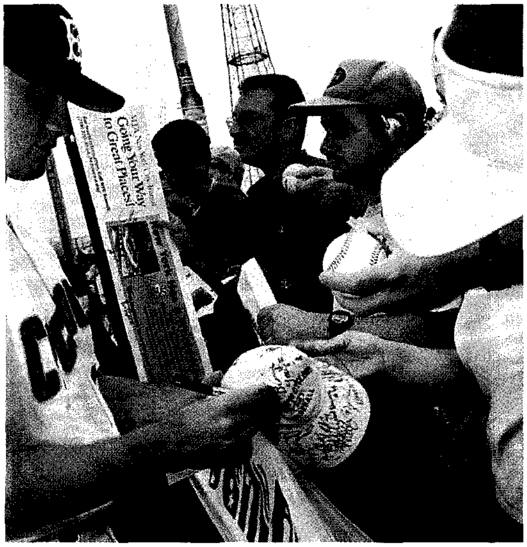
Gahan's not the only player with his mind on his family. Luz Portobanco, a 21-year-old pitcher with star potential who has a wife and 10-month-old son back home in Miami, is thinking of returning to his native Nicaragua for the winter. "One team has already offered me $2,000 a game to pitch there this winter, and I have a kid now, and that's a lot of money," he says. "But I don't know if I could be away from my son any longer."

"THIS IS THE *REAL* MINOR LEAGUES," SAYS ALfonzo, pointing at the 83-year-old wooden grandstand at Wahconah Park, the home field of the Astros farm team that replaced the Mets in Pittsfield. "Most minor leaguers never play in front of 7,500 people like we do back home. I've played in front of 200 people before—it's easy to fall asleep."

Unlike the press area at the brand-new $39 million KeySpan Park—air-conditioned, with cable TV and Internet access—the Pittsfield box resembles a chicken coop and is so close to home plate that when the groundskeepers rake the parched infield, a thin layer of dirt covers the counter. "We don't quite have the largesse that your town has to spend $100 million on two minor-league parks," says Howard Herman, the beat writer for the *Berkshire Eagle* as well as the entire press corps for the Astros.

After dropping the first game to Pittsfield 3–1, the Cyclones, still in full uniform, dash back to the bus for the 35-minute ride to the Holiday Inn in North Adams. There's a Berkshires Crowne Plaza only five minutes from Wahconah Park, but the Holiday Inn offers a much better rate. In North Adams, star treatment means the manager of the local Subway stays open as late as his special guests want.

The Cyclones dominate the Astros the next two nights by scores of 6–1 and 5–0. Before Saturday night's final game, the team checks out of the Holiday Inn at 11 A.M.—saving a final night's hotel bill—and with nothing to do until a 3:30 departure to the ballpark, more than half the players get a ride from the bus driver to the local mall. After scoping out new sneakers in Foot Locker, they settle at several tables in a food court that offers ethnic cuisines from around the world that fit well within their meal budget.



"Check it out!" screams Portobanco, a devout Christian who nonetheless likes to keep his teammates' heads turning in search of local talent. Everyone spins around to see a sweet-sixteen in a tube top on line to buy a pastry.

"No way, dude," says Tyler Beuerlein, a 22-year-old catcher from Grand Canyon University. "That's just sick." Beuerlein just joined the Cyclones in Pittsfield, and his nervousness at being the new guy has made him an easy target for Portobanco's antics.

That night, the Cyclones defeat Pittsfield, 5–4, in ten innings. Already running late, the players skip the showers, grab hamburgers from Pittsfield's concessions, and run for the bus.

It's a rainy four-hour ride home, mostly outside the Sprint PCS service area, so no one can call his parents or girlfriend. There's nothing to do but endure *The Perfect Storm* on the bus's four small TV screens (*"Mierda! Mierda película!"* shout several Latino players). They arrive in Coney Island at 3 A.M., cranky and in desperate need of a second meal and a first shower. They drop their gear in their lockers and pile into the overcrowded van for the half-hour ride to St. John's. Practice begins tomorrow at 2 P.M.

"DO PEOPLE ALWAYS STAND up on the subway?" Peeples asks about the rush-hour crowd filling the F train. Peeples makes more postgame trips to Manhattan than any other Cyclone; despite his extracurricular activities, he has the best record on the team. The only earned runs he's given up came from a home run earlier today against the Jamestown Jammers. It was the one inning this season in which an umpire made him take off his jewelry, including his WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? bracelet. After Ojeda negotiated its return, Peeples shut down Jamestown completely.

To celebrate Peeples's victory and a night off, Cox, Peeples, McGinley, and pitcher Matt Peterson are taking the subway into the city for a real meal. "Hey, I'll put up $5 for the first one of you who can get a number, and you can't drop the Cyclones bomb or the Mets bomb," jokes Cox, who has a girlfriend at home but likes watching his teammates test their nascent celebrity. "The Mets bomb is still much more potent than the Cyclones bomb, but setting off the Cyclones bomb is far more effective than any other minor-league team. By. Far."

At Gallagher's Steak House, the players devour their sixteen-ounce filet mignons like a death-row last meal, then stare down the dessert menu as though dinner never happened. This might be the best meal they'll eat until the season ends, and they're going to make the most of it. They can't stop talking about the promotion of catcher Mike Jacobs to Columbia. "We're happy for Jake," says Peeples, "but he used to drive three guys to the park in his own car. Now we've got to squeeze those guys into the van."

"It can be difficult for us to move up," Cox reflects over his feast. "The Mets have a lot of pitchers in their system."

In the meantime, Brooklyn isn't such a bad place to wait. "The opposing players are always asking us what it's like to play in front of all these fans every night," Cox says, "to have a field like this. 'What's the nightlife like?' It's all they want to talk about." KeySpan Park also seems to intimidate opposing teams: By mid-July, the Cyclones are 10-2 at home.

"I couldn't imagine playing A ball in Brooklyn," says Mets outfielder Benny Agbayani. "You're always under the microscope." Indeed, the first "submarine series" against the Staten Island Yankees draws reporters and photographers from every major daily to the Brooklyn dugout for a Yankees team's first visit to Brooklyn in 45 years.

During the media frenzy, Portobanco leaves the dugout and stalks the infield, less worried about facing his crosstown rivals than about finding his wife, who's flown in from Miami. After he finds her by calling repeatedly on a borrowed cell phone, he sighs with relief, runs back into the clubhouse to change, and combines with McGinley to shut out the Yankees 1–0 and give the Cyclones sole possession of first place. After the game, Portobanco's teammates crowd the TV above his locker to hear Ojeda critique his performance on local television. "I always say, if Porto's mind and arm are attached to his body at the same time, he's gonna be tough to beat," the coach says. "He certainly was today."

Not everyone is caught up in the victory: Beuerlein, who's sitting by himself in the dugout, has been with the team for two weeks but hasn't seen any game action yet. "Not playing has been driving me crazy," he says, staring at the dugout floor. "In college, you're the man. Now you're away from home, you've got new coaches, new friends, new city, new ballpark, new everything, and it's so hard to get adjusted."

That's where Alfonzo comes in. "A guy goes 0-for-4 or gives up a few runs and he thinks he's going to get cut," he says. "I tell them they have to trust their ability. When they're done, they'll know what it's like to deal with the media, the fans, everything."

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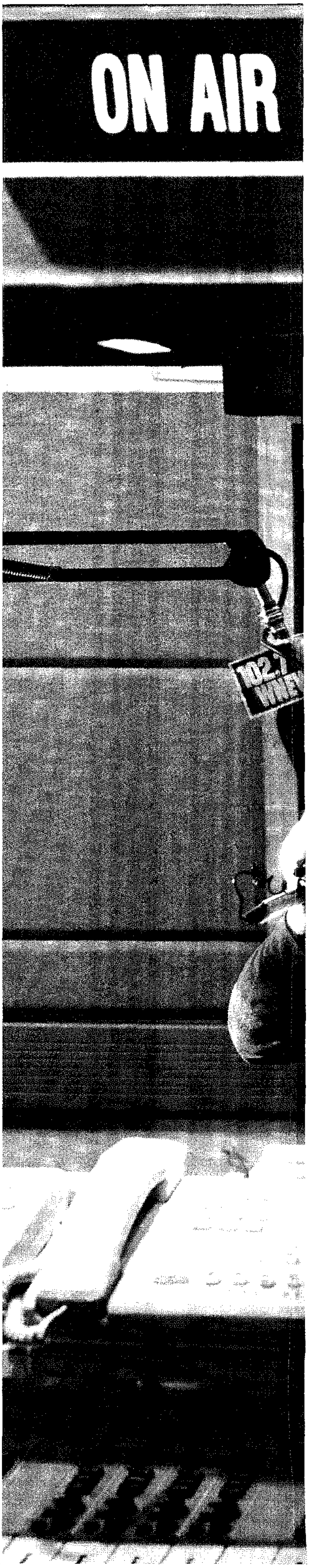
GROSS PROPHETS

Lesbian catfighters. Blind boxers. Aging strippers. These are a few of radio hosts Opie and Anthony's favorite things. Now they've helped the duo win an estimated $30 million contract to go national. **By Ian Spiegelman**



"WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE AMPUTEE girl?" Anthony Cumia demands during a break in "The Opie and Anthony Show." But neither partner Gregg "Opie" Hughes, nor producer Ben Sparks, nor any of a handful of twentysomething interns and assistants has any idea what's happened to the woman who promised to come in and show off her prosthetic foot.

"The last time I spoke to her, she was leaving work," offers a producer the guys call Stinky. "She said she'd be here at five."

Cumia sips a bottle of Budweiser and shakes his head wearily. As he and Hughes face each other across the width of a peninsula-shaped console of switches and dials (at the end of which someone's carved I LOVE ANTHONY), producers run in and out of the cramped studio waving notes in front of their faces. There's a half-hour left on today's show, they've already played bingo with callers' bra sizes, and one of the contestants for the planned "Blind Boxing" bout has canceled.

Facing the threat of some outrage-free airtime, Cumia and Hughes grudgingly allow a time-ravaged stripper named Sandy Kane into the studio to perform a raunchy ballad. They're forced to bleep out several forbidden phrases, and Hughes warns, "We're gonna let you try it one more time, but if we have to dump out again, we're all going to throw stuff at you." When she makes it through the number, a twisted love song for Jerry Seinfeld, Hughes shrugs: "Let's throw stuff at her anyway." Kane freezes before the mike as all five guys in the studio begin hurling audiocassettes, half-filled bottles of water, and copies of *Black Tail* magazine at the wall just past her head. Sparks is frantically picking up after his bosses, as an overstimulated Hughes lifts his office chair over his head and smashes it to the floor.

Red-faced and sweaty, with ten minutes to go, Hughes and Cumia are about to resort to the day's second game of Bra Bingo when in walks Emma, a lithe 20-year-old in a T-shirt, cargo pants, and Adidas shell-toes.

"Hey, Emma," Hughes chirps. "You *are* hot!" Emma snaps off her leg below the knee, removes the sneaker and sock, and places it on the console. "Hey—it's like a real leg," says Cumia. "Only it's not."

The guys gaze at the limb with childlike awe. "You said there were fake toes and stuff," Cumia complains.

"That's my spare," Emma says. "The foot flew off the other one. It was pretty funny until I realized I couldn't walk." Then she tells them that the car accident that cost her the lower part of her leg also left her clinically dead for several minutes.

"Was there a tunnel and light and all that?" Cumia asks.

"If there was I don't remember because they gave me so much morphine."

"What kind of death is that?" Cumia says, laughing. "You got gypped."

Giggling, Emma tells them she wanted to come in and show them that she's "very all right with it—I think it's hilarious." Hughes and Cumia couldn't agree more and invite her to come back on the show another day when there's more time. "I just love you guys!" she coos.

"Some people will say it's terrible, but you know what?" Hughes says earnestly,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LEWIS

Radio daze: From left, Gregg “Opie” Hughes and Anthony Cumia.

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off the air. "One-legged people have a sense of humor. Blind people want to have fun. We're just trying to have fun and include everyone."

"They *want* to be involved," says Cumia.

THOSE GETTING INVOLVED INCLUDE busty "catfighters;" a ventriloquist whose dummy can't stop shrieking, "Burn your meat curtains with a crack pipe;" and actor Jay Mohr, who offers ribald impressions and a target for jokes about his career woes. Popular running gags include "Whip 'Em Out Wednesday," when Opie and Anthony encourage female fans to expose their breasts to cars with WOW bumper stickers; "F-U Friday," when callers rant about everything from traffic to cheating wives; and "Cripple Bouts," a series of fights between physically challenged listeners held right inside the WNEW studio. (The name of the latter was changed from "Battle Crips" after the show received calls from people claiming to be upset gang members.) In between stunts, they ponder possible double entendres in Judas Priest lyrics now that former front man Rob Halford has come out as gay, and howl at a recording of Chris Burke, the actor with Down Syndrome who played Corky on *Life Goes On,* singing a Beatles song. If it makes people uneasy to hear someone with Down Syndrome sing, it makes them laugh when others are willing to join in. Hughes and Cumia call it "cringe radio." If you were a better person, you wouldn't laugh, but you're not, and, anyway, where's the beer?

To critics, "The Opie and Anthony Show" is a cultural nightmare of sexism, racism, and homophobia, complete with frequent uses of the word "fag." "It's called dark humor," says Cumia. "We're human beings, and sometimes we find things that are wrong funny. Sometimes we find tragedy funny, and that's the way we've always been. We haven't advanced to the point where we're Vulcans."

Hughes and Cumia are used to explaining themselves, since a lot of the laughter on the show is thick with the meanness that can surface when working-class white guys fed up with political correctness get together to blow off steam. Though Cumia says "it's not done out of hatred," their free-for-all rap sessions invite callers to indulge their basest, nastiest impulses. After playing a taped "F-U" call on the air, Hughes decides the caller's rant, which compares summer school students to "monkeys climbing around on buses," crosses the line and orders a producer to tone it down for future use. When talking about women, Hughes and Cumia often warn their audience to "be cool," as though they're afraid listeners might cross the line from inappropriate laughing into inappropriate touching.

To Cumia, it's just "regular guys hanging out," and, indeed, much of the show is spent reacting to wisecracks that come in by phone, fax, and Internet messages that flash on flat-panel monitors hanging from the studio's ceiling. "The lesbians and all that," he says, " are what we like to call the attention-getters."

If there's an adult on the show, it's Hughes, at 36 the younger of the two. Cumia, 38, dominates blocks of the program with manic celebrity impressions—Mike Tyson, Regis, Captain Quint from *Jaws*—as Hughes works the control panel and feeds him ideas. In performance mode, Cumia constantly flicks his head around like he's searching for some invisible object; his wiry body even seems to vibrate when he's not doing anything at all. When he's not cackling, Hughes, who still resembles the Ron Howard character from whom he got his nickname, has two expressions: thoughtful and weary.

Together they've made "The Opie and Anthony Show," heard in New York on WNEW on weekdays from 3 to 7 P.M., the second-most-popular afternoon-radio program in the city, behind WLTW Lite FM. It's ranked No. 1 among one of the most hotly contested demographics, men 18 and over. In June, Hughes and Cumia signed a three-year syndication deal with Viacom-owned Infinity Broadcasting estimated to be worth $30 million. By the fall, "The Opie and Anthony Show" will air in 22 of the top 50 markets, including all of the top ten except Houston.

There's no telling what the heartland will make of Hughes and Cumia, but as classic-rock ratings continue to slide, many FM stations are turning, as WNEW did, to "hot talk" formats that skew heavily male. "Infinity realized that a record number of teens are tuning out in favor of CDs and the Internet," says Jerry Del Colliano, publisher of the trade magazine *Inside Radio.* "You don't want to bet everything you have on music."

Hughes and Cumia's puerile stream-of-consciousness chatter inevitably draws comparisons to Howard Stern, who has relentlessly attacked them as copycats. Last year, after protracted on-air slap-fighting—Stern referred to Hughes and Cumia as "my bitches"—Stern's syndicator and WNEW parent company Infinity Broadcasting forbade Hughes and Cumia from mentioning his name on-air. But under the new deal, says Cumia, "we have carte blanche to talk about him."

Dopey for Opie: Clockwise from top left, Anthony Cumia and Gregg "Opie" Hughes with a *Penthouse* pet; the "Lesbian pool" at the Stone Pony; fans let it all hang out at the Stone Pony.

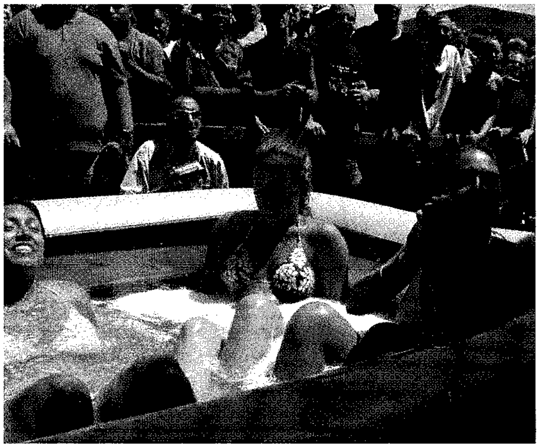
"The ban was bullshit," Cumia fumes. "Here's a guy who made his career talking about other personalities and bashing them into the ground. Then we're told not to talk about him. The hypocrisy there is just unbelievable. If you went back to the late eighties and someone told you that that was the situation, you'd be like, 'Not Howard!' "

Back then, of course, Stern was a married man talking about masturbating in his basement. Today he's dating an actress in her twenties and recounting his dinners at Nobu. "How can the average guy relate?" Hughes asks.

Photographs courtesy WNEW.

CUMIA AND HUGHES ARE AVERAGE GUYS who make a point of volunteering just how average they are: Cumia drives in from Bay Ridge every day, while Hughes takes the Long Island Rail Road to work from Huntington. Both have serious girlfriends—Hughes for eight years, Cumia for two—neither of whom works. "We have a very normal relationship," says Hughes. "She spends my money. She has a great life: works out, makes me dinner."

Co-hosting a daily frat party can, Hughes admits, create the occasional rift in a relationship. "She gets bothered sometimes when the chicks are in the studio, but that's an important part of doing a radio show that guys want to check out." Cumia adds that his girlfriend loves the show. "She finds me funny." (That said, neither Hughes nor Cumia lets his girlfriend be interviewed.)



"It's called **dark humor**. We're human beings, and sometimes we find things that are wrong funny. Sometimes we find tragedy funny. We haven't advanced to the point where **we're Vulcans.**"

With the possible exception of their hanging with Mohr, neither Cumia nor Hughes keeps a star-studded social calendar. "When I'm off the air," Hughes says, "I'm worrying about the next show." Cumia says he drinks in Bay Ridge bars—but mostly he and his girlfriend "watch TV and sit around."

Both grew up among the strip malls and 7-Elevens of Long Island. "My mom was pretty strict when I was growing up, so I really never got a chance to experiment as a teenager," says Hughes, munching on the ham-on-white sandwich his girlfriend packed for him. (There's also a Ziploc full of grapes.) As a student at SUNY Geneseo, he got his first taste of radio as a D.J. at the college station and his first taste of freedom kegging it up at the frat house. "I partied my balls off. You know," he says straight-faced, "I really grew as a person."

After college, Hughes landed a spot in the promotion department at WCMF in Rochester but ended up working on the station's morning show with Brother Wease, whom he fondly remembers as one of his mentors. "He was a completely average kid doing what average white boys do," Brother Wease recalls. "Partying, trying to pick up girls."

After Rochester, Hughes ran roughshod over the unsupervised midnight-to-six shift at WUFX "The Fox" in Buffalo. "That's where I was really able to develop my side of the personality that would become Opie and Anthony," he says. "I used to broadcast from the roof of the building because the bars would close and people would be walking right by. I just got crazy knowing the boss wasn't awake to keep me in line."

For Cumia, "college wasn't even an option. After the parents split up, my mother raised me and my brother and sister working as a cocktail waitress at a disco." Although he'd been fascinated with radio since he was a boy, "there was never any way for me to get in 'cause I didn't go to school for it or anything." He went right from high school into construction work, getting out his blue-collar agita playing in a band and writing parody songs.

The pair met in 1993 when Hughes invited Cumia, then installing air conditioners, onto his late-night rock show on Long Island's WBAB to perform a song he wrote about O. J. Simpson. "I started hamming it up, doing impressions," Cumia recalls. He quickly became a regular on the show, and when Hughes was offered a job at WAAF in Boston in 1994, he asked Cumia to come along as his partner. "I was like, 'Fuck, yeah!' I could always go back to construction if I fell on my ass."

"Two weeks ago, he was putting in air conditioners, and now he's interviewing celebrities," remembers Hughes. They soon had the No. 1 afternoon show among men. Still dizzy from the fumes of success, they were unceremoniously canned in 1998 after announcing on April Fools' Day that Boston mayor Thomas Menino had died in a car crash. Within two months, WNEW had snatched them up.

'ARE YOU READY FOR SOME DEbauchery and drunken stupidity?" Cumia asks to a volley of affirming howls from a crowd of several thousand fans at the Stone Pony in Asbury Park, New Jersey. In the back lot, a team of roadies has set up a stage and an inflatable wading pool, which for today's purposes has been dubbed "the Lesbian Pool." When Cumia asks for volunteers, a sea of men raise their hands. "We don't want *guys*," Cumia says dismissively.

An hour and a half later, a cover band called the Nerds has been chanted offstage with shouts of "O and A! O and A!" but the Lesbian Pool remains empty. "That water must be nice and warm by now," Hughes notes from the stage.

When a few women finally do step into the pool, all the Sapphic action is at ground level, and the audience starts shouting "Can't see shit! Can't see shit!" An inflatable mattress is quickly set up onstage for several rounds of catfighting.

"Guys don't want to see me undressing you," Hughes tells one catfighter who asks him to help her remove her Versace suit. "Get one of the girls to do it." The women pull hair, rip bathing suits, and one fight ends with the winner straddling her opponent's face. As the matches end, the combatants gleefully jump into the pool and begin getting it on. One of the women is receiving the lion's share of her poolmates' attention, and when she turns her face toward the sky and moans, Hughes turns to me and says, "I hope you're getting this."

It's still too soon to tell if the rest of the country is getting Hughes and Cumia's blend of fetish gags, genital humor, and hooliganism, and the two are already complaining that they're on in Chicago "in the middle of the night."

During one recent show, a new listener in the heartland demanded, "When are you going to let Cincinnati know you're Jewish, like Jerry Springer and all the rest of them?"

"When did we become Jewish?" Hughes wonders aloud. "I'm Italian," offers Cumia.

That same afternoon, Rob from Cleveland calls in wanting the whole show explained. "You're talking about things that don't even mean anything," he complains. "It's like a soap opera."

"Well, soap operas don't make sense the first time you see them," Hughes says. "You've got to keep tuning in." He laughs, full of regular-guy confidence. "We're going to turn Rob around. The first teen party we do, the first lesbian couch thing we do, we're going to win Rob over." ■

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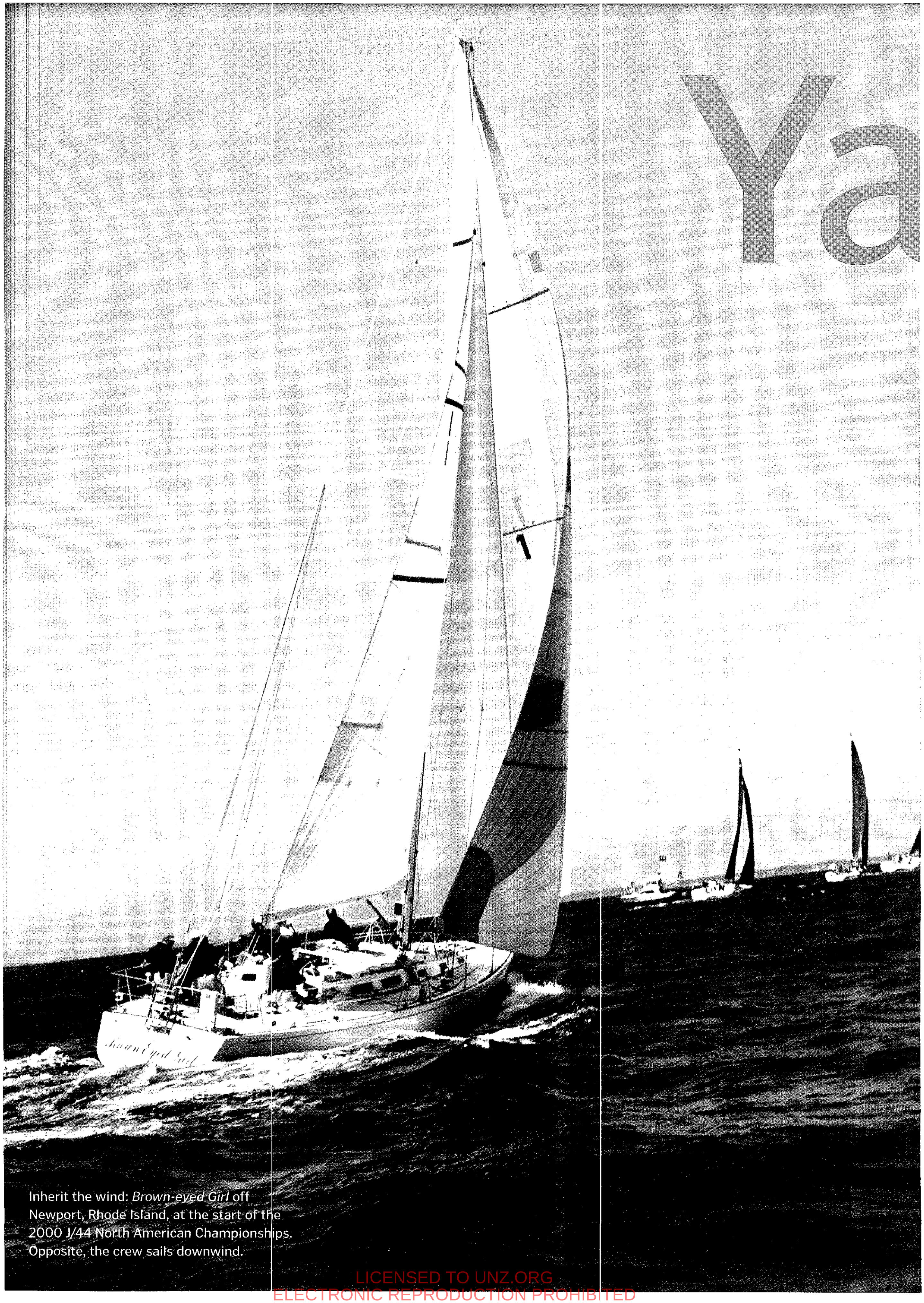


Inherit the wind: *Brown-eyed Girl* off Newport, Rhode Island, at the start of the 2000 J/44 North American Championships. Opposite, the crew sails downwind.

cht Club

Every summer weekend, a couple dozen of the city's most successful men battle for big-boat supremacy in the waters from Manhattan to Newport. And though theirs is a genteel sport, today's skippers depend as much on designer software as on America's Cup talent.

By Marion Maneker

"PRESSURE?" SCOTT DINHOFER CALLS OUT EXPECTANTLY FROM the wheel of his 44-foot racing yacht as it careens downwind just off Newport, Rhode Island. Though he is talking to a man standing less than twelve feet away on his $250,000 sailboat, Dinhofer never looks at him or lets his attention wander from the competing boats bobbing and rolling in the ocean swells just a few yards away.

Dinhofer waits impatiently for the answer as Tom Cagnina, his spinnaker trimmer and longtime sailing partner, struggles to maintain his balance. The spinnaker sheet—an elaborately braided line that runs from his gloved hands around a two-speed winch mounted on the cabin top, then aft to the farthest corner of the boat's stern and finally forward to the edge of the 1,540-square-foot, balloonlike sail that flies in front of the yacht more like a kite—exerts hundreds of pounds of pressure, pulling at Cagnina. With his neck craned so he can keep his eyes firmly set on the sail (which seems to be struggling to break free from the boat), and his ears cocked for Dinhofer's repeated demands, Cagnina could be forgiven a momentary lapse as the sail flutters.

"Dammit, Tom!" the tactician, Selig Berman, barks from his position behind Dinhofer. "Get that sail in!" Berman is the one man onboard following the whole of the action in the race; the rest are absorbed in making constant minute adjustments—the boat has enough digital readouts strewn about the deck to shame a small airplane. The team's de facto coach, Berman is a Gentle Ben–like presence onshore, thoughtful and considerate; but afloat he is stridently competitive. The eleven other men around the deck can gauge the boat's position relative to its competitors by the degree of anger and impatience in Berman's voice.

Brown-eyed Girl, Dinhofer's ten-ton J/44, has just made her first downwind jibe in the 2000 J/44 North American Championships. It's Dinhofer's target race, the beginning of his career in a prestigious big-boat class since buying the boat just weeks before.

"Pressure?" Dinhofer asks again, trying to establish a working rhythm of call and response. His steering is dependent upon Cagnina's ability to fill the sail and increase the boat's lagging speed.

Suddenly, the spinnaker sags, then ripples, and pops open like a giant paper bag. For a breath-holding split second, Cagnina waits to see if the sail will rebel.

"Pressure rising," Cagnina says finally as the boat lurches over in a clear sign of acceleration. "Lots of pressure."

SCOTT DINHOFER MAKES HIS LIVING AS A WALL STREET REcruiter, feeding the insatiable needs of banking and brokerage houses for foot soldiers and lieutenants. A typical

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE

36-year-old product of the boom years, he lives with his wife, Benna (who will introduce herself to some of the guys on the dock at Newport by saying, "*I'm* the brown-eyed girl"), and their toddler, Allyson, in a large move-up house they bought four years ago in Chappaqua. Their center-hall Colonial has a den with a big-screen TV and a large portrait over the fireplace of Scott and Benna from their wedding—and a living room that is completely devoid of furniture.

Typical, except that Dinhofer is an avid, obsessive sailor who spends the greater part of his spare time thinking, e-mailing, and talking about sailing. Last year, he staked his claim as a racer to be reckoned with by buying the biggest boat he has ever owned, his fifth in the past fifteen years, and launching a racing "program" on Long Island Sound. Sailing requires Dinhofer to spend serious money to make his boat faster and more competitive, and to devote even more serious amounts of time to coordinating his crew. And, of course, he must take time away from his family to compete in races as far away as Newport and Block Island, and—he hopes—even in the granddaddy of local sailing expeditions, the 635-mile Newport-Bermuda Race.

“'The people who spend a lot of money on this sport,' says architect Robert Seigel, who began sailing when fox hunting got too dangerous, 'they're going to spend a lot of money on *something*.'”

"Let's just say," observes Benna, who indeed has brown eyes, and spiraling brown hair to match, "that it's a cause for discussion. I say, 'Just make sure you have money for everything else we need.' "

Possibly because of the tension between domestic life and Dinhofer's seafaring, this year he blew a hole through the back of the house—before they'd furnished the living room but after the boat had been refitted with winches and other goodies—in an ambitious renovation. Scott got his boat; Benna got a new kitchen and den.

Younger than the other owners by a good decade, Dinhofer devoted years to training in other vessels and participating in other "programs." But now he has the yacht of his dreams: a sleek racer-cruiser with all the creature comforts and bunks for ten—not to mention one that's part of a thriving competitive class. "I took Benna to look at both the J/120 and the J/44," he says by way of explaining his decision not to buy the smaller J/120 he had initially budgeted for. "She went below on the J/44, saw how nice it was, and said, 'Buy the bigger boat!' "

ON THE LAWN OF THE IMPOSING brown mansion that now serves as the New York Yacht Club's outpost in Newport, a large tent has been set up on the first evening to house the skippers' meeting. The dryness of the pro forma event where the regatta's ground rules are reviewed and any last-minute changes announced is, mercifully, lubricated by two bars the club has installed in the tent.

"These weekends can seem like a long drinking bout interrupted by some sailing," Cagnina casually observes. Dinhofer, Berman, Cagnina, and the crew mingle among the white-haired men in blue blazers and Breton red chinos who serve as the race committee, as well as with sailors from around the country.

The din of conversation can barely obscure the chortles of laughter as friends jockey to retail their latest nautical war stories, but Dinhofer has to attend to some business. Jim Bishop is the president of the J/44 class, its official head and enlightened despot, and Dinhofer needs to introduce himself. Standing in a dwindling knot of knobby-kneed men in shorts, Bishop is wearing a piercing-yellow jacket (his crew's color scheme is yellow and blue) embroidered with his boat's name, *Gold Digger* (he made his money in mining), and he greets Dinhofer in the warm but distracted way politicians do.

"Good to see you," Bishop says. "Lookin' forward to some great racing."

THOUGH TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED, sailboats show their premodern roots in the inordinate amount of labor required to make them run. "Organizing a crew for a regatta," says Boston lawyer Jim Richardson, who heads the ultracompetitive and not-for-the-faint-of-checkbook Farr 40 class, is "like calling up your ten best friends and offering to pay for their vacations." Tony Reaper, who manages the sailing operations for Long Island ball-bearing manufacturer John Thomson, estimates that a major regatta can cost an owner $10,000 when all the room, board, and transportation costs are tallied up.

For the pleasure of having a dozen capable bodies sail his boat, Dinhofer must make sure it is stocked with water for his sweating crew and sandwiches for lunch between the races and beer for the ride back from the race course. But first he must scare up crew for each weekend. "E-mail has been a huge savior," he says. "I used to have to make a hundred calls a week to see who was sailing."

Nevertheless, Dinhofer still logs a lot of message units reminding his crew of their commitments. Things come up, but he's shameless with the guilt trips. John Neczesny, an investment banker at Bear Stearns, finds himself caught between his desire to sail with Dinhofer and his professional responsibilities to an unfolding deal that involves bankers and companies on three continents. Throughout the practice day, Dinhofer makes several cell-phone calls to Neczesny—who is still in Manhattan—to remind him of his promise to participate. To mollify both masters, Neczesny will leave his office on Park Avenue late Thursday night to catch a midnight train. Instead of sleeping on the five-hour trip, he will burn through two cell-phone batteries in a marathon phone conversation with his company's office in Japan. He'll be stood up by a limousine service at 4 A.M. and have to call a Newport cab to come 30 miles to pick him up. Friday morning, he'll arrive just in time for a full day of races manhandling a Genoa winch.

She was *yare:* Jim Bishop, in red hat, hosting a party aboard his *Coastal Queen.* Opposite, Scott Dinhofer aboard *Brown-eyed Girl.*

Part of the secret of Dinhofer's crew is that several of them, though not accomplished sailors, will show remarkable commitment to the program. Charles Ostroff, who evaluates multi-million-dollar real-estate transactions for the Related Companies when he is not paired with Neczesny at the winches, takes a particular joy in his role as a deck ape.

"Don't worry about me getting tired," Ostroff says during the practice session. "I've been in the gym all winter. I did lats, chest, upright rowing, all to get ready for grinding. I *won't* get tired."

Some people are suited to jobs by physical size and temperament. Cagnina, the spinnaker trimmer, often trims the mainsail during other races. Tending to the precise calibrations necessary for optimal sail shape might seem tedious, but Cagnina, an investment banker, is the sort of meticulous person who keeps a small spiral notebook in the glove box of his BMW. Every time he fills up, he carefully records his car's gas consumption.

"As an architect, I love the physics of sailing," says Robert Seigel of Gwathmey Seigel, who owns the racer *Pax NZL*, which is a fixture on Long Island Sound. "It's in tune with my personality—all the adjusting and tweaking to get a little more speed out of the boat."

Pete Neczesny, John's brother and a trader who took up sailing while working a currency desk in London, is a bull of a man who tirelessly works his station in the boat's "pit." Though he is as competitive as his crewmates, Big Pete has the stoicism to sit on the windward rail during a long-distance race in rain or cold for hours deep into the night.

"I make the crew feel like it's their program, too," Dinhofer says of his strategy for creating a loyal boat. "I also shower them with crew gear."

The crew has gone for a shakedown cruise to calibrate the rigging and "go over the footwork," as Berman says. "Okaaayyyyy," Dinhofer bellows as he returns to the dock carrying a big cardboard box containing a pile of clothes.

"First day," he says, holding up a pair of khaki shorts with the boat's sail number, USA 44007, printed on one leg and a navy-blue polo shirt embroidered with BROWN-EYED GIRL over the right chest and a special logo for the New York Yacht Club's race week over the left. The box also contains navy-blue T-shirts printed with the boat's "eyebrow" logo across the back and heavy oxford shirts embroidered with the boat's name on the chest. "Polos and shorts tomorrow. Button-down shirts for the party. Maybe we'll do T-shirts the second day."

THE CREW OF *BROWN-EYED GIRL* IS LYING around the cockpit of the boat, relaxing in the morning sun, waiting for a few wayward members to straggle over from the hotel. Dinhofer pushes his way through the crowd of tourists to find several regulars from the sailing scene milling around.

"Nice boat," says an owner, pumping Scott's hand. "You must be doing well!"

"I just found a generous bank," Dinhofer demurs before calling over his shoulder. "Could someone hand up my wallet? I think it's in the nav table." As the little brick of leather is passed from hand to hand up the companionway, a voice from below issues a mock command: "All hail the owner's wallet!" Eric Feigel, a logistics expert for UPS, looks up from his spot lounging by the electronics. "Gee, I thought it was bigger than that," he quips.

"The thing about sailing," one owner says, "is that there is usually only one rich guy on any boat—that's the owner."

Motoring out to the race course in the morning breeze, Berman gathers the crew. "We're new to this class," he says more as a reminder to himself than as an admonition to the crew. "I don't think we want to get into protests in our first regatta."

To ease congestion at the starting line, the race committee has set up three separate courses, or circles, with boats of approximately the same speed. The starts are staggered in ten-minute intervals, but that still leaves several dozen very expensive and quite breakable boats darting and turning within yards, sometimes feet, of one another.

The J/44s are on the same circle as two of the hotter classes, the 1D35s and the Farr 40s, slightly smaller, more delicate boats built solely for racing during the day but not seaworthy enough for sailing beyond the horizon. More like Formula One racers to Dinhofer's stock car, the Farrs, in fact, have several America's Cup participants aboard this weekend.

Dickie Scruggs, the plaintiff's lawyer from Pascagoula, Mississippi, who beat the tobacco companies for $1 billion in legal fees, is here with his yacht *Gunsmoke* (he flies a spinnaker with a NO SMOKING sign, just in case you don't get the joke). John Thomson is sailing with three-time America's Cup tactician Tom Whidden on *Solution.*

As the Farr 40s start, Berman and the crew go into the dance of pre-start maneuvers that will determine their position on the line. And much to everyone's delight, they pull it off. Not first off the line, but right in there with the best boats in the fleet, including *Gold Digger.*

The crew settles in on the rail (the windward side of the boat that is now high out of the water) for the long haul through the upwind leg. Even with the periodic inconvenience of having to switch sides as the boat tacks, the windward rail offers a front-row seat on the wind, water, and action ahead.

From this vantage, the crew can see two Farr 40s, *Phish Food* and *Conspiracy,* approach each other in a close but seemingly manageable maneuver. That is, until they collide, ripping a five-figure hole in one of the yachts and injuring a member of the crew on the other.

Berman and Dinhofer sail an exemplary race; the boat turns out to be a fast one, and they cross the finish line in first place. True to his word about avoiding protests, however, Berman advises choosing penalty points to avoid being disqualified for a near collision. Better to be tied for second place than to fall to last place. It turns out to be the right choice, as *Brown-eyed Girl* wins the second race and finishes third in the final race of the first day. After three races, they're in first place. "We should have had two bullets," Dinhofer says ruefully of the first-place finish that was downgraded by the I-flag. "But I can live with that."

WITH RACING YACHTS AT THIS LEVEL starting at several hundred thousand dollars and going up into the millions to build or buy, it's the ideal pastime for men who want to show that they've made it. "The people who spend a lot of money on this sport," says Seigel, who got into sailing when he reached an age that made fox hunting too dangerous, "they're going to spend a lot of money on *something.*"

To equip a boat with crew and sails, a competitive racing program will burn $60,000 to $100,000 a year. A new mainsail made with this year's fabric of choice and cut in some computer-tested revolutionary design will cost $17,000. And no self-respecting program goes out without a full quiver of headsails, which maximize speed and the boat's ability to sail close to the wind, each cut and sized for minor differences in wind condition. They run $6,000 a pop. Top boats will carry ten of these, not necessarily because they need each sail but because it is so hard to resist anything that might give them an edge.

Sailing is a world with its own language. On the first day of racing, after running through unself-conscious references to cunninghams, barber-haulers, check stays, and runners, Dinhofer's crew will debate the merits of and then decide to rig "twings," a system of block and tackle that keeps the spinnaker's lines in place.

Perhaps more striking to the outsider than the nomenclature is the prevalence of computing power combined with the satellite global-positioning systems that have rendered the classic skills of navigation obsolete. "The Bermuda race was the big race then," Edward du Moulin says of the years he raced on Long Island Sound, from right after World War II through managing several America's Cup syndicates during the seventies and eighties. "You didn't have the sophisticated technology then. You had to use a sextant."

Today, no racing sailboat carries a sextant. "The navigator is still called a navigator," says Charlie Ulmer of UK Sailmakers, "but he doesn't do much more than go below and turn on a computer."

The result of all this intensive R&D—and the competition from two-career families and other diversions—is to create a circuit of day races around the country. One of the season's most important events, held every Labor Day, is the Larchmont Yacht Club Vineyard race, where boats race 240 miles to Martha's Vineyard and back over one long weekend. "In the old days, the Vineyard race was a two-to-three-day trip," Ulmer reflects. "Now you're back in 36 hours no matter what boat you're on. There are boats finishing in less than 24 hours."

NO ONE RECOGNIZES the bluntly competitive nature of these events more than Jim Bishop, the *Gold Digger* owner, who is tied for second place after the first day. To make sure there is a suitable occasion to bring the owners and crews together, he throws a party the first night at his waterfront home just across the bay from Newport.

"As a skipper, you've got to provide a platform for having fun," Bishop says, "because if all you do is go out and scream at people all day—which some people do—they tend to not come back.

"I sailed in the distance races where you'd race against people for ten or fifteen years," he adds. "And you would see a red boat, you'd wave at them, and that's all you'd ever know about them. If they were beating you, they'd always just be some sons of bitches."

Dinhofer's crew joins the hive of conversation on Bishop's back deck as the teams line up for a crack at the buffet of barbecued ribs, beans, and corn. Ally and Benna meet some of the other owners and their families and enjoy the meal at tables set up on the lawn between the house and the dock. Berman sits in the darkness with the two far more experienced members of the crew who work in the sailing industry: Tom Manco, whose job it is to care for the boat, a free spirit whose wraparound sunglasses appear to have permanently etched white rings around his eyes, and Spencer Ogden, a straw-haired man-child who got a job through Dinhofer working for a sail-maker during his summers off from college.

"These guys have really put in a lot of time together," Berman says, summing up the day's successes and frustrations.

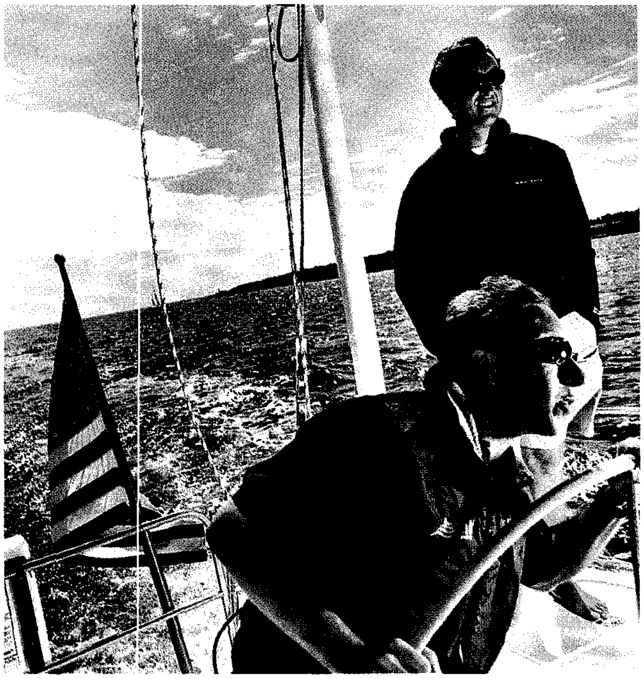
"I've been out with them a bunch of times," Ogden says. "And it's pretty much the same crew. They're dedicated."

"Yeah, but there's not much talent there," Berman says offhandedly.

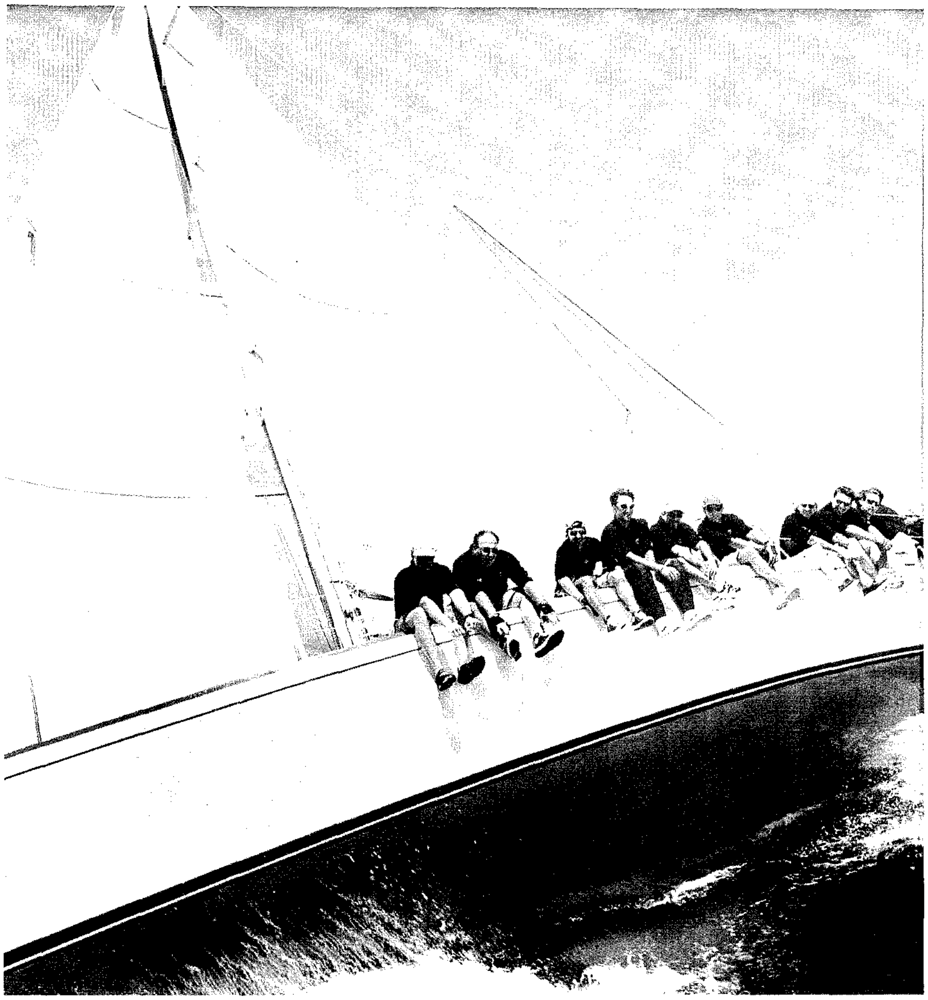
Manco and Ogden nod in sympathy.

Several of the owners suggest that part of the problem with keeping people involved in the sport is the prevalence of professionals. "If you spend a lot of money and you come in last," Doyle Sails' Mark Ploch remarks, "you're gonna get some help, or you're gonna quit."

"A lot of veterans of America's Cups are making a living," Du Moulin says of the pros who have taken over the sport. "It's really broken through to be a world-class sport. It's not tennis, but . . . "



Sail away: *Brown-eyed Girl* crew member Tom Manco, with Tom Cagnina at the helm. Opposite, *the yacht's crew sails upwind on the rail.*



> “In the sixth race, tempers really fray—with the seasoned sailors finding it hard to conceal their exasperation. ‘C’mon! C’mon! You’re not sailing this boat!’ Berman bellows. ‘Let’s get back in this race.’ ”

Many of the boats have sail-makers with them. Some because they enjoy the racing; others are there almost under duress. “Sail-making is more than handing a customer a bag with his sails and saying ‘Have a good time,’ ” Ploch says. “They expect you to get out there and help ’em win.”

“Sailing is the only sport I know where you can participate right alongside pros,” says Tony Reaper. “You can own a racehorse, but you can’t ride it in the race.”

“Look at Philippe Kahn,” Reaper says of the former Borland Software CEO who employs world-class professionals on his several boats. “He’s 300 pounds!”

FIRST THING ON THE SECOND MORNING, Berman wakes up and logs on to his laptop to check the day’s stats. There are race results on the yacht club’s Website, and weather reports to consult. In addition, Berman calls his private weather forecasters, Commanders’ Weather, who will fax him a micro-forecast focusing on the few miles of water just off Naragansett Bay that will attempt to pinpoint where the wind will be at what time of the day.

The opening race has *Brown-eyed Girl* across the finish line first again, but there is another protest. Sticking to his strategy, Berman bitterly unfurls the I-flag to acknowledge the penalty points. Worse, Bishop has regained his form and takes an easy second place that has now been converted to a first.

By the fifth race of the series, the pressure has begun to get to everyone. As they set the spinnaker on the downwind leg, the choreography begins to falter. Though his responsibility is only to steer the boat along the fastest possible course, Dinhofer, like any owner, cannot resist the urge to comment: “Tom, you’ve got to get the sail around faster on the jibe.” But Berman loses his patience. “Scott, you’ve got six tacticians onboard,” he bellows in exasperation. “Shut up and drive!”

As the mistakes mount, Bishop improves his boat-handling, winning the fifth race with *Brown-eyed Girl* just behind in second. But in the sixth race, tempers really fray—with the seasoned sailors finding it hard to conceal their exasperation. “C’mon! C’mon! You’re not sailing this boat!” Berman bellows. “Let’s get back in this race.”

But they don’t. Not only do they finish the race in third place, but there is a final run-in with boats at the finish line. Once again, the I-flag comes out, dropping the boat to fifth place.

The second evening, Bishop hosts a party on his 70-foot antique trawler, *The Coastal Queen*, which follows *Gold Digger* up and down the East Coast with a full-time cook and enough berths to house the rest of his crew. Tonight it has been festooned with flags from bow to stern, obstructing the boat’s tiny but functional helicopter pad, and the built-in sound system is cranked up. At the end of two days, six races, and three penalties, *Brown-eyed Girl* is still tied for first place with *Gold Digger*. It will all come down to a single race held on the last day.

But before then, there’s plenty of time for Dark and Stormys, the official quaff of Bermuda. “When I was young and couldn’t afford very much,” Bishop says, explaining the yachtsman’s code, “the skipper took care of you. He didn’t pay for transportation, but while you’re there, you had your meals and entertainment.”

“There aren’t many wives or racer chasers here,” Robyn Specthrie says from the railing overlooking one of *The Coastal Queen’s* two bars, referring to the women who crash the yacht club parties.

“I come off the boat with swamp butt and wind-blown hair,” Specthrie says. “But you can always tell a racer chaser, they’ve got nice clothes on and they’re coiffed.” The lack of women in racing is brought home again each day as the boats circle between races while men casually stand with their flies undone peeing over the side of the boat.

The morning of the final race, there is little wind. With *Brown-eyed Girl* and *Gold Digger* tied for the lead, there’s no room for error; it’s a match race. The tiniest opening will give one boat the entire race. *Gold Digger’s* crew is well trained and has been sailing together for a number of years, which significantly increasing its advantage.

The boats head out to the racecourse in near silence as *(continued on page 84)*

Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

Rack of Distinction Magazine collection out of control? Time to grow up and get a magazine rack. Check out this sleek sculptural one by William Harvey for Umbra. Called Peel, it's made out of one sheet of aluminum that's been perforated and bent into a very curvaceous, contemporary shape ($31.95).

▶ **JENSEN-LEWIS**
89 Seventh Avenue, at 15th Street/212-929-4880

Rum Runner You've impressed your guests with your masterful mojito-mixing abilities. Now don't ruin everything by serving that minty wonder on a plain paper napkin. Instead, place several on one of these Palm Springs–inspired trays and serve them up in style. The trays come in round, square, and rectangular shapes with colorful motifs that range from trendy bamboo to groovy graphics ($29).

▶ **FARFETCHED**
110 Fourth Avenue/212-460-8873
▶ **EXIT 9**
64 Avenue A/212-228-0145
▶ **THE MINI MINI MARKET**
218 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn/718-623-1839

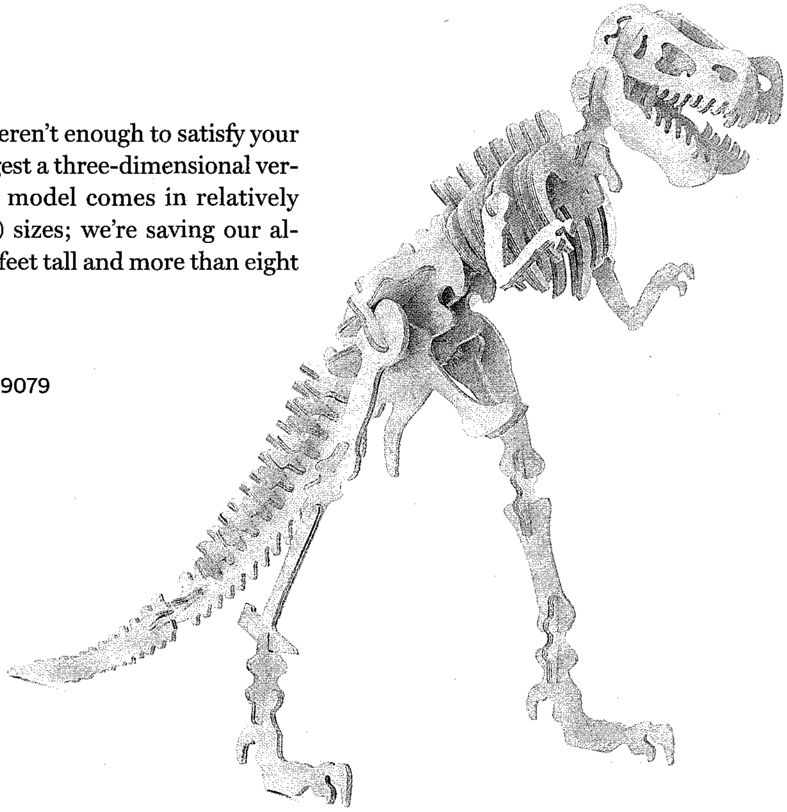
New York metro

Sign up for the **Best Bets daily newsletter** at www.newyorkmetro.com/newsletters. Every Monday through Friday, we'll e-mail you a new "Best Bet" and a "Sales & Bargains" update. While you're there, search our online guide to more than **1,500 of New York's best shops.**

T. Rex Rx

If three *Jurassic Parks* weren't enough to satisfy your tyrannosaur-obsessed tykes, may we suggest a three-dimensional version? This assembly-required plywood model comes in relatively friendly small ($34) and medium ($59) sizes; we're saving our allowance for the large, which is almost six feet tall and more than eight feet long ($265).

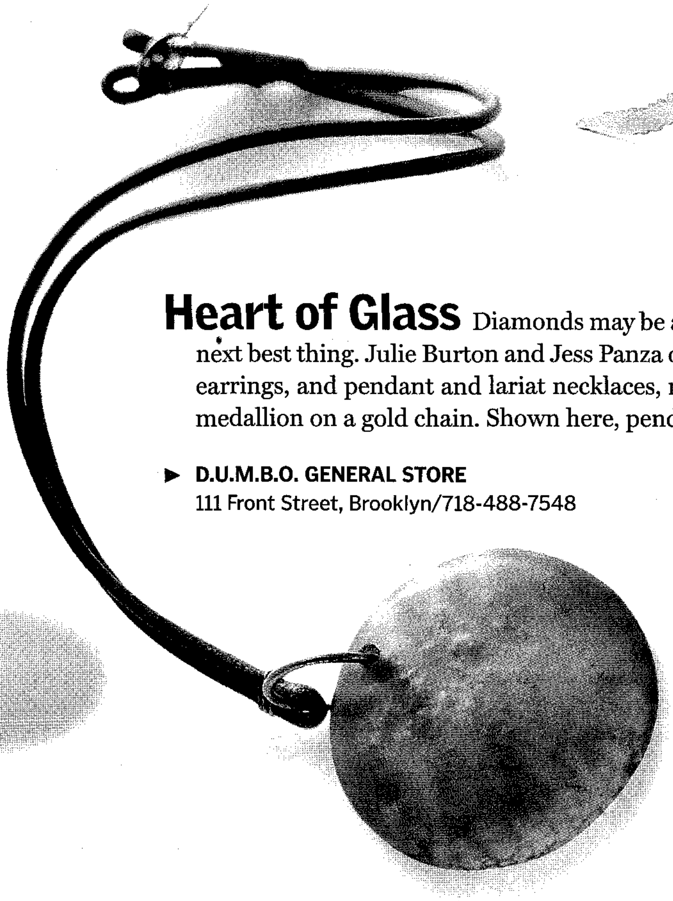
▶ **THE TERENCE CONRAN SHOP**
407 East 59th Street, at First Avenue/212-755-9079



Heart of Glass

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but for girls on a budget, glass can be the next best thing. Julie Burton and Jess Panza of Verre Newyork know this. They make rings, droplet-style earrings, and pendant and lariat necklaces, ranging from $35 for a pair of earrings to $400 for a large medallion on a gold chain. Shown here, pendant necklace on leather cord ($110).

▶ **D.U.M.B.O. GENERAL STORE**
111 Front Street, Brooklyn/718-488-7548



Fringe Benefits

Plain old red bandannas are fine for Colorado canines, but urban dogs deserve something that's more Fifth Avenue than mountain range. Enter Bow Wow Bandannas. These whimsical triangles come in an extraordinary range of fabrics—solids, graphic prints, kitschy patterns, and holiday themes—all with beaded fringe or silky tassel fringe or even pom-pom fringe ($24).

▶ **FETCH**
43 Greenwich Avenue/212-352-8591
▶ **BARKLEY**
215 East 76th Street/212-734-9373

Photographs: clockwise from top, Antonis Achilleos (2); Eric Piasecki (3).

Sales & Bargains

BRIDIE CLARK

Clutch Control

Carried away: The grab-and-go clutch is this moment's must-have accessory, so scrap those strappy bags and take this trend under your wing.

THIS SEASON, ULTRACHIC bag designers—we're talking Gucci, Calvin, Armani—seem to be echoing Mother's finger-wagging about the gaucheness of being seen in public with a strap showing. So why not step out with a smart little clutch and leave the old bag hanging at home? Even if you can't fork over a grand for a rectangle of leather, adorable knockoffs abound, and we've browsed for five bags under $150—and one for a bit more—that you'll definitely want under your arm.

We love **French Connection**'s dressed-up denim ($88 at French Connection stores): It's simple enough to tote around by day, but the gold piping and flower give it enough of a sophisticated edge to carry you into night. **DKNY**'s red leather clutch ($150) is a classic—elegant, sleek, and large enough so that your essentials won't come spilling out each time you undo the clasp. **H&M**, as always, delivers the goods at a shockingly low price: A gold, *faux*-leather clutch with a rhinestone buckle will add some camp chic to your low-key threads for a mere $17—absolutely promtastic! At **Express**, you'll get the skinny ($48)—its subtle-size black clutch will hold credit cards, keys, and maybe a lipstick, perfect for a night when you don't want to feel in the shadow of your bag. Not only does **A|X Armani Exchange**'s edgy, slick black leather bag ($88) look great in its own right, it'll dress up virtually anything in your wardrobe. And if a bit of a splurge won't leave you too strapped, we recommend **Betsey Johnson**'s feminine-yet-funky pink clutch: It's just the right size, and both the cotton-candy color and the leather are supersoft ($250).

Picks of the Week

Chaiken's sample sale is a perennial favorite: You'll find great basics (like cotton suits starting at $215, shorts at $40, and jeans at $50), as well as one-shoulder and bell-sleeve T-shirts you'd normally find at Scoop and Barneys. Sample sizes start at $10. *24 W. 40th St. (212-334-3501); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues. noon-7, Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs. 11-5; 8/14-8/16.*

SEE's high-end modern furniture—from designers such as Philippe Starck and Jasper Morrison—will be up to 60 percent off for floor models. A Charlotte chair by Mario Buatta is half off (now $540). *920 Broadway, near 21st St. (212-228-3600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. noon-6; 8/18-9/3.*

Hamill Design Group—a collective of artists and designers—will discount whimsical tropical bags by Eileen Duffy ($25-$50), hand-stitched silk-beaded jewelry by Carrie Hollister ($20-$35), and *Vogue*-featured dresses, skirts, and more by Gabrielle Hamill ($25-$150). *284 Lafayette St., No. 1C (212-925-9375); cash and checks only; Fri.-Sun. noon-8; 8/17-8/19.*

Troy is offering up to 50 percent off select pieces of mid-century contemporary furniture: Living Divani sofas, boxy with soft goose-down-wrapped pillows, are about $2,500 (down from $5,000). *138 Greene St. (212-941-4777); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri. 11-7, Sat. 11-6; 8/11-8/25.* ■

New York metro

Daily updates! Go to www.newyorkmetro.com/sales for "Sales & Bargains" updates Monday through Friday, or search our online guide to more than **1,500 great New York shops.**

Photographed by Aimée Herring.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

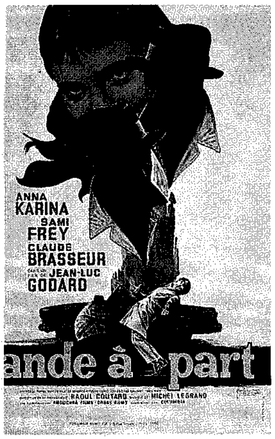
Edited by Christopher Bonanos

Movies

Band of Outsiders

Opens August 17

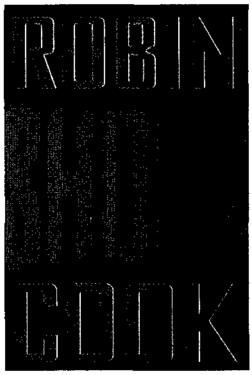
Stave off the summer heat in a black turtleneck, de rigueur for a visit to the Film Forum to see Godard's *Band of Outsiders,* his long-unavailable French New Wave gangster film. It stars Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur as three ne'er-do-wells scheming to steal a neighbor's cash stash. (See listing, page 55.)



Books

Shock

By Robin Cook; Putnam; $24.99



Robin Cook is to doctors what John Grisham is to lawyers and Dick Francis is to jockeys. The former's brand-new medical melodrama, *Shock,* involves some Ivy Leaguers who donate their eggs to a high-profile fertility clinic. But the doctors are thinking along the lines of genetic omelettes. . . . In bookstores now.

Art

Glass of the Avant-Garde

At the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum

Don't expect a menagerie: The avant-garde glassmakers whose works are on view tended to Surrealist goblets and Expressionist vases. It's the first public showing of the world's largest collection of early-twentieth-century glass. Bring a mischievous soprano. (See page 66.)

Restaurants

Best of the Week

Morrell Wine Bar and Café

The Parade of Rosés

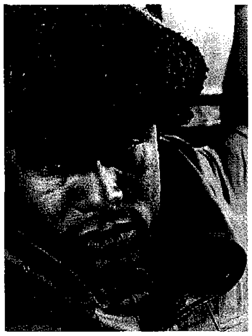
Most establishments only serve one pink wine by the glass—and it tends to be the kind of plonk that gave rosé its rotgut reputation. This summer, Morrell offers the Parade of Rosés, over ten selections from Sancerre (a unique, strawberry-blonde rosé) to Muga (dusty and cleanly stated grape). (1 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th Street; call 212-262-7700 to reserve.)

Nightlife

Maxwell

Seven New York shows

Maxwell (pictured) makes a return to accessible soul with *Now,* his new album due in late August. To celebrate, he's planning performances all over town, including one at the Apollo—for a crowd he's not likely to entertain with selections from 1998's opaque concept album *Embrya.* (See page 76.)



Dance

Spun/Uktena

At University Settlement

The New York International Fringe Festival presents 3rd Rail Dance's *Spun/Uktena*—a surreal fusion of original choreography with African folk tales, Native American traditional forms, and oral traditions. (For reservations, call 212-420-8877.)

Theater

Riverdance

Closes August 26

Your neighborhood Irish pub will be more raucous than usual in the next few weeks: On August 26, the Irish dancers and musicians in *Riverdance—On Broadway* (pictured) will serenade, stomp, and stagger for the last time. Reserve now. (See listing, page 62.)

DEREK DE KOFF

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Anthony Mandler; Joan Marcus.

The Recycle Bin

Recalling 36 years together onstage and off, Renée Taylor and Joe Bologna find plenty of ham; Gerard Alessandrini unearths a trove of laughs in *Mr. President.*

WATCHING RENÉE TAYLOR and Joe Bologna in **If You Ever Leave Me, I'm Going With You!** made me appreciate the Lunts and the Spewacks all the more. The former acted in plays they did not write; the latter wrote plays they did not act in. The new show by Taylor and Bologna is about their 36-year marriage and their 36-year writing and acting career--which are roughly the same thing. The pair also directed, effectively sealing off the enterprise from outside interference. Sitting through this intermissionless love fest is like going down in a bathysphere to the bottom of a pond.

Navel-gazing for two is still navel-gazing. Here, on stage and screen, are extracts from their plays, movies, and TV appearances, glued together with a little new goo. Everything congeals, and after a few mildly funny minutes I had enough of Bollor and Taygna. When they are not writing about themselves, they write about their families, which widens their horizon by several inches. To be sure, Taylor is a Jewish girl from the Bronx, and Bologna an Italian Catholic from Brooklyn, and their marriage was not supposed to last. But it did. Even so, packing every iota of it into one self-congratulatory package makes 100 minutes feel like 36 hours. Compared with *If You Ever Leave Me,* Sartre's *No Exit* goes by like a ride in the Tunnel of Love.

At one point, Joe and Renée were telling old jokes. They were old jokes even when they appeared in an old play of theirs, which made them doubly old. Indeed, the whole piece is wall-to-wall old jokes, which is why the audience was laughing. For the young, these quaint old jokes seemed weirdly new; for the old folks, revisiting the jokes of their youth was a blissful nostalgia trip.

If You Ever Leave Me, I'm Going With You!
Written, directed, and performed by Renée Taylor and Joe Bologna.

Mr. President
Adaptation of the Berlin-Lindsay-Crouse musical (closed).
See Theater listings for details.

Heard it all before: Joe Bologna and Renée Taylor.

Mr. President COMES FROM GERARD Alessandrini, the fellow who gives us *Forbidden Broadway,* with which it alternates, and than which I find it much funnier. Funnier because it is not obsolescing showbiz satire but political satire, which is after bigger game that, in the Clinton-Bush era, needs every poke it can get. It is a reworking of the not-so-hot 1962 Irving Berlin musical of the same name, upended, updated, and upgraded.

George Shrub Jr. is president, backed up by wife Flora, mother Barbara, and brother Jet, though the latter, like daughters Ginna and Tonyic, can be a drag. Barbara, by the way, is played, hilariously, by Stuart Zagnit in drag. George's chief henchmen are Coalhouse Power and Dick Brainy; his chief pests are Will and Chillary Ramrod Fenton, and Al Bore. The former pair are played handsomely by Eric Jordan Young and, again, Zagnit. Except for George, done well enough by Clif Thorn, the many other parts are parceled out among five actors; at the piano Jono Mainelli not only accompanies well but also looks remarkably like Berlin.

Alessandrini has taken Berlin numbers from *Mr. President* and elsewhere, nudging or tweaking some of the lyrics, completely rewriting others. Fitting them into what is perhaps less a musical than a revue allows him to cover and scorch greater ground, reaching as far back as the Kennedys and Nixon. He is lucky to have the wonderful impressionist Michael West, who can take off just about anyone superbly—in one number, George and Will simultaneously. And what a charmer is the perky Amanda Naughton! The one weak link is Whitney Allen, an acceptable Elizabeth Dolt and a passably butch Eleanor Roosevelt, but a washout as Chillary.

Fine sets by Bryan Johnson, costumes by Alvin Colt, and arrangements by Paul Katz bolster the savvy direction by Alessandrini and John Znidarsic. Though the evening occasionally lapses into the sophomoric, it more often rises to sophisticated hilarity—or is it chillarity? ■

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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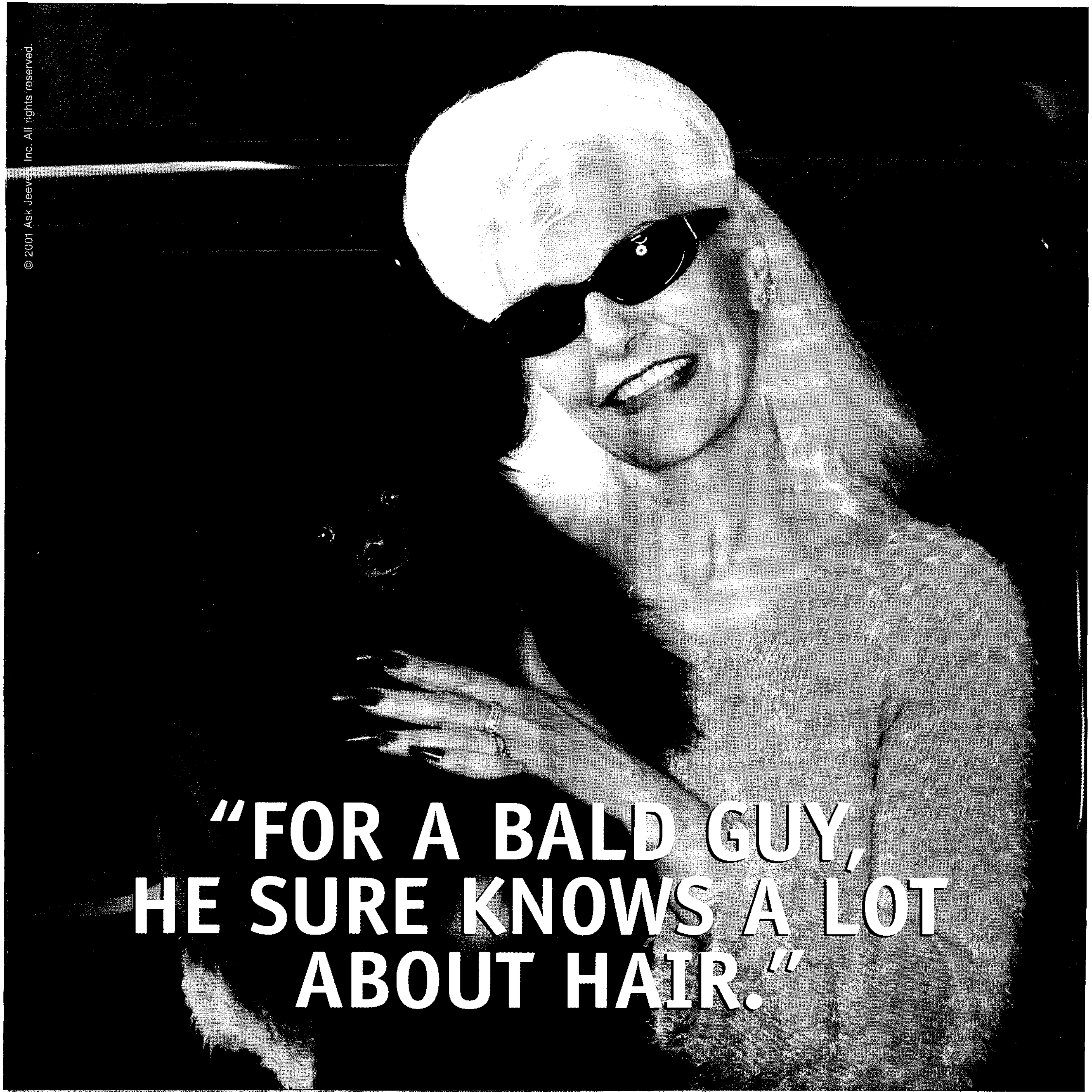
"FOR A BALD GUY, HE SURE KNOWS A LOT ABOUT HAIR."

According to Stephanie, only one person knows for sure: Jeeves. By simply asking him a question, or using a word or two, she gets the best answers on the Web. Like who did what on her favorite soaps, which hotels allow dogs or what hair dyes are gentlest on the scalp. With Jeeves, she gets more stuff done every day. Except keeping up with the latest gossip. She gets that from her hairdresser.

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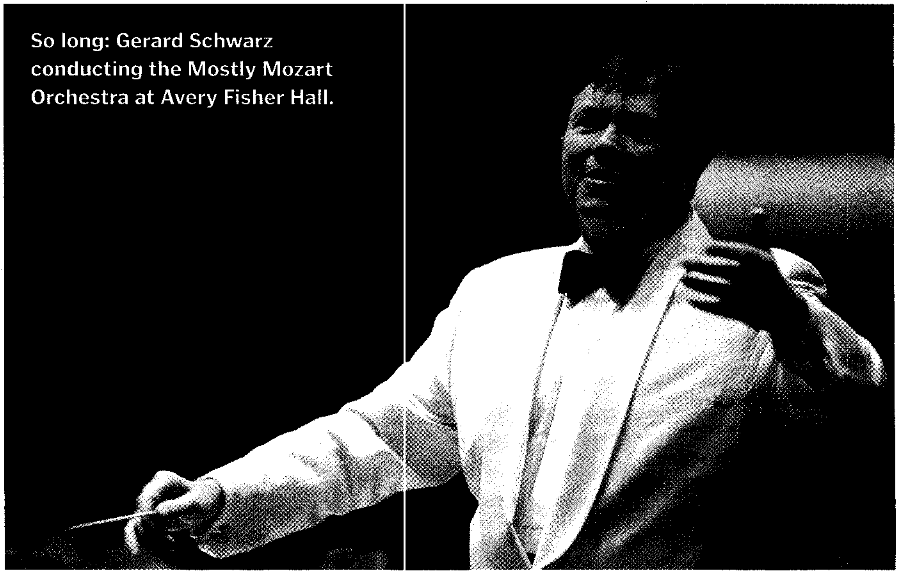
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Basically Bye-Bye

Turning 35, Mostly Mozart prepares to bid farewell to musical director Gerard Schwarz; ditto the Boston Symphony and Seiji Ozawa, after 29 years together.

Mostly Mozart IS NOW in its thirty-fifth season at Lincoln Center, the last for music director Gerard Schwarz, who bids the festival adieu this summer. As Schwarz has overseen the programming, brought in many new faces, and conducted a generous number of the concerts over the past seventeen years, Mostly Mozart is bound to be a different sort of animal without him.

Or is it? There are only so many changes to be hung on a winning formula that has consistently filled Avery Fisher Hall during August, when the dog days can be brutal. Schwarz has done just about everything possible to make this annual event seem special, out of the ordinary, even festive, but he has never tampered with the basic plan that has guaranteed success over the years. The secret is simple enough: a mix of orchestral, choral, and chamber concerts along with occasional solo recitals, all featuring a nonthreatening classical repertory and as many high-profile musicians as can be flagged down as they rush up and down the Northeast's busy summer-music corridor.



So long: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall.

The dominant fare continues to be Mozart, probably the only composer who could sustain such constant high exposure—practically everyone loves Mozart, and luckily he produced a huge, inexhaustibly rich body of work in every form. Other composers and types of music associated with Mozart turn up on the side, of course—this year it's Haydn and the Italian Baroque—and Schwarz has gone out of his way to uncover some fascinating relevant curios. I personally thank him for letting us hear, on two different occasions no less, Richard Strauss's controversial rethinking of Mozart's once problematic opera seria *Idomeneo*. I only wish he had found a way to work in Reynaldo Hahn's *Mozart*, a delicious *comédie musicale* written in 1925 for Yvonne Printemps.

If this season's opening-night concert did not seem especially celebratory or even distinguished, such is the nature of so-called galas these days, more social occasions and fund-raisers than important musical events. Yes, the requisite stars were on hand, violinist Itzhak Perlman and violist Pinchas Zukerman, to play Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*. That such proficient instrumentalists, who have collaborated on this sublime score many times, would give a polished reading goes without saying. It's been years, though, since I've heard Perlman play anything with the commitment and interpretive concern he once brought to his work, and his performance, for all its surface beauty, sounded stale and mechanical. Zukerman may never have commanded the flashy virtuosity of Perlman at his best, but at least this caring musician still injects feeling and a sense of discovery into his playing. Schwarz led the orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 20 and Beethoven's "Pastorale," solid and enjoyable performances even if they had little new to say about such familiar music.

Mostly Mozart
Opening concert of the 35th season, at Avery Fisher Hall.

Salome
The Strauss opera, conducted by Seiji Ozawa and starring Deborah Voigt, at the Tanglewood Festival.

This summer's major novelty—Schumann's rarely performed *Paradise and the Peri*—had little to do with the festival's eponymous composer, but it was welcome anyway. When new in 1843, this secular oratorio—"for cheerful folk," as the composer put it—was quite popular, and it helped make Schumann an international figure. Exotic pieces about the Near East were in vogue, and Thomas Moore's 1817 oriental epic *Lalla Rookh*, which provided the oratorio's subject matter, was on everyone's bookshelves. The plot deals with the quest of the Peri, a creature of Persian mythology born of a fallen angel and a mortal and therefore denied entrance to Heaven. If she brings the proper gift with her, however, celestial life will be hers, and after several unsuccessful attempts the Peri discovers the right offering: the teardrops of a criminal moved by the sight of a young boy at prayer.

More than anything, the excessive sentimentality of the text has worked against *Paradise and the Peri*. It's still a bit much

Photograph by Chris Lee.

even if we look at the subject, as Schumann did, in terms of that ubiquitous Romantic theme of an innocent female spirit who falls from grace, strives, and eventually finds redemption—an allegory about the creative artist as well as a celebration of the nineteenth-century ideal of womanhood. The score's the thing, though, far more harmonically and structurally adventurous than anything Wagner had written up to this time, and it is just as melodically rich as any of the songs that flowed so copiously from Schumann's pen just before he wrote the oratorio. With Christine Goerke as a radiantly expressive Peri, Schwarz led a performance that savored all the lyrical and instrumental beauties of the score, certainly one of this conductor's finest Mostly Mozart moments.

THE **Tanglewood Festival** IS ALSO SAYING a long goodbye to its music director as Seiji Ozawa prepares to step down next year, after 29 seasons on the podium of the Boston Symphony. As one who grew up with that orchestra and whose first orchestral concerts were conducted by Serge Koussevitzky and Charles Munch, I've found Ozawa's lengthy but artistically sleepy tenure in Boston puzzling as well as disappointing. Since I did hear at least one memorable Ozawa evening some years ago, a concert performance of Strauss's *Elektra*, I journeyed to Tanglewood in hopes that the same composer's *Salome* would be just as revelatory.

It wasn't, really. Most of this glittering score sounded sluggish, inert, and opaque under Ozawa's dead hands, except for the "Dance of the Seven Veils," which fairly exploded with color and vitality. Go figure—perhaps this orchestral showpiece is the only part of the opera with which the BSO and its conductor are really familiar. Singing the title role for the first time, Deborah Voigt once again demonstrated that Strauss's heroines suit her voice and temperament. Not only did she soar through the music with fearless abandon, she also plunged into the text to give a chilling aural portrait of this depraved teenager. Barring a dramatic weight loss, it's doubtful that a staged Salome is in Voigt's future, but vocally the role is hers to command. More shouted than sung, Kenneth Riegel's hammy Herod was a sore trial, but Jane Henschel (Herodias), Albert Dohman (Jochanaan), and Christopher Ventris (Narraboth) gave Voigt strong support. ■

cue

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Unforgettable

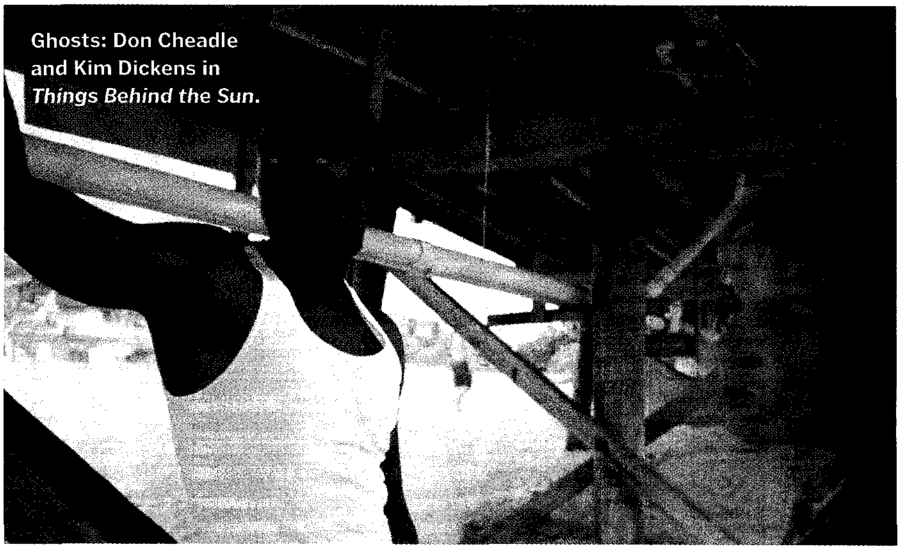
In *Things Behind the Sun,* indie filmmaker Allison Anders returns to the scene of a brutal attack that changed her life forever.

AT LEAST SINCE SUSAN Brownmiller published her furious scholarly indictment, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape,* in 1975, we have been told that rape is an act of violence, not of sex, as well as a war crime. We have been told this about rape in novels, newspapers, movies, and television programs even as they almost invariably treat the act itself, between preachments, as an extreme sport, exploiting the victim's helplessness and dread for pornographic purposes. It is a necessary half-truth. If the violence weren't emphasized, the cops and courts would go on excusing the crime as an excess of boyishness provoked by flashy dress, raging hormones, dirty music, and too much junk food. But of course, just from the plumbing involved, it is a sexual act, too—brutal, yes, and vile, certainly, but sex nevertheless. And in the mind, like Faulkner's past, it keeps on happening.

Allison Anders, the indie film director who has startled and moved us with *Gas Food Lodging, Mi Vida Loca,* and *Grace of My Heart,* was gang-raped at 12 by high-school boys in a Florida coastal town. In the production notes for **Things Behind the Sun**, she tells us that she tried to deal with the fact "in therapy, through acting out sexually, through self-medication . . . by every means possible, but I still was in a dark place." So now she has done what artists do, which is to use her art to ambush truth. Not the least astonishment in *Things Behind the Sun* is that much of it is remembered and imagined from the point of view of one of the rapists.

Things Behind the Sun
Saturday, August 18; 9 to 11 P.M.; Showtime.

Owen (Gabriel Mann) doesn't look like a beast. He is gentle, almost pretty, and gainfully employed as a reporter at a Los Angeles magazine called *Vinyl Fetish.* When he hears a haunting song about adolescent rape, he talks his editor (Rosanna Arquette) into sending him to Florida to do a story on Sherry (Kim Dickens), the singer-songwriter, who would long ago have gone on to glitzier venues than a club on a pier if she didn't also specialize in substance abuse, court appearances, and AA meetings. Owen is propelled by guilt, but we won't get to



Ghosts: Don Cheadle and Kim Dickens in *Things Behind the Sun.*

Photograph by Brandon Click/Showtime.

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the exact nature of that guilt till after an accumulation of fragmentary flashbacks and nightmare dissolves.

Sherry would be pretty, too, if she weren't so tough about it. She's a hard, blonde, CBGB sort of rocker who picks up guys in bars after her set. Always plural: "It's fun to share." The director of an obscene play from her repertory past, she stages her own violation: "Who's next?" Although the love of her manager, Chuck (Don Cheadle), is unwavering, she won't sleep with people who know her: "I'm more like a guy that way." She keeps getting arrested because, on every anniversary of her rape, she ends up passed out, after a binge, on the lawn of the house where it happened—the house she won't talk about at AA meetings, the house where Owen grew up and young Sherry entered because she was in puppy love with him, the house she was not allowed to leave until Owen's older brother and his buddies were done with her.

All this we learn (except not quite) in the smoke and sea and honky-tonk noise, from the mosey and lurch of the digital video camera, from the doors and ceilings and walls that fall down on us, and from the lyrics of the songs. (The score is by Sonic Youth, and there are also period favorites, but the music neither bullies nor cues. When people have something important to say, they are surrounded, if not by silence then by whispers of the natural world. This, of course, is the sound of indie films, sometimes as if from the bottom of a well, rarely the crisp, percolating coffee and microwave beep of a Hollywood kitchen. It's overheard.) What only Owen knows, you'll have to watch and see for yourself. And I still don't think his trauma compares with Sherry's.

Meanwhile—between cameos by Eric Stoltz as Owen's unrepentant convict older brother, Elizabeth Peña as the new occupant of the old house (where a dozen other girls were raped), and CCH Pounder as the judge to whom Sherry will not explain herself—we are asked to think about complicated and combustible ideas. Indeed, my only complaint about *Things Behind the Sun* is that it moves rather too methodically from each point it wants to make on to the next, setting the stage and clearing the space, like axioms in Spinoza. Kim Dickens is a remarkable find. Otherwise, I'm stuck with the limitations of my own sex. It doesn't do me a lot of good to find rape unimaginable—since, obviously, a lot of other men do a lot more than imagine it. And if drugs and rock and roll aren't their excuse, then war is, or pogroms, or ethnic cleansing—or even Hollywood.

TV Notes

Return to Cabin by the Lake (AUGUST 14; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) brings back snorkel-nosed Judd Nelson, not dead yet, who murdered seven young women, all of whom had spunk, and suspended them in high-fashion clothes in a sort of underwater sculpture garden, all the while writing a screenplay about a murderer of young women. . . . They are, of course, now making the movie, and they prepped for it by watching all three *Screams*, and Judd is available for more than technical advice, and this is somehow, shamefully, more creepy fun than the original.

My Generation (August 17; 8 to 10 P.M.; Encore) is Barbara Kopple's terrific documentary on all three Woodstocks, '69, '94, and '99, from innocence to avarice, from tragedy to farce, from antiwar anthems to the commodification of youth culture—plus lots of music, lots of mud, lots of used-car salesmen, and almost as much slacker envy-resentment of bygone hippies. See it and weep.

Strange Frequency (August 18; 10 to 10:30 P.M.; VH1), on the other hand, suggests that rock and roll is literally the plaything of the devil (in this case Roger Daltrey, Mephistopheles himself). The new half-hour dramatic series kicks off with *Soul Man*, in which James Marsters, a roadie, sells his soul for the satanic talent of Jimi Hendrix, and then tries to buy it back in counterpoint.

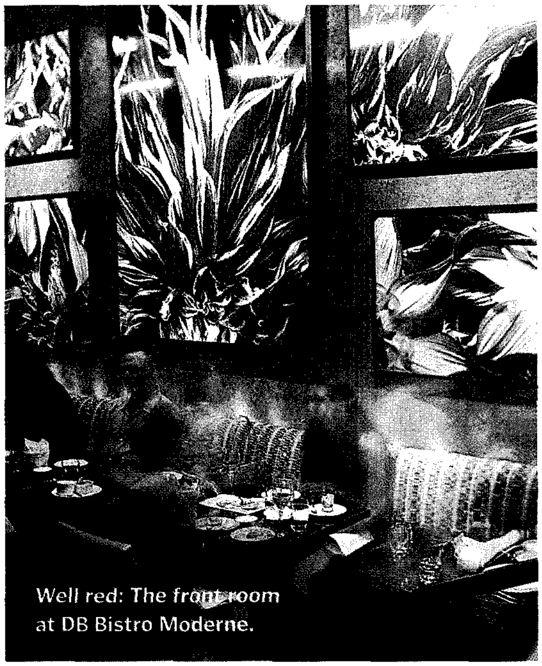
Within These Walls (August 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) asks us to believe that hard-case Ellen Burstyn, in prison forever, can be redeemed by Laura Dern, a nun who teaches cons to train dogs to help the disabled, while simultaneously searching for the daughter Burstyn gave up for adoption after she was raped by a cop. LaTanya Richardson, who runs the prison, has the same doubts I do. But Burstyn and Dern would be worth watching in a phone booth.

Taxi Dreams (August 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) finds Judd Hirsch following five immigrant cabbies as they get lost in New York City while telling us about Tajikistan, Pakistan, India, Ghana, and Bangladesh, where they might have become lawyers or teachers or computer scientists. This will come as a flabbergasting surprise to anyone who watched the HBO series on hack drivers and their backseats. No sex on public television! ■

Moderne Art

At DB Bistro Moderne, his informal new theater-district boîte, Daniel Boulud starts by repositioning the humble hamburger as the ultimate luxury item.

WE HAVE A HABIT IN this country of transforming even the simplest culinary import (Neapolitan pizza, Cantonese egg foo yong) into a bland, bulky version of its former self. It's rare, however, to see an American dish—apple pie, say, or the corn dog—exported elsewhere and rewired in a distinctively foreign way. But that's exactly what Daniel Boulud has done, and the effect is a little startling. You can see it on the faces of the diners at Boulud's latest venture, **DB Bistro Moderne**, as the stately "DB Burger" goes floating by. The dish is served in two fragile halves with a silver cup of pommes soufflés by its side. The meat is ground prime rib, leavened with braised short ribs, truffles, foie gras, and a hint of vegetable root. The bun is freshly baked and flecked with bits of Parmesan. Instead of ketchup, there's tomato compote on top, along with frisée and a smear of fresh mayonnaise. Take a bite, and these elements dissolve together in rich, almost confectionary layers; the taste is like no hamburger you've ever had.



Well red: The front room at DB Bistro Moderne.

Of course, the DB Burger, which at $27 is one of the priciest items on the menu, isn't really a hamburger, any more than DB is really a bistro in the old-fashioned sense. Boulud's monument to relaxed dining occupies what used to be an old salad bar, on the north side of West 44th Street, directly across from the Royalton Hotel. The façade is covered in powdery white cement, with two draped canopies outside, like the entrance to a pasha's tent. Diners pass through a glass door into the café-style front room, which is decorated in shades of beige and vivid, tropical red. This hectic space is separated from the main dining room by a narrow bar area, where you can perch awkwardly and admire an elegant wall display of wines covered with a kind of high-tech chicken wire. Beyond that is the dining room itself, a dimly lit sanctum filled with stoic gentlemen wearing dark suits and legions of tight-faced ladies tottering to and fro in their fashionable pointy-toed shoes.

I only gained admission to the dining room once, and that was for lunch with my mother, who happened to be wearing one of her fashionable summer hats. On my other visits to DB, I hunkered down in the café, where the waiters fly around the little tables in a blur, and the leather-covered chairs are cut so low, they sometimes put your legs to sleep. Not that this mattered in the end. The menu, executed by chef de cuisine Jean François Bruel, is the same for both rooms at DB, and its contents are generally superb. My first appetizer was a sleek, New Age version of vitello tonnato containing a disc of tuna tartare (instead of the usual wet tuna sauce) and a single crisp-fried sweetbread (instead of wet veal). Next came a dense slab of duck paté, edged with parchment in the old bistro tradition, followed by a small helping of boeuf en gelée. This potentially lumpish dish was served in a parfait glass, covered in a veil of horseradish cream. The aspic was soft, and studded with cubes of short rib and foie gras, which melted with the cream when you stirred them.

DB Bistro Moderne
55 West 44th Street
(212-391-2400).

Taking a page from his trendy colleagues downtown, Boulud divides his dinner menu into mini food groups like "homard," "légumes," and "boeuf." The menu doesn't feel overcrowded, however, and the portions are decorous without being too small. King of the homard (lobster) category is a salty, almost chocolate-colored bisque with a little disk of tarragon-flavored flan buried at the bottom. There's a cold corn soup, too, made with lobster stock and decorated with dots of lobster tomalley, and a superior bowl of gazpacho (in the "tomate" group), with slivers of poached shrimp in the middle hiding a spoonful of freshly whipped avocado. This light touch extends to a series of summery salads—a delicious salade niçoise with silvery anchovies, and a beef-and-beet salad in a grainy mustard vinaigrette for lunch—and to the dinnertime "champignon" category, where my fricassee of snails and wild mushrooms arrived with a perfectly fried quail egg balanced on top.

At this early date (the restaurant opened in June), the arrival time for entrées at DB can be glacially slow, although they're usually worth the wait. As with the DB Burger, my peppered sirloin steak had an ethereal, almost un-beeflike quality and was nearly soft enough to cut with a fork. Boulud has imported his famous recipe for pork belly and lentils as a plat du jour (on Mondays), only this version is garnished with frizzled leeks and two curled shavings of black truffle. The Thursday plat du jour is a tasty batch of canary-size frogs' legs,

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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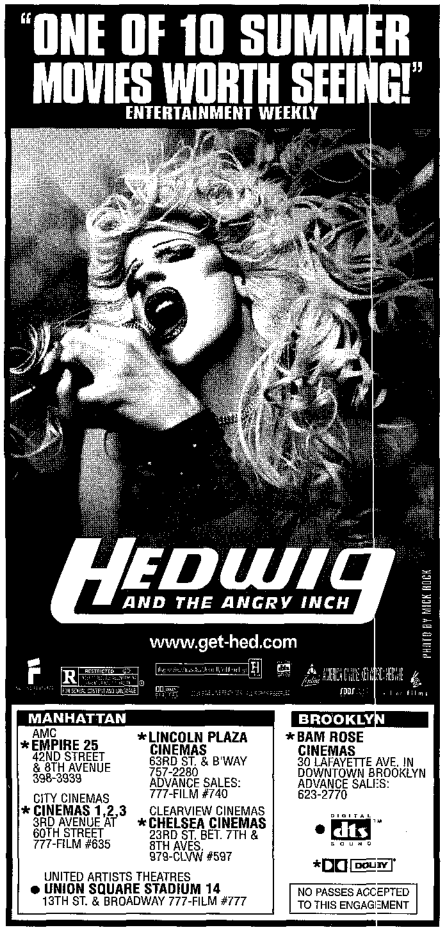

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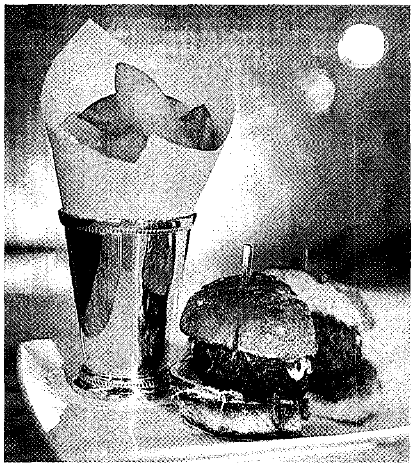

Burger heaven: The DB Burger.

and if you manage to elbow your way into the joint on a Friday night, treat yourself to the bouillabaisse, which is as condensed and aromatic as any facsimile you'll find west of Marseille. Among other seafood entrées, the Moroccan tuna seemed a little brawny and steak-like, although my mother made polite noises about her lunchtime lemon sole (set atop a mound of crushed potatoes, in an olive vinaigrette), and I enjoyed the roasted cod garnished with asparagus and sizzling bits of bacon.

The wine list is spare by Boulud's standards (the list at Daniel is big as the Las Vegas phone book), but adequate enough to complement all this haute bistro food. Midtown swingers can indulge in a list of fancy cocktails, like the $12 "JFK" Manhattan (with vermouth-marinated cherries) and the Hulla Boulud (tequila, Cointreau, and prickly-pear purée). If you overindulge, there are many designer teas to choose from (my mother liked something called "Drum Mountain White Cloud"), and the desserts are models of elegance and restraint. There's a gourmet blueberry cobbler served in a little white ramekin, and a light version of peach Melba, flecked with almonds. If you have to choose one entry in the "chocolat" category, try the praline cake, which has a smooth, shiny top, like wet marble. Or try the strawberry soup (in the "cerises" category), containing a melty spoonful of verbena parfait. Or you can forgo these items altogether, like I did on my last visit to DB, and do the honorable, American thing. You can order another burger. ■

DB Bistro Moderne, 55 West 44th Street (212-391-2400). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, Tuesday through Saturday, 5:30 to 11:15 P.M., Monday to 10:30 P.M. Appetizers, $12 to $17; entrées, $25 to $32. All major credit cards.

Edited by Ben Kaplan

This Week's Releases

Aberdeen
Stellan Skarsgård and Charlotte Rampling play a couple with a stalled marriage in Norwegian writer-director Hans Petter Moland's film. With Lena Headey. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/17.

American Outlaws
Blue Streak director Les Mayfield's Gen-Y Western reunites *Varsity Blues*'s Scott Caan and Ali Larter, and features *Neverland*'s Colin Farrell as Jesse James. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 8/17.

Band of Outsiders
A new 35-mm. print of Jean-Luc Godard's 1965 gangster film starring Sami Frey, Claude Brasseur, and Godard's then-wife, Anna Karina. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/17.

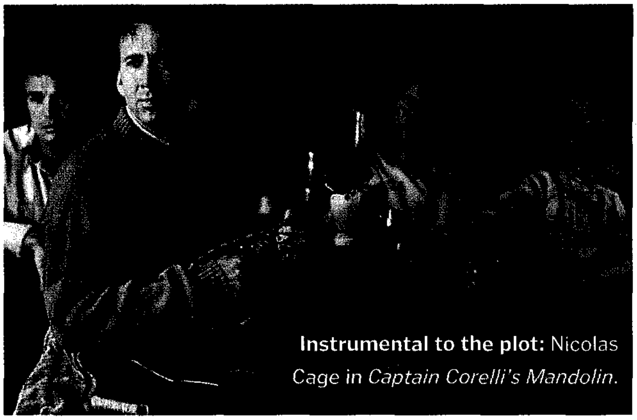
Brooklyn Babylon
Tariq Trotter, a.k.a. Black Thought from the Roots, plays Solomon, an up-and-coming rapper in Crown Heights who falls in love with a Hasidic Jew (Karen Goberman). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • Opens 8/17.

Captain Corelli's Mandolin
John Madden (*Shakespeare in Love*) directs Nicolas Cage and Penélope Cruz as lovers on a small Greek island during the World War II Italian occupation. With John Hurt and Christian Bale. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Opens 8/17.

Five Girls
Documentarian Maria Finitzo spent three years with five young women in Chicago in this film produced by Kartemquin Films, the financiers of *Hoop Dreams*. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/16.

Innocence
Australian director Paul Cox's story about a music teacher (Charles Tingwell) who seeks out his first love (Julia Blake)—50 years after they've parted. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • Opens 8/17.

Rat Race
John Cleese, Cuba Gooding Jr., Rowan Atkinson, and Whoopi Goldberg race from Las Vegas to New Mexico for $2 million in cash. Directed by Jerry Zucker (*Ghost*). (1 hr. 12 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 8/17.



Instrumental to the plot: Nicolas Cage in *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*.

New Films

A.I.
Alternately emotionally wrenching and unsatisfying, Speilberg's film is one of the oddest movies in some time: not so much a dark *E.T.* as a manic-depressive *E.T.* Starring Haley Joel Osment, William Hurt, Frances O'Connor, and Jude Law as a gigolo robot. (Rainer; 7/9/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) • 16; 23; 43.

The Adventures of Felix
When Felix (Sami Bouajila) gets laid off, he leaves his boyfriend and journeys to the south of France to find his absentee father. Written and directed by Jacques Martineau and Olivier Ducastel. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • 8.

All Over the Guy
Opposites (Richard Ruccolo and Dan Bucatinsky) attract in Julie Davis's film, which Bucatinsky wrote and produced. With Adam Goldberg, Christina Ricci, and Lisa Kudrow. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 8.

America's Sweethearts
John Cusack and Catherine Zeta-Jones play an estranged husband-and-wife movie-star couple in this good-natured but flimsy Hollywood fairy tale, which also stars Julia Roberts (charming) as the diva star's sister. The excellent but mostly overwrought cast also includes Stanley Tucci, Billy Crystal, Hank Azaria, Christopher Walken, and Alan Arkin. They no doubt all have better Hollywood stories to tell than the light fare that shows up in this movie. (Rainer; 7/23/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 10; 15; 21; 32; 34; 36; 43; 50; 56; 60; 65; 67; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78.

American Pie 2
Chris Klein, Mena Suvari, and Tara Reid reunite as frolicking college freshmen trying to honor their high-school vows. Directed by J. B. Rogers (*Say It Isn't So*). (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) • 1; 5; 10; 12; 21; 28; 29; 37; 39; 40; 41; 45; 46; 49; 53; 55; 56; 58; 59; 61; 65; 67; 72; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78.

★ An American Rhapsody
Eva Gardos wrote and directed this autobiographical tale of her voyage from Hungary to America, then back to Hungary, which stars Nastassja Kinski, Tony Goldwyn, and Scarlett Johansson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) • 8.

The Anniversary Party
Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming, wrote, directed and co-star in this so-so drama, in which the cast, including Gwyneth Paltrow, Kevin Kline, and Phoebe Cates, play mostly show-biz types and pour out their hearts in order to show us how "real" they are. (Rainer; 6/18/01) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) • 3; 24.

★ Apocalypse Now Redux
Francis Ford Coppola's expanded Vietnam epic includes four new scenes from the original shooting of his 1979 film. Starring Martin Sheen, Robert Duvall, and Marlon Brando. (3 hrs. 16 mins.; R) • 22.

Atlantis
Michael J. Fox, James Garner, and Leonard Nimoy voice Disney's new animated yarn about a young explorer's voyage to the city under the sea. (1 hr. 28 mins; PG) • 53.

Audition
Japanese director Takashi Miike's film about a widower who poses as a filmmaker to cast himself—literally—an unsuspecting new wife. In Japanese, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 6.

Baby Boy
Writer-director John Singleton (*Boyz 'n the Hood*) revisits South Central with MTV's Tyrese playing a single father who lives with his mom. Also with Snoop Dogg and Ving Rhames. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) • 55.

Baise-Moi
Based on a best-selling French novel, this film about two prostitutes who team up and go on a rampage against men is getting undue attention because it contains hard-core sex sequences. They're anything but titillating, but since there's not much else in the movie to pay attention to, you wait for them anyway. Raffaela Anderson and Karen Bach, two real-life porno actresses, play the leads. Virginie Despentes, the novel's author, and Coralie Trin-Thi co-directed. (Rainer; 7/16/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • 4.

Big Eden
Writer-director Thomas Bezucha's debut about a scandalous romantic triangle in Big Eden, Montana. Starring Arye Gross, Eric Schweig, and Tim DeKay. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) • 8.

Bread and Tulips
An Italian romantic comedy about a fed-up housewife who deserts her negligent family and discovers the enchanted new world that is Venice. Directed by Silvio Soldini. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) • 25; 47; 53; 66.

Brother
Los Angeles is the setting of actor-director Takeshi Kitano's film; he plays an expatriate Japanese thug who flees the *yakuza* for the drug wars of California. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 3; 16.

Bully
Brad Renfro plays Marty Puccio, a suburban dropout in South Florida who leads his gang to murder. Also with Bijou Phillips and Nick Stahl; directed by Larry Clark. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • 2.

Cats & Dogs
Live action (Jeff Goldblum, Elizabeth Perkins) meets computer animation voiced by Tobey Maguire, Susan Sarandon, and Charlton Heston in a story of war between man's best friends and the cats they live with. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) • 10; 16; 45; 55; 67; 69.

The Closet
Daniel Auteuil (*The Widow of St. Pierre*) plays a condom-factory worker who saves his job, and reinvigorates his life, by pretending to be gay. With Gérard Depardieu, written and directed by Francis Veber. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 16; 17; 47; 66.

Cure
Japanese director Kiyoshi Kurosawa's film about a serial killer and the detective (Koji Yakusho, *Shall We Dance?*) on his trail. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 9.

The Deep End
A mother covers up for her murderous son in the writer-director team Scott McGehee and David Siegel's film. With Tilda Swinton and Goran Visnjic. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 2; 43.

★ Divided We Fall
A small Czech town is occupied by German forces in this uneven but occasionally moving drama that at

Ground Rules

These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer and John Simon. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Starting this week, each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 57.**

Photograph by Peter Mountain.

times recalls the bittersweet humanism of the Czech New Wave films from the sixties. A Gentile couple (well played by Boleslav Polivka and Anna Siskowa) shelter a Jewish concentration-camp runaway, with ghastly and comic repercussions. (Rainer; 6/11/01) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) • 38; 48.

Downtown 81
Jean-Michel Basquiat plays an artist facing eviction who scours the clubs of downtown New York, attempting to sell a painting. Also with Debbie Harry, DNA, and James White and the Blacks. Directed by Edo Bertoglio. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) • 9.

Dr. Dolittle 2
Eddie Murphy is back as a doctor who can talk to animals in this sequel to his 1998 smash. *Next Friday*'s Steve Carr directs. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG) • 16; 52; 69.

The Fast and the Furious
Vin Diesel is a gangster, and Paul Walker the undercover cop who tries to infiltrate his street-racing ring. Directed by *Dragon Heart*'s Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 16.

Final Fantasy
Digitally animated video-game adaptation about the end of the world, and the war to save mankind. Voiced by Alec Baldwin, Steve Buscemi, Donald Sutherland, and James Woods. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • 16.

★ Ghost World
Thora Birch and Scarlett Johansson play angsty teenage best friends in Terry Zwigoff's film based on the popular Daniel Clowes comic book. Also with Steve Buscemi, Illeana Douglas, and Teri Garr. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 15; 28; 38; 66.

Greenfingers
Director Joel Hershman's film is loosely based on a New York *Times* story about a group of Edgefield prisoners whose lives blossom alongside their prison's first garden. Starring Clive Owen (*Croupier*) and Helen Mirren (*Prime Suspect*). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • 11; 34; 48; 66.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch
An East German rock-and-roll drag queen (John Cameron Mitchell) winds up in Junction City, Kansas, in a film version of the popular Off Broadway play. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 10; 12; 16; 17; 38; 47.

Himalaya
Two Nepalese yak caravans race through the Himalayas in French director Eric Valli's debut film. Filmed on location with Nepalese tribes. (1 hr. 9 mins.; NR) • 4; 11.

Jurassic Park III
Who needs characters, plot development, science, history, herbivores, or Richard Attenborough when you can lose another child and, as Laura Dern does, send in the Marines? Though Sam Neill seems to enjoy playing Indiana Jones, the rest of us are just snack food. (Simon; 7/30/01) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 31; 32; 39; 40; 44; 45; 46; 50; 52; 55; 56; 60; 61; 65; 72; 75; 76; 77; 78.

Kiss of the Dragon
Luc Besson (*The Fifth Element*, *The Professional*) directs Jet Li and Bridget Fonda in this action film about a Chinese special agent betrayed in Paris. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) • 16; 69.

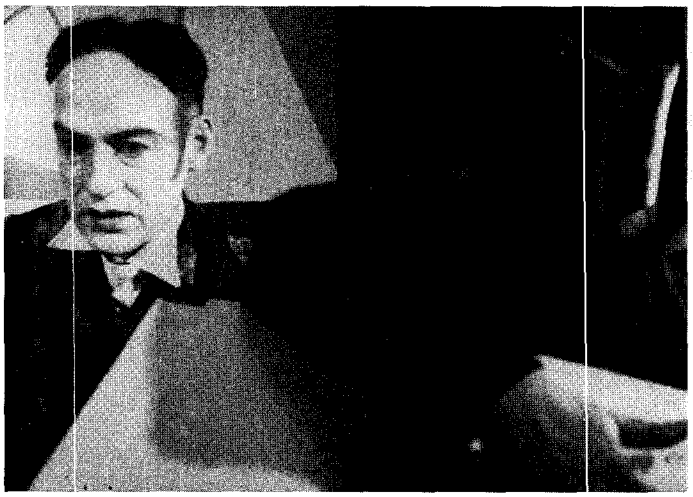
Legally Blonde
Reese Witherspoon is Elle Woods, a feckless young woman who winds up at Harvard Law School—and falling in love. With Selma Blair and Luke Wilson. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 10; 12; 15; 21; 28; 43; 60; 62; 65.

Life and Debt
A documentary about the impact of the World Bank and the IMF on the residents of Jamaica. By Stephanie Black. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 9.

Lumumba
Award-winning Haitian director Raoul Peck's film based on the real life of Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba (Eriq Ebouaney). (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) • 6.

Birth of a Film Nation

The American avant-garde didn't begin with Andy Warhol, or even Orson Welles. The more than 160 films at the Whitney Museum's **Unseen Cinema: Early American Avant-Garde Film 1893–1941** are the rarely screened pictures and sequences that led to the likes of *Citizen Kane*. Curator Bruce Posner sought out and restored the early work of directors like Robert Florey (*The Life and Death of 9413—A Hollywood Extra*) and J. S. Watson with Melville Webber (*The Fall of the House of Usher;* pictured, with composer Alec Wilder), and even—in a surprising twist to anyone who expects avant-garde to mean "outsider" and "brooding"—Busby Berkeley, whose overhead dance shots influenced everyone from Fred Astaire to Mel Brooks. The series begins at the Whitney Museum before moving to the American Museum of the Moving Image, Anthology Film Archives, and BAMcinématek. Through September 9 at the Whitney. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")



Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Made
Vince Vaughn and John Favreau (*Swingers*) reunite as amateur boxers, and Peter Falk is the Mafia don who brings them to Manhattan for their chance to break into the mob. Also with Sean "Puffy" Combs. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) • 1; 10; 21; 23; 43; 53; 69.

★ Memento
Christopher Nolan's low-budget noir stars Guy Pearce as a man with a mental handicap: a condition where he can't remember anything for more than fifteen minutes or so. Nolan has a fondness for existential dread, but it's an intriguing movie anyway. (Rainer; 3/26/01) (2 hrs.; R) • 3; 19; 38.

Moulin Rouge
Baz Luhrmann's turn-of-the-century musical set in the famous Parisian dance hall stars Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor, and it's meant to resuscitate the movie-musical genre for modern audiences. Songs ranging from Rodgers and Hammerstein to Patti LaBelle segue into one another; the screen is replete with grease-painted plug-uglies. The entire experience is exhausting and assaultive, less a resuscitation than a stomping. (Rainer; 5/28) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) • 3; 16.

Original Sin
Antonio Banderas is a wealthy Cuban businessman, and Angelina Jolie is his shifty American wife. Directed by Michael Cristofer (*Gia*). (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 21; 27; 33; 43; 44; 46; 56; 60; 61; 62; 68; 69; 72; 75; 78.

Osmosis Jones
The Farrelly brothers direct Bill Murray and Molly Shannon in the live-action part of this half-animated film about a zookeeper and his blood cells (whose voices are provided by William Shatner and Chris Rock). (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 21; 32; 34; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 54; 55; 56; 58; 59; 64; 67; 69; 71; 76; 78.

Planet of the Apes
In Tim Burton's new version of the 1968 film, the accent is on technology. Space-station and space-capsule technology; gimmick, gadget, and gizmo technology. There is striking cinematography by Philippe Rousselot, and elaborate ape makeup by Rick Baker, and a few fine performances, notably Tim Roth as the evil Thade, who snarls with exquisite menace, and Michael Clarke Duncan as his imposingly powerful lieutenant. However the new *Planet* is devoured by its own mechanical ostentation, and has a smart-ass, infinitely less powerful ending than the original. (Simon; 8/6/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 1; 10; 11; 12; 16; 20; 28; 35; 37; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 52; 55; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 64; 65; 67; 71; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78.

The Princess and the Warrior
The director and the star of *Run Lola Run*, Tom Tykwer and Franka Potente, reunite in this love story about a psych-ward nurse and a bank robber (Benno Fürmann). (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • 3.

The Princess Diaries
Julie Andrews is the eccentric grandmother who teaches Anne Hathaway's New York hipster how to be a princess when she inherits a small nation in Europe. Directed by Gary Marshall (*Pretty Woman*). (1 hr. 55 mins.; G) • 1; 10; 12; 15; 16; 17; 32; 36; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 53; 54; 55; 56; 60; 65; 67; 72; 75; 76; 78.

The River
Taiwanese art-house director Tsai Ming-Liang's (*Rebels of the Neon God*) film about a dysfunctional family and the unemployed actor who's cast as a dead body in a film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 4.

Rush Hour 2
Director Brett Ratner reunites Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan as partners chasing an international crime ring in this sequel to the 1998 film. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 5; 10; 13; 15; 16; 18; 32; 39; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 64; 65; 67; 68; 72; 75; 76; 77; 78.

Scary Movie 2
Abysmal spoof of spooky movies, starring a couple of Wayans brothers, Chris Elliott, Tim Curry, and a host of other unfortunates. (Rainer; 7/16/01) (1 hr. 22 mins. ; R) • 3; 16; 52.

The Score
You go into this okay Ed Norton, Robert De Niro, Marlon Brando movie expecting a heavyweight title fight and instead get a cruiserweight bout. Frank Oz directed. (Rainer; 7/23/01) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 21; 30; 32; 40; 43; 44; 46; 52; 55; 56; 60; 62; 65; 71; 74; 76; 78.

Session 9
Brad Anderson (*Next Stop Wonderland*) directed and co-wrote this film which stars David Caruso as an asbestos

remover in an insane asylum in rural Massachusetts. With Peter Mullan, Josh Lucas, and Brendan Sexton III. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 2; 16; CC Eastside Playhouse.

★ **Sexy Beast**
Ben Kingsley is intensely frightening as a paranoid thug who is like a cross between an East End Iago and the Terminator. It's a spiky, spiffy piece of work, directed by first-timer Jonathan Glazer and written by Louis Mellis and David Scinto, who have pitch-perfect ears for the scary propulsiveness of gangster lingo. (Rainer; 6/25/01) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 4; 38; 48.

★ **Shrek**
Terrific computer-animated feature about a gruff, kindhearted ogre. Eddie Murphy and Mike Myers stand out among the celebrity voicers. (Rainer; 5/21/01) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 3; 62.

Swordfish
John Travolta plays an intense superpatriot who hires superhacker Hugh Jackman in this Joel Silver-produced spy thriller that seems like scraps from *The Matrix's* cutting-room floor. (6/18/01) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 24.

The Others
Nicole Kidman plays a mother raising her two children in a haunted house while her husband is serving in World War II. American debut of Spanish director Alejandro Amenabar. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 40; 43; 44; 46; 50; 55; 56; 61; 62; 67; 69; 72; 76; 78.

Thomas in Love
A 32-year-old tech-head (Benoit Verhaert) falls in love, via the computer, with a prostitute (Aylin Yay). Directed by Pierre Paul Renders. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) • 4.

Tomb Raider
Angelina Jolie is the titular Lara, a shapely crime fighter who must save the world. Also with Jon Voight, directed by Simon West. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 24.

The Turandot Project
Director Allan Miller's documentary of Chinese director Zhang Yimou's staging of the Puccini opera Turandot, which premiered in Florence and wrapped in Beijing. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • 8; 38.

Under the Sun
Colin Nutley's Academy Award–nominated love triangle about an illiterate Swedish farmer (Rolf Lassgard), his best friend (Johan Widerberg), and the housekeeper whom they both pursue (Helena Bergström). (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) • 38.

Wet Hot American Summer
Janeane Garofalo plays a camp director and David Hyde Pierce is the astrophysics expert she can't resist. Also with Molly Shannon and Paul Rudd. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 3; 16.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Made; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

2. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Bully; The Closet; The Deep End; Ghost World; Session 9

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • The Anniversary Party; Brother; Memento; Moulin Rouge; The Princess and the Warrior; Scary Movie 2; Shrek; Spy Kids; Wet Hot American Summer

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Baise-Moi; Himalaya; The River; Sexy Beast; Thomas in Love

5. Clearview's Waverly
323 Sixth Ave. (212-777-FILM#603) • American Pie 2; Rush Hour 2

6. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Audition; Lumumba (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Score; The Others

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • The Adventures of Felix; All Over the Guy; An American Rhapsody; Big Eden; The Turandot Project

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Cure; Downtown 81; Life and Debt

10. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Cats & Dogs; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Legally Blonde; Made; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2

14th-41st Streets

11. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Greenfingers; Himalaya; Planet of the Apes

12. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • American Pie 2; The Closet; Ghost World; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries

13. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Rush Hour 2

14. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Score; The Others

15. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • America's Sweethearts; Ghost World; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

42nd-60th Streets

16. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • A.I.; Brother; Cats & Dogs; The Closet; Dr. Dolittle 2; The Fast and the Furious; Final Fantasy; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Jurassic Park III; Kiss of the Dragon; Moulin Rouge; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; Scary Movie 2; Session 9; The Others; Wet Hot American Summer

17. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • The Closet; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; The Princess Diaries

18. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Rush Hour 2

19. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Memento

20. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Planet of the Apes

21. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Legally Blonde; Made; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Score

22. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Apocalypse Now Redux

23. Loews Coronet
993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • A.I.; Made

24. Loews State
1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • The Anniversary Party; Pearl Harbor; Spy Kids; Swordfish; Tomb Raider

25. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Bread and Tulips

61st Street and Above, East Side

26. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • The Closet; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Others

27. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • Original Sin

28. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • American Rhapsody; American Pie 2; Ghost World; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; Spy Kids

29. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • American Pie 2

30. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Score

31. Loews New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • Jurassic Park III

32. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score

33. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Original Sin

34. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • America's Sweethearts; Greenfingers; Osmosis Jones

61st Street and Above, West Side

35. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Planet of the Apes

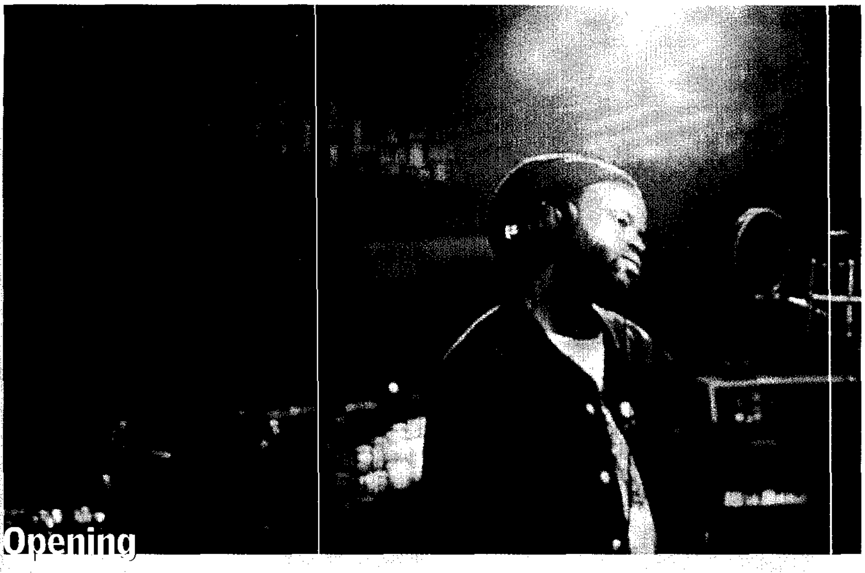
36. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • America's Sweethearts; The Princess Diaries

Opening

The Golden Girl

Into a summer of wiggly, lustful adolescents, please welcome Australian actress Julia Blake (pictured, above left) as a sexagenarian in the throes of an unabashedly erotic affair in **Innocence**, director Paul Cox's new film. "I had the script for about three years, and as time went on, I actually persuaded Paul that my character should have more libido," Blake says. In the film, Blake's paramour is played by her real-life husband, actor Terry Norris (above right). "It was strange shooting and then going home and getting into bed," she says. "But we actually ended up talking about issues that hadn't come up in 40 years of marriage." DAVID AMSDEN

Photograph courtesy of Fireworks Pictures.



Opening

A Tale of Two Cities

Director **Marc Levin** found his inspiration for *Brooklyn Babylon,* a hip-hop musical set in New York, in an unlikely place. "My friends in Jerusalem showed me the Song of Songs, an interracial love poem from the Old Testament," Levin says. "Six years later, some Rastas in Jamaica showed me the same text. I'd always wanted to modernize it, but it wasn't until the Crown Heights riots that I gave it a try." He's always taken on controversial subjects: Levin directed the documentary *The Last Party,* filmed at the 1992 Democratic National Convention and featuring Robert Downey Jr. as a roving reporter; *Gang War: Bangin' in Little Rock,* a documentary about suburban thugs; and *Slam,* his 1998 Sundance winner about a drug dealer-poet on the road to reform. *Brooklyn Babylon* is about a Hasidic Jewish woman and a Rastafarian rapper (played by the Roots' Tariq Trotter, pictured) who fall in love as ethnic tension mounts in Crown Heights. "I hope the film catalyzes discussion between Jews and blacks," the Flatbush-born filmmaker says. Continuing that theme, he'll next be directing a segment of *The Blues,* a seven-part PBS documentary à la Ken Burns's *Jazz,* executive-produced by Martin Scorsese and showcasing the work of Spike Lee, Wim Wenders, and Charles Burnett as well as Levin. "My segment is about Chess Records, which was founded by Polish immigrants and made famous by black performers," says Levin. "Together, they changed pop music." *Brooklyn Babylon* opens August 17 at BAMcinématek. B.K.

37. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • American Pie 2; Planet of the Apes

38. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) • Divided We Fall; Ghost World; Hedwig and the Angry Inch; Memento; Sexy Beast; The Turandot Project; Under the Sun

39. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Rush Hour 2

40. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

41. New Coliseum
701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • American Pie 2; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • A.I.; America's Sweethearts; The Deep End; Legally Blonde; Made; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Princess Diaries; The Score; Spy Kids; The Others

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • American Pie 2; Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; Spy Kids

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; Spy Kids; The Others

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) • Bread and Tulips; The Closet; Hedwig and the Angry Inch (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

48. Brooklyn Heights
70 Henry Street (718-596-9070) • Divided We Fall; Greenfingers; Sexy Beast

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • American Pie 2; Osmosis Jones; Rush Hour 2

50. CO Alpine
6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Others

51. CO Fortway
6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • American Pie 2; Original Sin; Planet of the Apes; The Score

52. CO Kings Plaza
5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Dr. Dolittle 2; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2; Scary Movie 2; The Score; Spy Kids

53. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • American Pie 2; Atlantis; Bread and Tulips; Made; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2

54. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Osmosis Jones; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2

55. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • American Pie 2; Baby Boy; Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; Spy Kids; The Others

56. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; Spy Kids; The Others

57. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Avenue (718-596-7070) • Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

58. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • American Pie 2; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

59. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • American Pie 2; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

60. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • America's Sweethearts; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Original Sin; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score

Queens

61. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2; The Others

62. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Legally Blonde; Original Sin; The Score; Shrek; Spy Kids; The Others

63. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Cats & Dogs; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score

64. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

65. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Legally Blonde; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score

66. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Bread and Tulips; The Closet; Ghost World; Greenfingers

67. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Cats & Dogs; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Others

68. Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Original Sin; Rush Hour 2

Photograph by Levin Productions.

Trailers

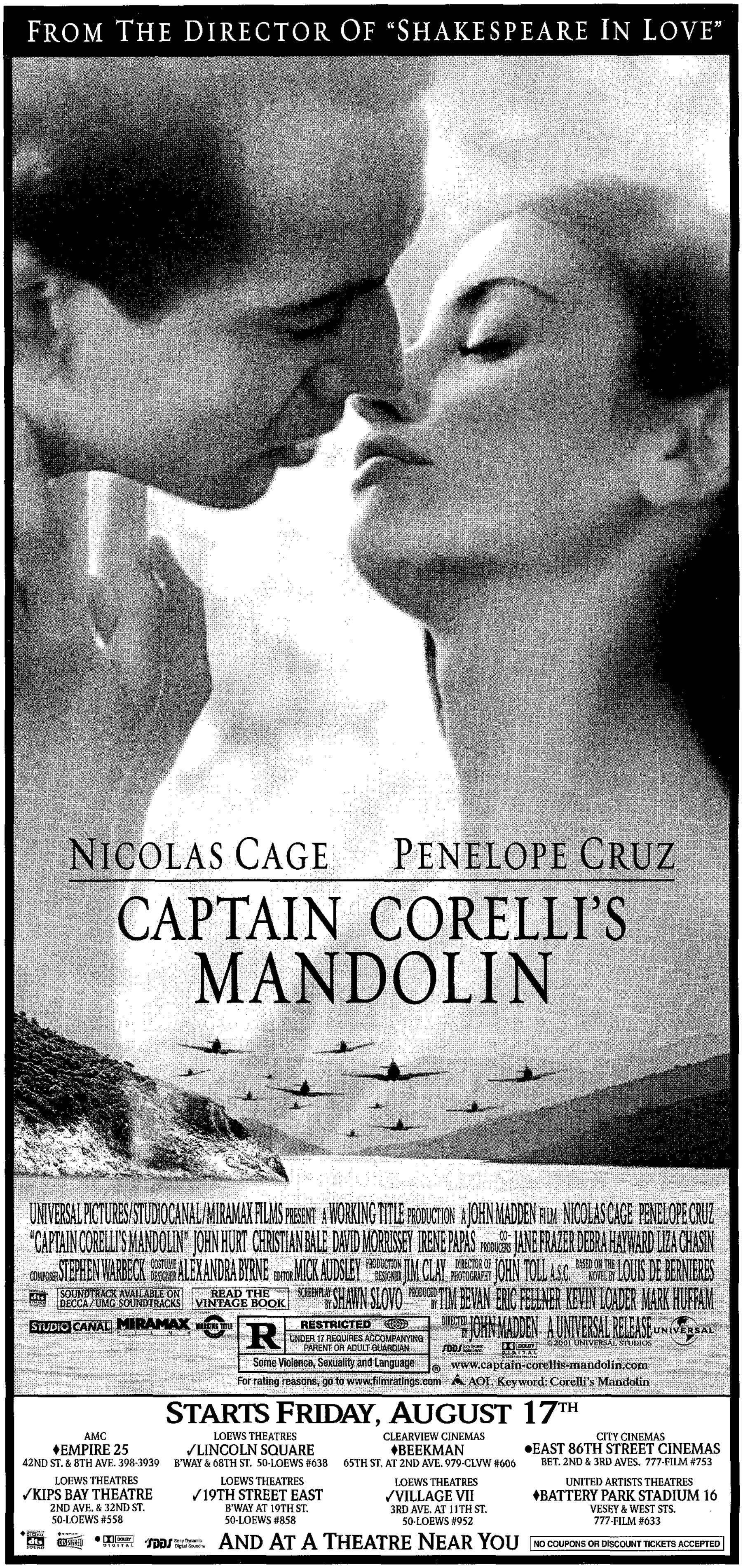
SEA THIS FILM Director **Ted Demme** (*Blow, Beautiful Girls*) has announced that his next project will be Columbia's *Nautica,* a murder mystery set in the Caribbean and told from the points of view of three shipboard passengers; Escape Artists and Spanky Pictures will produce, with shooting to start in the fall.

DIESEL-POWERED Hot Hollywood newcomer **Vin Diesel** has signed on to play the lead in *Triple X* for Columbia Pictures; the film re-teams Diesel with his *The Fast and the Furious* director **Rob Cohen**, and he'll star as an extreme athlete recruited by the government to infiltrate an insidious crime ring; shooting will start in the fall for Joe Roth's Revolution Studios.

MARIN COUNTRY Miramax just landed the film rights to *Cad: Confessions of a Toxic Bachelor,* the upcoming memoirs of *New York Times* style writer **Rick Marin**; the book, to be published by Hyperion, will be an account of the writer's life as a single man in Manhattan in the nineties—a story that ends with his long-term relationship with fellow *Times* writer **Ilene Rosenzweig**; Marin is already attached to write the screenplay.

PRINCESS OF DENMARK Despite several conflicting reports to the contrary, **Nicole Kidman** has indeed signed on to star in *Dogville,* with Danish director **Lars von Trier**, best known for his work on *Dancer in the Dark;* the film will be an introspective drama set in a small American town in the thirties, and is scheduled to begin shooting early next year.

SARA CARDACE



FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE"

NICOLAS CAGE PENELOPE CRUZ

CAPTAIN CORELLI'S MANDOLIN

UNIVERSAL PICTURES/STUDIOCANAL/MIRAMAX FILMS PRESENT A WORKING TITLE PRODUCTION A JOHN MADDEN FILM NICOLAS CAGE PENELOPE CRUZ "CAPTAIN CORELLI'S MANDOLIN" JOHN HURT CHRISTIAN BALE DAVID MORRISSEY IRENE PAPAS CO-PRODUCERS JANE FRAZER DEBRA HAYWARD LIZA CHASIN COMPOSER STEPHEN WARBECK COSTUME DESIGNER ALEXANDRA BYRNE EDITOR MICK AUDSLEY PRODUCTION DESIGNER JIM CLAY DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN TOLL A.S.C. BASED ON THE NOVEL BY LOUIS DE BERNIERES

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON DECCA/UMG SOUNDTRACKS

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Some Violence, Sexuality and Language

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AOL Keyword: Corelli's Mandolin

STARTS FRIDAY, AUGUST 17TH

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42ND ST. & 8TH AVE. 398-3939

LOEWS THEATRES
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B'WAY & 68TH ST. 50-LOEWS #638

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♦BEEKMAN
65TH ST. AT 2ND AVE. 979-CLVW #606

CITY CINEMAS
●EAST 86TH STREET CINEMAS
BET. 2ND & 3RD AVES. 777-FILM #753

LOEWS THEATRES
✓KIPS BAY THEATRE
2ND AVE. & 32ND ST.
50-LOEWS #558

LOEWS THEATRES
✓19TH STREET EAST
B'WAY AT 19TH ST.
50-LOEWS #858

LOEWS THEATRES
✓VILLAGE VII
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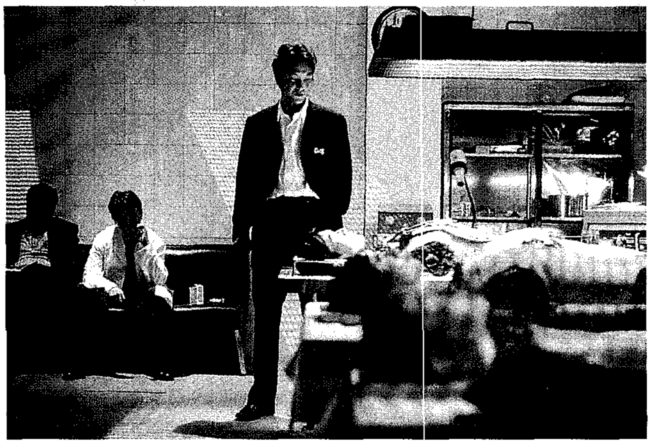
Photographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; bottom, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe.

imports

The South Shall Rise Again

Worldwide, American films account for 85 percent of cinema box office. In South Korea, thanks largely to the eleven blockbusters making up **When Korean Cinema Attacks!** at Anthology Film Archives, the proportion is below 50 percent. The festival includes *Joint Security Area*, a film about a friendship between a North Korean and a South Korean (the production of which was temporarily held hostage by a veterans group), and *Christmas in August*, a tearjerker starring Shim Eun-Ha and Han Suk-Kyu, the Korean Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, who both also star in *Tell Me Something* (that's Han Suk-Kyu, pictured), a dark thriller premiering at Anthology before a Cinema Village run. The world's fastest-growing film industry can't be wrong. Opens August 17. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)



69. UA Astoria
28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Cats & Dogs; Dr. Dolittle 2; Kiss of the Dragon; Made; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; The Others

70. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Legally Blonde; The Princess Diaries

71. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Score

72. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Others

73. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

74. UA Movies at Bayside
38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Planet of the Apes; The Score

75. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2

Staten Island

76. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

77. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Planet of the Apes; Rush Hour 2

78. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • America's Sweethearts; American Pie 2; Jurassic Park III; Original Sin; Osmosis Jones; Planet of the Apes; The Princess Diaries; Rush Hour 2; The Score; The Others

Museums, Societies, Etc.

79. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. • "Repertory Nights." 8/18-8/19: *The Trial* (1962).

80. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "When Korean Films Attack!" 8/17: *Tell Me Something* (1999); *Attack the Gas Station* (1999). 8/18: *Christmas in August* (1998); *The Isle* (2000); *Joint Security Area* (2000); *Barking Dogs Never Bite* (2000). 8/19: *My Heart* (1999); *The Foul King* (2000); *Memento Mori* (1999). 8/20: *Art Museum by the Zoo* (1998); *Attack the Gas Station* (1999). 8/21: *My Heart* (1999); *Joint Security Account* (2000).

81. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. (718-623-2770). • "A Tribute to Guy Maddin." 8/14: *Careful* (1992). 8/21: *Archangel* (1990).

82. Bryant Park Summer Film Festival
42nd St. and Sixth Ave. (212-512-5700). • 8/20: An American in Paris *(1951).*

83. Cinema Classics
332 E. 11th St. (212-677-5368); $5. • 8/14-8/16: *La Discreet* (1990). 8/17-8/18: *Privilege* (1990). 8/19-8/20: *Murder and Murder* (1996).

84. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9. • "NYPD." 8/14-15: *Pay or Die!* (1960); *The Mob* (1951). 8/17-19: *The Taking of Pelham 123* (1974). 8/21: *Report to the 10th Commissioner* (1975); *Across 110th Street* (1972). "Keaton Classics." 8/20: *Steamboat Bill Jr.* (1928).

85. Riverflicks
Pier 54; 13th St. and the Hudson River. (212-533-PARK); free. • 8/15: *Brazil* (1985). Pier 25; N. Moore Street and the Hudson River. 8/17: *What's Up Tiger Lily?* (1966). Shows begin at dark.

86. Whitney Museum
945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); $12.50 admission. • "Unseen Cinema: Early American Avant-Garde Filmmaking 1893-1941." 8/18: *The Thieving Hand* (1908); *Living Pictures* (1899); *Diana the Huntress* (1916); *Autumn Fire: A Film Poem* (1930); *Tomato Is Another Day* (1930); *Mr. Motorboat's Last Stand* (1933). 8/18: *Little Geezer* (1932); *Forest Shadows* (1937); *Impossible Convicts* (1905); *Rose Hobart* (1936); *Reel 66* (1936); *Thimble Theater* (1940); *Midnight Party* (1938); *The Children's Party* (1938). 8/19: *Storm* (1940); *Einstein's Mexican Footage* (1931); *Miss Tilly Losch in Her Dance of the Hands* (1930); *Fragment From Caroland's Mansion* (1938); *Windy Ledge Farm* (1923); *Nass River Indians* (1927); *Tree Trunk to Head* (1937).

DOLAN *Continued from page 33*

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, BEUERLEIN GETS his first hit at KeySpan—a long single that stays airborne for what seems like forever until it lands safely beyond the reach of the right-fielder. "I got into a game and I got a hit," he says, relieved. "Now Bobby Ojeda can't call me Johnny Newguy anymore." The team continues its winning streak, taking its fourteenth straight game at KeySpan, and Beuerlein heads down the right-field line to sign autographs. "Tyler! Tyler!" scream the kids who now know his name as he hurries to sign as many times as he can.

After the game, Dave Campanaro reminds Beuerlein that *Harper's Bazaar* has booked the field, two models, and eight Cyclones for a fashion shoot directed by Spike Lee. When the fans clear out, a member of Lee's entourage whispers into the microphone at his collar and gets the PA booth to put on something with a little more bass than the sleepy Sinatra exit music now on. "Loosen up!" the photographer yells. "Have some fun with these lovely ladies." As the music kicks in, Peeples, cap backward, begins shaking his hips as only a Georgian with hip-hop fever can. Eyes closed and hands in the air, he looks like a sleepy Zorba the Greek. Beuerlein muscles his way into a model sandwich and starts thrusting his pelvis and waving both thumbs in the air like a hitchhiker to the howls of Lee and his staff.

After a few shots, the session moves to the dugout, where the players and models line up along the railing for a final pose with the Parachute Jump in the background. "Oh, my God!" shrieks one of the models as catcher Brett Kay unleashes a pint of spit onto the field. "I'm sorry," he says. "Just a nasty habit."

Lee jumps in line with everyone for a souvenir photo. The models climb onto the dugout roof and turn it into their own personal catwalk. And after obliging thousands of hero-seekers with autographs, the players finally ask for some themselves, and Lee obliges each of them with a personalized baseball.

"We out!" Lee shouts, and leads his staff up the stairs of the grandstand as the players carefully place their souvenir balls back into plastic bags for safekeeping and charge into the clubhouse. The showers are waiting, and then another van ride back to the dorm. As the sprinklers go off, Beuerlein stands alone at first base, bat on his shoulder, and watches everyone disappear. For a moment, there's one Brooklyn Cyclone who's exactly where he wants to be. ■

Photograph courtesy of Kino International.

Edited by Logan Hill

Stepping Out

On August 26, after 618 performances, **Riverdance—On Broadway** will cease to be. But we can't have heard the last of those clomping clogs (cast, pictured). After all, according to the company's statisticians, the *Riverdance* empire has roped in 12 million audience members and hawked 7 million videos. They didn't even try to count the T-shirts—or the spoofs. (See "Broadway.")

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Urinetown
After its surprise success earlier this year, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, transfers to Broadway. Yes, now that Giuliani has cleaned up the streets, director John Rando and company are bringing the urine inside. In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water (as in the movie *Ice Pirates*) is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:15, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 9/10 opening. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the gigantic sets and ridiculously fabulous costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun
Crystal Bernard plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover (Tom Wopat) in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it has still been entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Blast!
The world's only halftime show with an intermission, this loud, brassy spectacle is performed by a 60-piece drum corps. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/6/02. • Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

Cabaret
The perfect reprieve from the cutesy family fare of the new 42nd Street, this gritty revival of Broadway's most decadent musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the sepia-washed world of Berlin cabaret. Set in the former glory of Studio 54 and based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*, the production revives the classic songs of Fred Ebb and John Kander with a darker edge that was missing from the Liza Minnelli edition. That said, the revival gets a strange tweak as squeaky-clean Brooke Shields joins Matthew Greer and Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*). $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women and the men they murder won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. Brent Barrett, Jennifer Holiday, Anna Montanero, and Nana Visitor star. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact
This sensational, Tony-slathered, and thankfully uncategorizable dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of pieces. The longest, a tale about a suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines), had the power to create an icon: the girl in yellow, played by the triumphant Deborah Yates. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party
Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Jon Lovitz and Larry Miller star. $45–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/1. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

42nd Street
Come and meet those dancin' feet. This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, Christine Ebersole, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, Kate Levering, and Mary Testa. $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse
A stylish musical tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 8/25. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty
The rambunctious musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

If You Ever Leave Me, I'm Going With You!
Renée Taylor and Joe Bologna star in their new romantic comedy, which traces the 36 years of their relationship. $30–$65. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Kiss Me, Kate
With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this musical gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Burke Moses and Carolee Carmello interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the *Shrew's* Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $26–$86. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
As one of the few Broadway megamusicals with a plot that's nearly as grand and sweeping as its staging, this musical version of Victor Hugo's 1,200-page novel was brought to the stage by producer Cameron Macintosh and directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird in 1987. An audacious button-pusher with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream," it still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sensational spectacle is so much better than Mouse-haters would like to admit. It's a sublimely inventive production that

Ground Rules

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor. Anthropomorphic puppets, multiculti costumes and music, and delightful stagecraft illusions summon a bright, loud world that has thrilled both children and adults. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Major Barbara

The Roundabout presents a revival of the George Bernard Shaw classic, directed by Tony winner Daniel Sullivan and starring the always wonderful Cherry Jones. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/9. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

The Music Man

Meredith Willson's 1957 musical about a con-man who charms the sleepy town of River City, Iowa, gets a giddily inventive production at the hands of director-choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact, The Producers*). Robert Sean Leondard plays Professor Harold Hill opposite the talented Rebecca Luker. $40–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Terry Kinney takes his well-reviewed Steppenwolf Theater production of Ken Kesey's countercultural classic to Broadway. Though the drama's references to the Combine and relatively unbridled chauvinism are a tad dated, Gary Sinise sweats and howls his way through an aggressive performance as the wild man who is committed to an asylum and broken down by a ball-breaking nurse. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Phantom of the Opera

Unlike *Cats*, Andrew Lloyd Webber's other blockbuster refuses to give up the ghost. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Producers

Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant new musical and surefire hit, based on the Oscar-winning 1968 film. Directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this Tony favorite is the undisputed hit of the season. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

Recently crowned with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing matched by Mary-Louise Parker's virtuoso performance. As Catherine, Parker plays a chronically depressed young woman whose father, a famous mathematician, recently lost his mind and then his life. When Catherine's type-A sister rolls into town to bury her father, a graduate student finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's otherwise nonsensical papers and Catherine is jolted out of her near-catatonic state and into the confusing world around her. Daniel Sullivan's direction is impeccable. $24–$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types ensconced in the East Village. $35–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance

The high-kicking Irish return. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/26. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's naughty pad for this stage version of the cult film about a Transylvanian transsexual and a kooky all-American couple. Featuring *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). $30–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Stones in His Pockets

In Marie Jones's comedy about a small Irish village's encounter with a Hollywood crew, Seán Campion and Conleth Hill play fifteen different characters, from starlets to local extras. $30–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • The Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Tony Roberts and Linda Lavin play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife, whose worlds are upended by the arrival of a globetrotting debutante (played by Michele Lee, who still glitters, appropriately, with the glamour of *Knots Landing*). $30–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

A Thousand Clowns

Tom Selleck (*Magnum, P.I.*) makes his Broadway debut as the idealist Murray Burns in Herb Gardner's romantic comedy, directed by John Rando. $40–$77.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Bat Boy: The Musical

Boldfaced headlines in the *Weekly World News* declaring the capture of a live bat-child led to the creation of this high-flying musical tale about one kid who really was doing his own thing. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7:30. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Blue

Phylicia Rashad stars in new work by Charles Randolph-Wright, presented by the Roundabout, with music by the extremely talented Nona Hendryx. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/16. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-307-4100).

Blue Man Group: Tubes

Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Chaucer in Rome

This new drama by John Guare (*Six Degrees of Separation, The House of Blue Leaves*) tells the story of three Americans living in Rome during the last year of the millennium. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

De La Guarda

A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at

Closing

Save the Last Dance for Him

"We're just celebrating," says **Ben Vereen** (pictured), who stars in *Fosse* on Broadway and remains positive even though the show will close on August 25 after more than 1,100 performances. "I'm telling you—you can just put your hand on the side of the theater and feel the energy," he says, chuckling. "I'm serious." The former star of *Roots* (and *Webster*) had a long relationship with the late Bob Fosse, extending back to his Tony-winning performance in 1973's *Pippin*. "Everything he did," says Vereen, "just came from a very smooth place. It demands discipline to get there, but there was a sensuality to it—the little moves, the little gestures, and the quietness, so that when it explodes: *Wow!* We're sad that the show is closing, but we know the legacy just goes on." Vereen says he's already in talks to return to Broadway and says he'll never leave the theater for good. Looking ahead, Vereen says his "major goal" is to open a "health-art resort," where visitors can have both body and spirit pampered. "Since we take better care of our cars than we do our bodies," he says, "I want to give folks a human filling station. You know, we'll clean the pipes." (See "Broadway.") L.H.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dog Problem
The accomplished director Scott Ellis (*The Waverly Gallery, 1776, Steel Pier*) directs a dark new comedy by David Rabe (*Hurlyburly*). Set mostly on the corner of Bowery and Grand, the play tracks two friends who become embroiled with the mob. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

Opening

Tale of the Tape

Verbatim portions of the recorded phone calls between Linda Tripp and a certain purse-purveying portly pepperpot are the basis for Laura Strausfeld's new comedy **Snatches** (featuring, from left, Patricia Chilsen and Jean Taylor). Apparently, much of the found dialogue is as lewd as the title—and Clinton fatigue isn't nearly so severe as we'd hoped. Performances begin August 13. (See "Off Broadway.")

The Donkey Show
A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Down South
Doug Field's new comedy lampoons sixties suburbia. $35. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Through 9/9. • Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-239-6200).

Eat the Runt
After a successful run downtown last year, Avery Crozier's comedy about arts funding returns with a nifty casting experiment in which any actor may play any role, on any given night. $50. Mon., Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fantasticks
The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $49.50–$55. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Four
Worth Street Theater Company presents a suburban Connecticut drama by 25-year-old playwright Christopher Shinn. The play scored rave reviews during a recent run at London's Royal Court Theatre. $15–$35. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. • Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-206-1515).

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh!
A revival of the Allan Sherman Musical, directed by Rob Krausz. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

I Sing!
A new musical comedy about five young New Yorkers with music by Eli Bolin, lyrics by Sam Forman, and book by Bolin, Forman, and director Benjamin Saika. $40. Sun.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • Maverick Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).

La Lupe: My Life, My Destiny
Carmen Rivera's new play about the iconic salsa singer La Lupe tracks the singer's rise and fall. Luis Caballero directs. $20–$25. Performances in English on Wed and Thurs. at 8. Performances in Spanish on Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).

A Life
The Irish Repertory presents Fritz Weaver and Pauline Flanagan in Hugh Leonard's 1981 drama about the civil servant Desmond Drumm (Weaver), who learns that he has only six months to live. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Lobby Hero
After a successful run at Playwrights Horizons, the latest drama by Kenneth Lonergan, the screenwriter of *You Can Count on Me* and Pulitzer-nominated playwright of *The Waverly Gallery,* transfers to a larger theater. His latest drama, directed by Mark Brokaw, is a confounding morality tale of small conflicts and small people caught in inextricably tricky situations, set in the lobby of an inauspicious apartment building. $45–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/2. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
A new bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura. $35–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 12/31. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Much Ado About Nothing
Aquila Theater Company returns with its latest adventurous adaptation, which casts the comic characters of Shakespeare's comedy in squeaky black pleather and svelte cat suits designed by SoHo's Beau Brummel. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/16. • 45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Murdered by the Mob
Interactive off-line entertainment. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. • Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $35–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra
Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$100. Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dillon's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Perfect Crime
The long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. • Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

The Pirates of Penzance
Director Michael Scheman revives his successful adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan musical, onboard a ship docked outside the South Street Seaport Museum. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 6. • Pier 17, South Street Seaport (212-239-6200).

The Play About the Baby
Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women,* a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Saint Lucy's Eyes
The inimitable Ruby Dee returns after a well-received run in Bridgette A. Wimberly's new play about a woman who offers back-room abortions in 1968 Memphis. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Through 9/2. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

The Seagull
The second-hardest ticket to get this summer is free. A gaggle of celluloid celebrities will grace the Central Park stage through 8/19, as Mike Nichols directs a "new version" of Chekhov's *The Seagull,* written by Tom Stoppard. The cast includes Marcia Gay Harden, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Kevin Kline, Debra Monk, Natalie Portman, Meryl Streep, and Christopher Walken, to name a few. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).

Shut Up and Love Me
Performance artist Karen Finely transfers her latest show to a legit Off Broadway run. $20–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/25. • Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-741-0391).

Six Goumbas and a Wannabe
This mob comedy by Vincent Gogliormella follows six Brooklyn buddies. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).

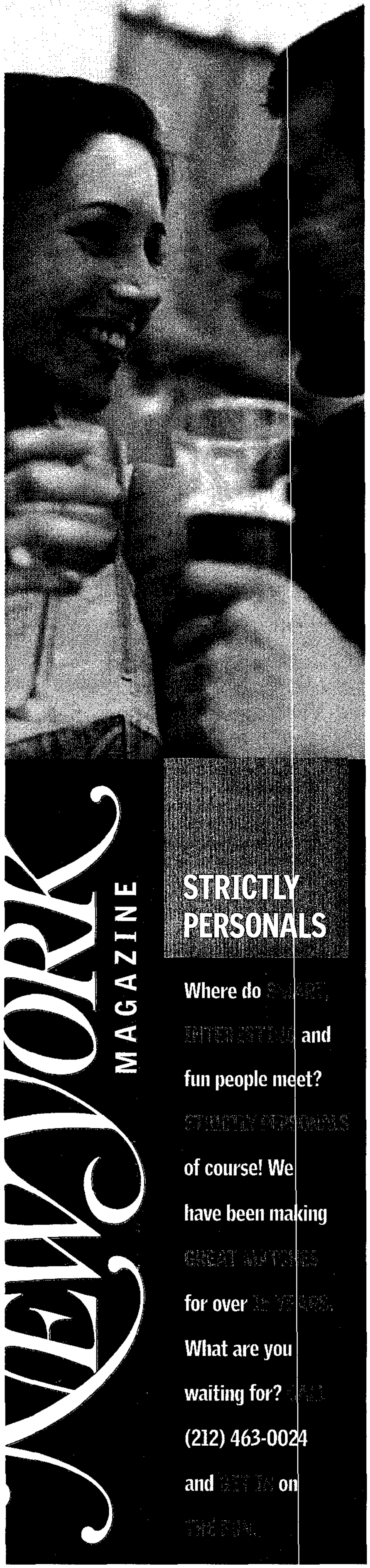
Slanguage
New York Theatre Workshop presents a genre-bending work by the multi-talented five-performer troupe Universes that fuses poetry, hip-hop, flamenco, politics, and more. $35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

The Syringa Tree
Kate Blumberg plays 28 characters in a Pamela Gien's superb solo play about a young girl who tries to come to terms with life in sixties South Africa. It's a surprising and unpredictable, utterly believable and affective tale of family love and loss amid the often reckless violence of apartheid. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

Tick . . . Tick . . . Boom!
This semi-autobiographical musical by the late Jonathan Larson (*Rent*) tracks the life of a struggling

Photograph by Ming-Ting Lee.



NEW YORK MAGAZINE

STRICTLY PERSONALS

Where do SMART, INTERESTING and fun people meet? STRICTLY PERSONALS of course! We have been making GREAT MATCHES for over [illegible] YEARS. What are you waiting for? CALL (212) 463-0024 and GET IN on THE FUN.

composer who is about to turn 30. Pulitzer winner David Auburn (*Proof*) provides script consultation; Scott Schwartz (*Bat Boy*) directs. $20–$50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Topdog/Underdog
In one of the most exciting openings of the summer, the heralded playwright Suzan-Lori Parks returns to the Public Theater with a dark tale about two brothers, played by the terrific actors Don Cheadle (*Traffic, Bulworth*) and Jeffrey Wright (*Julius Caesar, Angels in America, Basquiat*). $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 9/2. • The Public Theater's Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 9/16: Ali Larter, Sandra Oh, and Loretta Swit. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

The American Living Room Festival
Here presents its twelfth annual summer festival. Along with art, music, video, and puppets, the festival is committed to supporting emerging directors. Fourteen directing cabarets, curated by Kristin Marting, will feature the creativity of more than 40 directors. $12. Call for schedule. Through 9/2. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).

Blueprint Series
The Ontological presents its ninth annual series celebrating the works of emerging directors. $10. Call for schedule. Through 8/19. • Ontological Theater, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Hospital
Axis Company presents the latest round of its annual four-part series, tracking the mystery of a man in a coma. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/31. • Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).

How Happy Barbies Are
The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's free summer performance, a new comedy by Wanda Arriaga, travels through outdoor venues in all five boroughs—plus Newark and Jersey City. Free. Call for schedule. Through 8/26. • (212-354-1293).

Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. • Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-615-6432).

Mono
An inventive, improvisatory play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

The Moon in Vain
Rae C. Right and Lee Gundersheimer's new drama picks up where *The Seagull* ends. $10–$20. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 8/30. • Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).

New York International Fringe Festival
The eclectic festival celebrates its fifth year with 198 productions. Call, check Borders bookstores, or go to www.fringenyc.org for schedule. Free–$12. Through 8/26. • (212-420-8877).

No Mother to Guide Her/Billy the Kid/Sincerity Forever/Cleveland/Ajax
Tons of work at the Flea, presented by the Bat Theatre Company. New productions of *Billy the Kid* and *No Mother to Guide Her* open, along with revivals of Alice Tuan's *Ajax* and two Mac Welmann works (*Sincerity Forever* and *Cleveland*). $15–$20. Call for schedule. Through 9/10. • Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).

The Patients Are Running the Asylum
Theater for the New City's 25th annual street theater production presents a mean mayor, a dopey president, and a merry band of revolutionaries. The productiom is staged on streets and in parks and playgrounds throughout the city. Sat. and Sun. at 2. Call for schedule and locations. Through 9/16. • (212-254-1109).

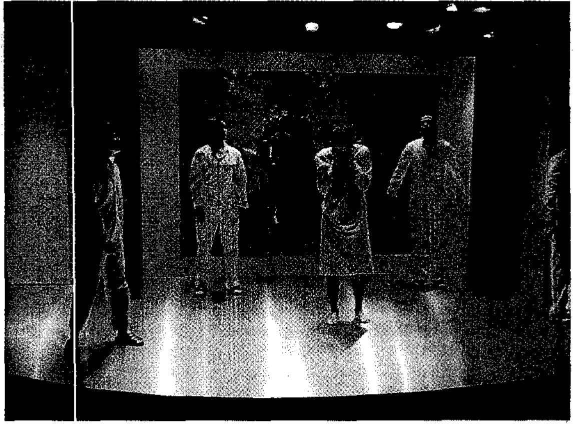
Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot
The seventh annual Lower East Side festival features *The Tempest*, through 8/25. Free. • Located across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).

Snatches
Verbatim portions of the taped conversations between Linda Tripp and Monica Lewinsky are the basis for a new comedy by Laura Strausfeld. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 9/8. • 78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (212-873-9050).

Onstage

Coma Chameleon

The Axis Company returns this summer for its fourth annual **Hospital** visit (cast, pictured). The series imagines a different coma patient each year (this time, it's a drunk who falls into an icy stream and passes out in a snowdrift). The inventive, tech-happy company is staging the man's imagination and impressions of the events surrounding him as he lies, catatonic, on a hospital bed. And since Axis tells the man's story in four serial parts, it'll satiate your rerun-season *ER* jones. Episode 3 starts August 16. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")



Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Edited by Edith Newhall

Happening

Pixels of the Week

The latest exhibition in the Brooklyn Museum of Art's "Print National" series, Digital: Printmaking Now (200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through September 2) takes a look at the computer's revolutionary effect on printmaking, showing works from traditional lithographs, silkscreens, and printed reliefs to completely electronic productions. One contribution to the show (which includes works by John Baldessari, Chuck Close, Jim Dine, Ann Hamilton, Peter Halley, Nam June Paik, Kiki Smith, and others), from Kansas City artist Adriane Herman, is an inspired marriage of homemade and high-tech: She scans her paintings into a computer and prints them on baked goods (pictured, *Limited Edition Cookies,* 1999).

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John Funt/Alan McCord
Paintings of landscapes around Norwich, Connecticut, by the former, and of views of Lakeville, Connecticut, by the latter; through 8/31. • Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Don Van Vliet
Abstract paintings from the eighties by this artist who is better known as the avant-garde musician and poet Captain Beefheart; through 9/8. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

57th Street Area

Abraham Bogdonove
Paintings of Monhegan Island, Maine, by this Russian-born artist (1886–1946) who lived in New York and spent his summers on Monhegan; through 9/8. • Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Gunther Forg
Works on paper that reflect the German artist's fascination with abstraction, geometric order, and transparency; through 8/24. • Deutsche Bank, 31 W. 52nd St. (212-469-3207).

Tom Wesselman/Richard Serra
Three-dimensional macquette studies for large-scale paintings/New prints. Through 9/7. • Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Louise Bourgeois/Yayoi Kusama
Works on paper, paintings, and sculptures executed between 1942 and 2000 by both artists; through 9/15. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Jamie Dalglish
Recent abstract paintings; through 9/3. • Novart, 159 Mercer St. (646-613-0223).

Chelsea

John Bock
New work; through 8/31. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (965-1706).

Craig Kauffman
New wall reliefs by the Los Angeles-based artist; through 8/31. • Gering, 534 W. 22nd St. (646-336-7185).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill
"Patterns and Paths," abstract works that use pattern as a decorative element, by Belzer, Harvey, Zakanitch, Masback, Trump, Gray; through 9/21. • 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Gagosian
Pop Art from the John and Kimiko Powers collection, including works by Dine, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Ramos, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Wesselman, others; through 8/31. • 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

Knoedler
"Models of Observation: Flowers Fishes Birds Butterflies," works focusing on seasonal summer themes in a variety of media by Avery, Graves, Sultan; through 9/29. • 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Kouros
An exhibition organized by the group of still-life painters known as Zeuxis, featuring works by group members and their guests, including Biala, Ketchman, Niewald, Pesce, Resika, Thiebaud; through 8/31. • 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Venardos/Zoubok
Works on the theme of play by Cordova, Digby, Evans, Hauser, Herder, Knowles, McNamara, Pleet, Souza, Wilson; through 8/30. • 1014 Madison Ave. (212-879-5858).

Zwirner & Wirth
"Minimal," minimalist works from the sixties and seventies by Andre, Darboven, Flavin, Judd, McCracken, Morris, Weiner, others; through 8/30. • 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

57th Street Area

Pace
"Bugs," works by Bourgeois, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, Smith, Wegman, others; through 9/7. • 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3237).

Perlow
"Wet," paintings that depict the ocean and various other bodies of water, by Ahlsted, Isobe, Pace, Segalman; through 8/31. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Beitzel
A group exhibition featuring works by Carnwath, Heeks, Hovnavian, McCarthy, Wixted, others; through 8/30. • 102 Prince St. (212-219-2863).

Brownstone
Video and photographic works by Kacero, O'Neill, Roytburd, Siden, Frank, others; through 9/8. • 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Hoffman
"The Body Project," works that use the body as a primary focus, by Africano, Bierk, Depman, Ferrer, Frey, Gonzalez, Khalil, Phakadze, Raffael, Wolski; through 9/5. • 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer
Works by Blackwell, Church, Kondo, McConnell, Petrunak; through 8/25. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Ricco/Maresca
"The Pretty Show," works by Philips, Currin, Hinds-Binaut, La Chapelle, others; through 9/1. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Saul
"Panic," photographs, videos, and drawings that depict bursts of emotional intensity, by Applebroog, Crumb, Easterson, Frailey, Nicosia, Wojnarowicz, others; through 8/24. • 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Senior & Shopmaker
A changing exhibition of works by gallery artists, among them Hilliard, Katz, Levinson, Marsh, White, others; through 8/24. • 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Tonkonow
"Ellipsis," works suggesting absence by Calle, Cesarco, Sato, Semmes, others; through 8/24. • 535 W. 22nd St. (212-255-8450).

Photography

Meredith Allen
Recent images of the artist's hand holding up melting ice cream–pop representations of cartoon characters against idyllic Long Island vistas; through 8/31. • Gracie Mansion, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-505-9577).

Esther Bubley
A survey of the career of this American photojournalist (1921–1998) whose photo-essays appeared in *Life, Ladies' Home Journal*, and other publications; through 9/7. • Paine Webber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885).

ICP
"Migrations, Humanity in Transition: Photographs by

Ground Rules

In Summer, galleries are generally open Monday through Friday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Sebastião Salgado." Approximately 300 photographs documenting the global phenomenon of mass migration; through 9/9. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-860-1777), Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

Herbert List
A retrospective of work by the German photographer (1903–1975), organized by the City Museum of Munich; through 8/24. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Mann
"The City That Never Sleeps," black-and-white photographs of New York City by Arbus, Auerbach, Evans, Friedlander, Siskind, Stieglitz, others; through 8/31. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Pace/MacGill
"No Big Pictures," small-format works by Evans, Samaras, Wegman, Close, Smith, others; through 8/31. • 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Sebastiao Salgado
Photographs of migrants, refugees, and displaced persons taken over the past seven years in 40 countries around the world; through 8/24. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

Aaron Siskind
Images dating from 1935 to 1951 that suggest the artist's early involvement with the Abstract Expressionist movement; through 8/31. • Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen
"Agua Tierra," new black-and-white seascapes; through 8/24. • Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Throckmorton
Photographs from the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries of ancient Mayan sites by Maler, Charnay, Maudslay; through 9/19. • 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"Light Screens: The Leaded Glass of Frank Lloyd Wright." Fifty patterned windows designed by the architect for private residences and major buildings, on loan from the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation and private collections; through 9/2. • "Origamic Architecture." Origami works by the Japanese architect Masahiro Chatani, his colleagues Keiko Nakazawa and Takkaaki Kihara, and other artists from around the world who employ the ancient Japanese art of paper folding; through 9/2. • "Radiant Geometries: Fifteen International Jewelers." Works by fifteen jewelry artists from the United States and Europe; through 9/2. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Ancient Microworlds." Photographs by Giraud Foster and Norman Barker that reveal the internal structures of Jurassic dinosaur bones, Permain tree ferns, Devonian nautilus, and more; through 9/9. • "The Genomic Revolution." An exhibition examining developments in this key field of molecular biology through hands-on models, interactive stations, videos, films, and polling stations; through 1/1. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
"Print, Power, and Persuasion Graphic Design in Germany, 1890–1945"; through 8/26. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
"Game Show: Installations and Sculptures by Willie Cole"; through 9/9. • "Aztlán Today: The Chicano Postnation"; through 9/9. • "Artist in the Marketplace: Twenty-First Annual Exhibition"; through 10/14. • "(un)Shop: An Installation by Lisa Levy"; through 10/14. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 12–9, Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
"My Reality: Contemporary Art and the Culture of Japanese Animation." Works whose visual characteristics and themes resemble those found in Japanese animation (*anime*) and comic books (*manga*); through 10/7. • "Digital: Revolutions in Printmaking." Prints created using digital technology, by John Baldessari, Chuck Close, Nam June Paik, Robert Rauschenberg, Kiki Smith, and others; through 9/2. • "Leon Golub: Paintings 1950–2000." A retrospective of the artist's figurative paintings exploring race, violence, war, and human suffering; through 8/19. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
"Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus." The first public exhibition of the Torsten Bröhan Collection from the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas in Madrid, Spain, featuring glass works by the master glass house Lötz Witwe; by Secessionist and Wiener Werkstätte designers such as Josef Hoffmann, Koloman Moser, and Dagobert Peche, and by Wilhelm Wagenfeld and other Bauhaus designers; 8/21–2/24/02. • "Rooms With a View: Landscape and Wallpaper." Selections of wallcoverings from the museum's collection that reveal changing attitudes toward nature; through 10/14. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8400), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection
1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
"Frank Gehry, Architect." A retrospective of the American architect's work as seen through drawings, plans, models, furniture designs, photographs, video footage, and the installation itself; through 8/26. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo
"Sugimoto: Portraits." New photographs by the renowned Japanese artist Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 11/10. • 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thu.–Mon. 11-6; $5, $3 students and seniors, free under 12.

Jewish Museum
"Marc Chagall: Early Works From Russian Collections." Paintings, drawings, and theater murals created by Chagall in Russia between 1908 and 1920, and paintings by Yehuda Pen, Chagall's first teacher; through 10/14. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45; Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, $2 for Chagall exhibition, pay what you wish for other exhibitions), Sun. 10–5:45; $8 ($10 for Chagall exhibition), $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
"Dress Rehearsal: Origins of the Costume Institute." A selection from the former Museum of Costume Art, including early folk costumes, historic fashions, and twentieth-century haute couture; through 10/28. • "Beyond the Easel: Decorative Painting by Bonnard, Vuillard, Denis, and Roussel, 1890–1930." Paintings by the group of artists known as the *Nabis*, who played a crucial role in the promotion of "*décorations*," large-scale compositions conceived singly and in groups for specific interiors; through 9/9. • "A Century of Design, Part IV: 1975–2000." Objects by Tadao Ando, Sir Norman Foster, Frank Gehry, Ettore Sottsass, Robert Venturi, and others; through 1/6/02. • "Terry Winters: Printed Works." More than 80 prints from the museum's collection; through 9/30. • "Dancing on the Roof: Photography at the Bauhaus (1923–1929)." Rare photographs from New York-area collections that were created by Bauhaus students and teachers between 1923 and 1929; through 8/26. • "Photographs: A Decade of Collecting." Works collected by the museum, including French photographs of the 1850s and 1860s; through 9/2. • "Joel Shapiro on the Roof." Five large cast-bronze and painted cast-aluminum sculptures by the American artist; through 11/30. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library
"Master Drawings From the Cleveland Institute of Art." Works spanning the fifteenth through the twentieth centuries, by Degas, Goya, Michelangelo, Picasso, Raphael, Rembrandt, others; through 8/19. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio
"Voices From Our Communities: Perspectives on a Decade of Collecting at El Museo del Barrio." More than 85 works by Latino artists working in the United States, the Caribbean, and Latin America; through 9/16. • "Contemporánea 2001: Permanent Visibility by Ingrid Menendez." An interactive installation that explores the boundaries between public and private experience; through 9/16. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors (through 8/30, free admission Thurs. from 5–8).

Museum of Modern Art
"Mies in Berlin." An exhibition examining the architect's early years in Berlin, featuring 47 of his European projects in drawings, scale models, photographs, and films, and running

On View

Bohemian Breakables

The world's premier collection of fragile beauties from Austria, the Czech Republic, Germany, and Poland—and we don't mean a new crop of Teutonic lingerie models—is making its official debut this week. **Glass of the Avant-Garde: From Vienna Secession to Bauhaus—The Torsten Bröhan Collection From the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas, Madrid** brings nearly 200 works to New York, by such masters of the medium as Hans Bolek, Josef Hoffmann (pictured, *Vase*, 1914), Koloman Moser, Dagobert Peche, Michael Powolny, and Otto Prutscher. At the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 East 91st Street; August 21 through February 24.

Photograph by A. Bröhan.

Photography

Maya Days

They had names that could have come straight from the pages of a nineteenth-century adventure novel: **Désiré Charnay** (1828–1915), a Frenchman who began shooting ruins in the Yucatán in 1858 and gave the outside world its first thrilling glimpse of that ancient civilization; **Teoberto Maler** (1842–1919), a German who started documenting archaeological sites in 1884 and later worked on expeditions organized by the Peabody Museum; and **Alfred Percival Maudslay** (1850–1931), an Englishman who arrived in Guatemala around 1880 and proceeded to excavate and photograph at Copán, Tikal, Palenque, Chichén Itzá, and other sites (pictured, *Sculptured Monolith at Ixcún,* 1889). Their amazing images—as striking for their immediacy as for the immensity of the discoveries—can still send shivers up your spine. At Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 East 61st Street; through September 19.

concurrently with a survey at the Whitney Museum of his later work in America; through 9/11. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Lost New York in Old Postcards." Over 170 hand-colored postcards documenting city life from the turn of the century to the mid-fifties; through 11/25. • "Gay Men's Health Crisis: 20 Years Fighting for People With HIV/AIDS." A look at the role the Gay Men's Health Crisis has played in the ongoing effort to fight HIV/AIDS; through 9/10. • "Dressing for a New York City Childhood." A retrospective of more than 100 pieces of children's clothing and related objects such as accessories and photographs dating from 1712 to the present; through 9/16. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

"Infinity: The Textiles of Akihiko Izukura." A retrospective of woven garments, scarves, and wall hangings by the Japanese textile artist; through 9/15. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design

"Red Grooms: Selections From the Graphic Work." A survey of prints by this artist known for his exuberant three-dimensional environments; through 11/11. • "Recent Acquisitions and Winterscapes From the Permanent Collection." Works by George Inness, Ellen Lanyon, Miriam Shapiro, Larry Rivers, and others; through 9/9. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon-5, Fri. 10-6, Sat. and Sun. 10-5; $8; $4.50.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

"William Kentridge." A retrospective of the South African artist's animated films, drawings, and videotapes, plus two new sculptural installations; through 9/16. • "The Electric Donut: Kristin Lucas & Joe McKay." An installation transforming the Media Z Lounge into a dungeon video arcade and café; through 9/16. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tues.-Sun. noon-6, Thurs. noon-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Celebrity Caricature in America." Caricature portraits of Hollywood stars, literary luminaries, politicians, sports figures, and others, from the collections of the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, and the New York Public Library; through 8/31. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society

"Flophouse: Life on the Bowery." An exploration of the history of New York's legendary down-and-out Bowery dwellers, including a free audio tour and a recreation of a flophouse cubicle; through 11/4. • "Advertising Drama." An exhibition of large-scale posters made to promote Broadway shows and touring companies between 1880 and 1910; through 9/16. • "Up on the Roof: The Culture of New York City Rooftops." Artworks, photographs, objects, and installations on the subject of New Yorkers' familiar summer retreat; through 9/9. • "Independence and Its Enemies in New York." An exhibition marking the 225th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, featuring historic broadsides, manuscripts, and newspapers from the Historical Society's collection; through 9/9. • "Against the Storm: Images From the Lighthouse Collections of the New-York Historical Society." Photographs of American lighthouses and their keepers that were commissioned between 1871 and 1953 by the U.S. Coast Guard First District; through 9/2. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

"Uniform: Order and Disorder." A look at the way military wear has infiltrated fashion and contemporary art, with works by 33 artists and 31 designers; through 9/23. • "Los Carpinteros: Ciudad Transportable (Transportable City)." An exhibition of portable tents made by the Cuban artists' collaborative and installed throughout the museum; through 9/3. • "Carla Accardi: Triplice Tenda." A full-size circular tent of clear plastic marked in patterns of pale-pink paint, by the Italian artist who co-founded the Forma 1 movement in 1947; through 9/3. • "Miri Segal: Circular Acts." Video installations that feature deceptively simple optical illusions; through 9/3. • "Buzz Club: News From Japan." Works by more than 100 Japanese artists, commercial designers, and others who use technology-based techniques and strategies to approach traditional artistic disciplines; through 9/30. • "Kim Sooja: A Needle Woman." Video works in which the artist appears motionless as she observes her surroundings; through September. • "Ashkan Sahihi: The Drug Series." Large-scale photographs that document the experience of taking controlled substances; through September. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Old Skool, New Skool, True Skool: The Graffiti Project." Murals in the museum's Community Space Gallery by members of the Phun Phactory Aerosol Art Corporation; through 9/30. • "Crossing the Line." An exhibition of site-specific works by some 50 artists, on display at the museum and at various locations throughout the borough of Queens; through 10/7. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. noon-5; $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian

"Capture: Native Americans and the Photographic Image." Approximately 200 photographs of and by Native Americans, from Frank A. Rinehart's historic images of Geronimo to images of the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890; through 7/21/02. • "Painting the Dakota: Seth Eastman at Fort Snelling." Watercolors by the soldier-artist Seth Eastman that constitute one of the most important records of everyday Dakota life in the nineteenth century; through 10/7. • "Beauty, Honor, and Tradition: The Legacy of Plains Indian Shirts." Beaded, quilled, and ribbon shirts by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Plains Indians; through 11/4. • 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10-5 daily, Thurs. 10-8; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem

"Red, Black and Green." Works from the museum's permanent collection and works on loan from various private and public collections, including David Hammons' *African-American Flag*; through 9/16. • "For the Record." More than fifteen works by artists-in-residence Mehretu, Okudzeto, and Robinson in a variety of media; through 9/16. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon-6, Fri. noon-8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"Mies in America." An exhibit running concurrently with MOMA's survey of the architect's earlier work in Berlin, including drawings made by the architect and members of his office, photographs of the architect and his colleagues and projects, and models of four of his key buildings; through 9/23. • "Wayne Thiebaud." A retrospective of the California painter known for his images of American foods and consumer goods; through 9/23. • "Joseph Grigley: White Noise." An installation of more than 2,500 handwritten notes that are the residual records of the deaf artist's interactions with the world of the hearing; through 9/9. • "Stories." A look at prints by artists who have explored the use of text in their work, among them John Baldessari, Enrique Chagoya, Larry Rivers, and Joyce Tremaine; through 9/30. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris

"Miranda Lichtenstein: Sanctuary for a Wild Child." An installation of drawings and photographs inspired by cross-cultural legends of children brought up in the wild; through 9/21. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Photograph courtesy of Throckmorton Fine Art.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Opening

Bite of Spring

The fourth, funkiest Manhattan branch of **Haru**, the Benihana-owned chainlet, opens this week on the hallowed sushi ground last occupied by Shinbashi. *Haru* means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. An extensive menu features all the usual sushi and sashimi suspects, and a raw bar, plus fusion fare like the New York strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. (280 Park Avenue, at 48th Street; 212-490-9680.)

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

New and Noteworthy

★ A
This barbershop turned four-table café has been outfitted with a big blue A in the window and what might be the world's tiniest professional kitchen: two hot plates, a mini-fridge, a sink, and a cutting board. Chef-owner Marc Solomon (who used to run Red Strype and Les Deux Lapins downtown) uses that space to maximum effect cooking simple, inventive Jamaican-inspired French dishes like curried lamb pie with coconut crème fraîche and pan-fried ackee-and-callaloo crêpes. • 947 Columbus Ave., nr. 106th St. (212-531-1643). (I)

Alibaba
A twelve-seat glatt kosher restaurant and takeout shop specializing in Yemenite-Israeli cuisine—with a macrobiotic twist. Owner Moshe Harizy imports spices, fava beans, and fruit nectars from Israel and bakes his own lafah, the flatbread that makes his turkey shawarma something special. • 515 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-787-6008). (I)

Allioli
If the mortar-and-pestle-surrounded-by-garlic-bulbs logo at this instant Williamsburg hot spot isn't a tip-off that you should have brought Tic Tacs, the amuse-bouche of boiled new potatoes in aïoli is. And things only get more pungent from there with tapas like pancetta-wrapped fried dates, and grilled bread topped with Spanish anchovies and caramelized onions. Big plates like baby eels on a soupy bed of polenta are a $22 splurge on an otherwise modestly priced menu. • 291 Grand St., Brooklyn (718-218-7338). (I-M)

Alphabet Kitchen
In a long, lofty room outfitted with a colorful mosaic alphabet and a dining counter flanking an open kitchen, chef Liz Arana (late of Provence) offers Spanish- and Portuguese-flavored food for every appetite. Nibble on such tapas as crab empanadas and Serrano ham, or tear into a moulard-duck cassoulet or roast suckling pig with grilled persimmon. In warm weather, seek refuge—and sangria—by the stone waterfall in the backyard. • 171 Ave. A (212-982-3838). (M)

★ AQ Café
Scandinavia House's sleek new concession run by Aquavit and its star chef, Marcus Samuelsson, provides a gastronomic introduction to Nordic culture. On the menu: textbook tender Swedish meatballs, a superb smorgasbord plate, and salmon lasagna crowned with ascending dollops of tomato salsa and salmon salad for which Sameulsson's mother country should award him a Nobel Prize. • 58 Park Avenue, at 38th St. (212-847-9745). (I)

Arezzo
An unlikely partnership between the owners of the Gotham Comedy Club and executive chef Margherita Aloi, formerly of Le Madri, Arezzo is nevertheless nothing to joke about. The menu, showcasing Aloi's signature fresh pastas, includes uncommon salads; "focaccina" halved and smeared with Robiola cheese, fresh spinach, and a touch of truffle oil; and a sensational dry-aged rib eye with herb-strewn Tuscan fries and tangy chopped dandelion. • 46 W. 22nd St. (212-206-0555). (M-E)

Artisanal
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. If not, feed your Appenzeller addiction at the retail cheese counter, which also carries crusty loaves of Balthazar Bakery bread. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M-E)

BarTabac
Following in the footsteps of pioneering restaurateurs before him, Georges Forgeois, the empire-building force behind Bistro Jules, Café Noir, and Le Singe Vert, has entered the Smith Street fray with a Brooklyn bar and bistro of his own. Francophiles will appreciate the artfully aged environs, the wine list, the bar snacks, and the obligatory steak-frites and onion soup—not to mention a very tobacco-tolerant attitude. • 128 Smith St., at Dean St., Brooklyn (718-923-0918). (I-M) AE only

Belmondo
Realizing that Avenue B wasn't ready for a Turkish-Belgian crossover restaurant, the owners of Mesopotamia have resurrected the space as Belmondo, a resolutely French bistro in the Lucky Strike vein, down to the zinc bar, the D.J., and the tasty fries. Already smokers, cell-phoners, and belly-button-barers are starting to flock. • 98 Avenue B (212-358-1166). (I-M)

★ Beppe
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, savory braised spare ribs, and desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M-E)

Dalga
Greece isn't the only country with a Mediterranean coast, but it's managed to corner the market on simply prepared seafood. Now, though, Milos and its ilk have competition from Dalga (Turkish for "wave"). A daily assortment of fresh fish, seafood and vegetable stews, and meze like zucchini pancakes and creamy yogurt blended with spinach and walnuts will be a revelation for anyone whose familiarity with Turkish cuisine begins and ends with the doner kebab (a.k.a. gyro). • 401 E. 62nd St. (212-813-1790). (M)

Danzón
From the mother-and-daughter team behind Zarela comes this culinary love letter to Veracruz, a Mexican melting pot of Spanish, African, Cuban, and Italian immigrants and indigenous ingredients. Seafood plays

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

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major role, from fish tacos and lime-marinated- onch cocktail to the classic red snapper veracruzana. Wines are exclusively Spanish and Mexican, should ne choose to veer off the fabled Zarela margarita ath. • 126 E. 28th St. (212-252-1345). (M)

★ Gingko Leaf Café

f you don't believe secret gardens grow in New York, heck out this urban oasis, with its stone waterfall, amboo shoots, and granite sculptures, all built by Toshio Sasaki, a sculptor whose wife, Miyo, runs the ranquil café behind her Japanese gift shop. Collecting houghts and contemplating life require sustenance, vailable in the form of tea, bean-paste confections, nd delicious bento boxes. • 788A Union St., Brooklyn 718-399-9876). (I-M) ($)

lass

lass seems to have landed in its industrial no-man's- and location like some kind of high-style UFO, a lowing emissary from a civilization far more ad- anced than our own. (L.A., maybe?) The small-plate nenu offers seviche, panini, a cheese plate, and mixed lives accompanied by some of the skinniest bread- ticks around (to match the patrons, we surmise). There's heated competition for the bamboo garden's ew plastic ball chairs, the hottest seat since Canteen's ubby orange number. • 287 Tenth Ave., nr. 26th St. (212- 04-1580). (I-M)

leartland Brewery & Chophouse

With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo hort ribs, and lobster-and-crab stuffed ravioli—not o mention a superb artisanal cheese-and-beer tasting late—this third branch of the popular brewpub hain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the nood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, com- ortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the errific hand-crafted brews. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366- 235). (M-E)

Ilo

After six years competing with the view at the River Cafe, chef Rick Laakkonen is understandably sensitive bout calling Ilo a hotel restaurant—just another bou- ique amenity at the new Bryant Park hotel. But with uch daringly original food as ragout of grilled octo- us and Manila clams in lemon-thyme broth, not to nention the seven-course beef bonanza called "For Beef Lovers Only"—it's clear that Laakkonen is de- ermined to make his kitchen the draw. • 40 W. 40th t. (212-642-2255). (E)

t's Greek to Me

n case the name doesn't give it away, the blue-and- vhite color scheme and the panoramic photos of Aegean island life let you know what you're in for: resh, flavorful Greek fare, from garlicky skordalia to eaping souvlaki platters, a great value at $10.95, in- luding grilled pepper and tomato, tsatsiki, and emon-and-oregano-dusted fries. • 128 E. 7th St. (212- 73-0220). (I-M)

ane

ust what every neighborhood needs: a casual spot fea- uring affordable, creative American fare like fried oys- ers with creamed corn and red-chili vinegar, hanger teak with Gruyère piroshki, and braised pork with nascarpone polenta. Since entrées max out at $19, ou might feel less guilty splurging on the caramel- anana-cream pie with hazelnut brittle. • 100 W. Hous- on St. (212-254-7000). (M)

Jewel Bako

The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a estaurant references those forbidding midtown estaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but he welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where unsung chef Tatsuya Nagata reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

★ Joe's Pub

Joe's Pub has always served food, but what's come out of the kitchen has tended to take a backseat to what's onstage. Not anymore. Making an extracurricular field trip from her own nearby kitchen, Il Bagatto, consultant Beatrice Tosti has whipped Joe's kitchen crew into an al dente frenzy. Garlicky tomato crostini, beer-battered frittino misto, and sensational pastas like asparagus tortelloni and spaghetti alla chitarra are all show stealers. Plus there's a recently opened sidewalk café. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8778). (M)

Lundy's Times Square

The legendary fish emporium has taken over three floors of prime Times Square real estate as spacious as the Brooklyn location. It's good news for theatergoers, tourists, and anybody in the mood for a classic shore dinner (chowder, a whole steamed lobster, and a half grilled chicken) but not a trip to the shore. • 205 W. 50th St. (212-586-0022). (M-E)

★ MarkJoseph Steakhouse

"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St., nr. Peck Slip (212-277-0020). (M-E)

Max SoHa

This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I-M)

Medi

The best-seller lists will tell you: Tuscany and Provence are the destinations most often featured in New Yorkers' fantasies. Now that vexatious choice of cuisine has been solved by Roberto Ruggeri (Bice) and Roger Vergé (the venerable Michelin-starred chef). A room full of sky blues and sunflower golds, a simple menu, refined technique, and two pros at the helm make for a midtown restaurant with great promise despite the Gipsy Kings on the sound system. • 45 Rockefeller Plaza (212-399-8888). (E)

Minotaur Restaurant

The menu at this sophisticated Greek restaurant reaches back four millennia or so and includes "ancient Hellenic tastes," like venison Artemis in a red-wine sauce with chestnuts, pine nuts, and pomegranate seeds. But chef Stefanos Taktikos also caters to modern appetites with an assortment of grilled fish, and appetizers like an aspic of red snapper with dill and avocado, and mussels saganaki with feta. • 44 W. 58th St. (212-759-0502). (M-E)

92

With a menu that appeals to Carnegie Hill kids and their parents alike (fish sticks and grilled cheese for the under-12 set, oysters and steak au poivre for those of us feigning more mature appetites), this spiffy newcomer could very well become the neighborhood canteen. And once the Dreesen's doughnut machine is up and running, we anticipate some serious competition for Sarabeth's monopoly on the weekend brunch market. • 45 E. 92nd St. (212-828-5300). (M-E)

★ Ouest

After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

★ The Park

Were you around during the eighties when places like Mudd Club and Area, and art in the East Village, made New York nightlife feel like the coolest in the world? If you were, then stop watching the reality-based show you're hooked on, and go play in the Park, a great sandbox for urbanites who used to be kids but now have some of their own. If you've ever enjoyed the Odeon, you'll get into it. If not, this ain't your playground. • 118 Tenth Ave. (212-352-3313). (M-E)

★ Pio Pio

Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken have reason to raise their Pisco sours. The Queens-based chicken chainlet Pio Pio has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. Try the "matador combo," a whole supersavory bird with a tableful of side dishes for only a couple bucks more than you'd pay in Queens. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I-M)

Rai Rai Ken

Perhaps even more than they adore soba and udon, the Japanese love ramen noodles. So do impecunious college students, and it will be interesting to see how many undergrads can squeeze into this fourteen-stool noodle bar specializing in ramen and delectable pork-stuffed gyoza (the Japanese answer to the potsticker). Loud slurping isn't only tolerated—it's encouraged. • 214 E. 10th St. (212-477-7030). (I) ($)

Sherwood Café

Light French fare like the croque miss, an open-face poached-egg-and-ratatouille sandwich, is served in

Object of Desire

Dream Team

Late summer's star ingredients—fresh corn and ripe tomatoes—meet on delicious terms at **Le Zinc**, where chef de cuisine Michael Sullivan tops two discus-size corn cakes with a tart red-onion-and-tomato salad and a generous dollop of sweet crème fraîche. (139 Duane Street; 212-513-0001.)

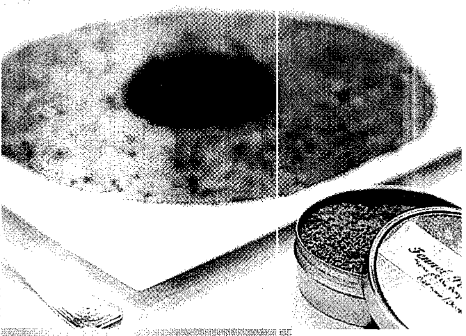
hotograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

Data

Nothing to Sneeze At

Bees do it—traffic in pollen, that is—and increasingly, so do humans. The powdery microspores that fertilize plants and flowers are now being used to flavor food by some of New York's more innovative chefs. Fennel pollen is the most popular, and the less species-specific bee pollen is also making an occasional menu appearance. "Fennel pollen releases a more delicate aroma than the fennel vegetable," says Petrossian's Dave Cunningham. "You can get the same flavor without using fennel shavings or fennel seeds." Sample the flavor for yourself at any of the following restaurants, or buy your own at Gourmet Garage. Or just wait for a strong wind.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



Petrossian's fennel-dusted beef carpaccio.

FERTILE GROUND	POLLEN COUNT
Petrossian 182 West 58th Street 212-245-2214	Beef carpaccio covered with shaved chives, shallots, lemon and caviar powders, and fennel pollen, served with caviar.
Thom 60 Thompson Street 212-219-2000	Steamed halibut in verjus with extra-virgin olive oil, garlic, lemongrass, lemon zest, lime leaves, and fennel pollen.
Arabelle 37 East 64th Street 212-606-4647	Morel flan with asparagus, sweet corn, and fennel pollen.
The Tonic 108 West 18th Street 212-929-9755	Lemon-and-fennel-pollen-crusted cod served with braised fennel, orzo, and a sweet garlic broth.
Babbo 110 Waverly Place 212-777-0303	Goat-cheese tortelloni with dried oranges and fennel pollen.
Sugar 311 Church Street 212-431-8642	Bee-pollen pound cake filled with dried fruit.

the garden of this Boerum Hill antiques shop, where funky seating arrangements are fashioned from an antique tin bathtub, a barbershop chair, even a (well-scrubbed, we presume) carved bluestone Turkish toilet. "I propose for people to take their shoes off, stay two hours," says owner Bernard Decanali—and maybe drop $650 on a 1930 walnut buffet on the way out, too. • 195 Smith St., Brooklyn (718-596-1609). (I)

Slate

At Manhattan's first billiards club–cum–full-service restaurant, poolside dining means contemporary Middle Eastern specialties—a "Mediterranean raw bar" plate with fava-bean-horseradish sauce, mini kufteh pockets, and tangerine-glazed chicken—amid all the action from the 34 pool tables. • 54 West 21st St. (212-989-0096). (I–M)

Stella

A breezy American restaurant with a New World wine list. If you've never had a Cockfighter's Ghost Semillon by the glass, here's your chance—alongside Cornish hen braised with prunes and olives, or a pot-pie of shrimp, scallops, and summer corn. Not to mention crostini at the bar, Monday-night wine dinners, and what co-owner Anna Weinberg calls a "rock-star brunch," served between 1 and 6 P.M. • 58 MacDougal St. (212-674-4968). (M)

Thom

The new SoHo hotel 60 Thompson has all the boutique accoutrements: interior design by Aero Studio's Thomas O'Brien, uniforms by Nino Cerruti, linens by Frette, and, naturally, its own fashionable restaurant, Thom. Entrées like double-cut lamb chops with peppermint and potato chips, and lobster with fermented black beans, Riesling, taro, and soy beans run $21 to $28—a deal, considering that rooms upstairs start at $370 a night. • 60 Thompson St. (212-219-2000). (E)

★ Town

A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a room aglow in plush, sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the real forte i chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who eschewing gimmicks like chili peppers from around the world, prepare subtle, sophisticated dishes like tun in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, an duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M–E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Alfanoose

This spotless falafel joint makes th best—and neatest—falafel sandwic in town. Co-owner Mouhama Shami meticulously rolls his expertl seasoned falafel and fresh condiment in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, s that all the harmonious components merge in ever bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers as well as suberb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-349-3622). (I)

American Park

Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a trip to the tip of Manhattan. I warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktail and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winte walls of glass remind us that this is a coastal town Catering available. • Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park next to Ferry Terminal (212-809-5508). (M–E)

★ Bo Ky

There are 30 soups at Bo-Ky. The best way to orde them is by number. Don't read closely to see what's i them. And don't ask. You don't want to know Whether the meat is pork chop or beef belly o chicken leg, just savor the smells wafting up fro those bowls of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnames home cooking. And the prices are pocket change. • 8 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($)

★ Bouley Bakery

Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the famously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing between this kitchen and Danube—gets the job don And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethereal form of degustation menus revolving around superlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed wit fresh chamomile, say, or organic baby lamb with eggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). (M–E

Capsouto Frères

Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflé hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a Ne York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, an trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrin Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. • 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E)

★ Chanterelle

The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ide about how to make an evening unforgettable. Th walls are without art. No music. Chairs are hug plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrat solely on who you are with and what you are eating—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail an star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger, an strawberry mille-feuille with elderflower sorbet. • Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

Clay

A small, sleek space filled with a stylish, young NoLIta crowd as crazy about the soju-litchi martinis as the are about the interpretive Korean dishes, includin bibimbop, seafood pajun, and smoked tea duck. • 20 Mott St. (212-625-1105). (M)

★ Danube

David Bouley's outrageous, highly lacquered, velvet swathed, Klimt-deckled little dining room is beautifu fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisin Mario Lohninger, his bone-marrow dumplings, th Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and eve the Wiener schnitzel manages to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

Meskerem

Hell's Kitchen's preeminent source for savory Ethiopi

Photograph by Carina Sal

an stews and the crêpelike injera used to scoop them up has spawned a snug subterranean branch downtown, in the heavily trafficked midst of gyroland and cappucinoville. Combination platters are perfect for sharing, and the hand-to-mouth technique gives new meaning to the practice of breaking bread. • 124 MacDougal St. (212-777-8111). (I-M)

★ Montrachet
No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. • 239 W. Broadway (212-219-2777). (E)

★ Morton's of Chicago
The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge and the quality is consistent. And in case you hadn't noticed, beef is back. Again. • 90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E)

★ The Odeon
Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. • 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M)

Omen
Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

★ Pearl Oyster Bar
Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match this kitchen's preparatory skills. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food
Is there much call for Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado at the intersection of Clinton and Rivington Streets? Well, yes, judging by the hungry crowd cooling its heels at the bar. Jean Georges alum Wylie Dufresne cooks seemingly complicated, easy-to-eat food like beer-braised short ribs geometrically sculpted into a perfect square; and parsley-root purée with a little parsley-root raft of lump crabmeat. (To eat, capsize and stir.) • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Vine
It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-curried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and party space (plus extra seating) downstairs in the old bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

Windows on the World
Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomanaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view. Be sure to take advantage of the 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Banjara
In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

★ Bar Veloce
An early proponent of the tiny Italian sandwich, Bar Veloce squeezes considerable style and substance into a small space where well-crafted panini and tramezzini are washed down with easy-drinking wines that mostly sell for less than $10 a glass. • 175 Second Ave. (212-260-3200). (I)

★ Five Points
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is bold and passionate. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Gnocco Caffe
Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmesan shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

★ I Coppi
If this trattoria has the homespun feeling of a family restaurant, it's because the husband-and-wife owners built much of it themselves. Bypass the good brick-oven pizza for the more unusual, and addictively crispy, cofaccini, flavored with garlic and olive oil and topped with artichokes. Risotto addicts will love farrotto, a version made with farro (spelt), prosciutto, and winter squash. • 432 E. 9th St. (212-254-2263). (M)

Le Souk
On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and camel-skin chairs. A Tunisian chef oversees an evolving menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like grilled octopus. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I-M) ($)

No. 9
The East Village has always been short on swank, and this low-lit, high-style restaurant and lounge hopes to remedy that deficit with dark maple furniture, cowhide booths, and a menu that aims high. The frisée salad wears a champagne-hazelnut vinaigrette. The Napoleon of tuna tartare is infused with sesame oil, soy sauce, and ginger, and Chilean sea bass is seared in orange marmalade. • 109 E. 9th St. (212-529-5333). (M-E)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Strip House
The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Michael Jordan's steakhouse and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M-E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ A Salt & Battery
The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars, all deftly executed by a wisecracking fry chef who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy, and then, judging by his hoop earrings, pantaloons, and Errol Flynn beard, must have turned pirate. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I-M)

★ Annisa
Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic; note the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M-E)

★ Blue Hill
Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parme-

Shopping

Terra Haute

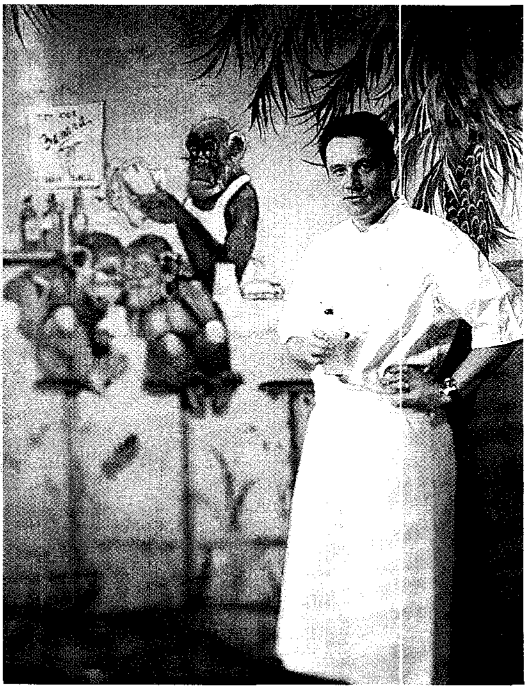
What the makers of Terra Chips did for obscure root vegetables like taro, parsnip, and yuca, they now hope to do for Belgian-style pommes frites—deep-fry them into crispy, eternal-shelf-life submission. The new line of **Terra Frites**, made from Yukon Gold and European Bintje potatoes, is a crunchy cross between French fries and those Durkee's potato-sticks-in-a-can, and they come in four flavors: garlicky aïoli, touched with saffron and mustard; seasoned salt; malt vinegar; and Américaine, tinged with tomatoes and sweet onion. Hold the ketchup. *(Available at Eli's Manhattan, Whole Foods, and local health-food stores.)*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ask Gael

Why in the world should I go to Monkey Bar now?

We're revisiting *Planet of the Apes*—why not **Monkey Bar**? You feel witty and grown-up in this sophisticated den with its nostalgia for the days of Hollywood glamour-pusses at the Stork Club. For me, the place lost its imperative when chef John Schenk defected. A parade of Great Hopes failed to rekindle the heat. Enter David Walzog (pictured), chef-hero of Michael Jordan's steakhouse and Strip House, with a straightforward market-driven menu. The day's special corn chowder with avocado mousse and the asparagus salad are elegant and delicious; his colossal crab cake, a triumph. Smartly turned-out tuna, crusty rib chop with choron sauce, and a top-notch sirloin with caramelized marrow almost distract me from my mini dried-out cut of halibut. And there's no anticlimax at dessert time. But: baby-green salad for $13? And why not throw in those fabulous fries with the $32 steak? And please, drill the clueless staff, just in case shell-shocked New Yorkers rally to celebrate Monkey Bar's renaissance. (60 East 54th Street; 212-838-2600.)



san froth). But despite culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M–E)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a cross-country consulting gig. Lucky for us, he's settled in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems ecstatic to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Da Silvano
Few of the fervent regulars—including the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall an Italian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in red sauce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck is crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichoke salad brash. And not an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Ave. (212-982-2343). (M–E)

★ Do Hwa
Jenny Kwak and her mother Myung Ja try to familiarize diners with their home-style Korean cooking with family-style dinners for four, as well as various combinations of dumplings, spicy pancakes, stews, sautés, and the barbecue dishes that provide all the drama. If you're a do-it-yourself type, request a table with a built-in grill. • 55 Carmine St. (212-414-1224). (M)

★ 'ino
Named for panino, this cozy nook excels at crafting perfect Italian snacks to nibble with wine: crustless tramezzini, pressed panini, and bruschetta, all on great bread with zesty condiments. Supplement your sandwich with a bowl of olives and a plate of cheese, and keep the motif going with a Nutella panino for dessert. Best of all, it's open from early morning until after midnight. • 21 Bedford St. (212-989-5769). (I) ($)

★ Mary's Fish Camp
Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: Now there are *two* West Village sources for world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, herb-stuffed whole fish, and extended sidewalk pacing. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a curved stainless-steel counter and ten tiny tables. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

★ Merge
Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tini" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multiculti cooking are an irresistible draw. Sunday evenings, "Gino's *Soprano* Style Dinner," a $28 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an offer you shouldn't refuse. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only

Monte's
Since 1918, this Village trattoria has weathered the nouvelle-Italian storms and the coming of Mario Batali and continues to serve old-world fare amid cafés that predate Starbucks. All the familiar bases are covered, from pastina en brodo and zuppa di pesce to chicken parmigiana, tortellini alla romana, and on Mondays, osso buco alla Milanese. • 97 Macdougal St. (212-228-9194). (M)

Osteria Fiorentina
Live piano and violin music lend this Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. • 281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M)

★ Pastis
Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balthazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

★ Wallsé
Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like tafelspitz and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ Aleutia
You may have to navigate the leather-swathed bar crowd and climb the industrial steps to escape their piercing mating calls, but there is light at the top of the stairs. In fact, if Aleutia is willing to shift its priorities a bit, it has the potential to be among the city's best seafood restaurants. Vibrantly flavored dishes like citrus-grilled octopus and pancetta-wrapped cod provide life-preserving—make that -affirming—distractions from the hormonal sea around you. • 220 Park Ave. So., at 18th St. (212-529-3111). (E)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that routinely erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met the old girl. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

★ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square, and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E)

★ Eleven Madison Park
While this soaring grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignations, the grace of the staff and big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Mi
A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) and a menu including sushi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbop at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E)

Rodeo Bar & Grill
This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

★ Todd English's Olives NY
Chef Todd English has a genius for artful, HungryMan dishes. He stuffs his pastas with delectable fillings (sweet chestnuts, shredded veal) and slathers them with creamy cheeses. He molds cupolas of foie gras flan, builds pagodas of hanger steak, constructs pill boxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. It's delicious but a little overwhelming, especially if you tag on thrombotic desserts like the peppermint bombe (creamy chocolate with mint syrup inside). The cramped, frenetic space (in the Union Square W Hotel) makes lunchtimes a more restful experience. • 201 Park Ave. So. (212-353-8345). (E)

★ Veritas
Does the wine list make the restaurant? If you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) complements the cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

The Water Club
This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the yacht-club setting. There's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested. • FDR Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar
This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M)

★ AZ
If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Lotus
Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M–E)

Moran's
Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for over 40 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. • 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (212-627-3032). (M)

Ohm
An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and lounging on velvet furniture. Plus sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E)

★ The Red Cat
Not every artist is starving, and the ones with hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

★ Sandro's
Though neither as ingenious as Babbo nor as familiar as Baldoria, Sandro's cooks the kind of robust Italian food you wish you knew how to make. In a room as basic as his flavors are direct, bucatini amatriciana resonates, snapper satiates, lemon pasta invigorates, and the fried artichokes tickle at least two senses. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

Simply Pasta
Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant has a specialty martini list, and offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and pastas—over two dozen of them. • 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra
Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street–fresh whole fish are priced by the pound and described on the menu like wines. *Barbounia*, for example, is a "Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful." Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M–E)

★ Brasserie
Nostalgists may have wished for a clone of the original Brasserie. But the redesign is stunning and the big-brother video screens make as much of your entrance as those bygone steps used to. The classic French food (onion soup, duck cassoulet, mandatory beignets) is satisfying and served from breakfast through late night—a welcome anomaly in this early-to-bed precinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M–E)

Café Centro
A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. • 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M)

★ Caffè Linda
Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I–M)

★ D'Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D'Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there's seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and "la garbure et son chabrot," a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M–E)

★ Della Femina
It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in 212. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole "fish sticks" with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

★ The Four Seasons
They're still the most perfect dining rooms in town. Happily, the owners sensed how marvelous it would be if the food matched the peerless design. They've radically altered an expensive menu to be more inventive, more seasoned, more current, and worth the bucks. The power lunchers may ignore what's on their plates, but the rest of us won't. • 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E)

★ Fresco
A family restaurant thriving on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx one can understand. But in midtown? Yet the Scotto clan strolls around the dining room, cajoling, nudging, hugging, as if you'd shown up at their house for leftovers the day after Thanksgiving. For them, Fresco is one big welcome mat. Doesn't matter that the pizza is to die for, the lasagna superb; and if you like liver, you may never want to leave. • 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M–E)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstriped bankers and big, big hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep enough into it to hide the blade—and the welcoming, unstiff service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Monkey Bar
Many talented chefs have made their way through this revolving door of a kitchen, which, in its latest incarnation under the direction of new executive chef David Walzog, is looking back to its all-American roots with entrées like butter-poached Maine lobster, New York strip steak, and seasonal sides like sweet corn succotash and sugar snap peas. David Rockwell's swanky design and the monkey-muraled bar remain unchanged—plushly comfortable in an Old New York way. • 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E)

Nino's Positano
An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oyster Bar
Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don't be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M–E)

★ Peacock Alley
In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—a disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance to mix and match bite-size "courses" chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, and Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with the seven-course "tête à tête" menu, each streamlined dish composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's words, a "single clean note." • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

Rothmann's Steakhouse & Grill
A sophisticated steakhouse with something for everyone, from "Asian-fried calamari" and "West Coast chicken" to the $132 porterhouse for four. Carnivores are in good hands—those of Christopher Hollis, fresh from Les Halles. • 3 E. 54th St. (212-319-5500). (E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together between deals over big steaks with outsize knives to match (for sale, of course) at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The

place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations from the chef at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria
Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils ceaselessly to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox at the first sip of Frangelico. There's luscious veal scallopini, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary East Harlem celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Bello
Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. • 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when our town's steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of prime-aged beef and steakhouse standards. And there's a canopied outdoor terrace. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the lickety-split tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its popular prix fixe wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual, less expensive dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbanely elegant steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. Now if they can only figure out how to get their staff up to the level of their surroundings and kitchen. The place is New York landmark potential. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ 44 & X Hell's Kitchen
John Tesar's inspired New American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding Wall Street warriors at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on dishes like rich mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave., at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M–E)

★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown
Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall-to-wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers—who knew?) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

La Veranda
Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Le Bernardin
Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

Palio
Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

Randolph's
Housed in the Warwick Hotel—which William Randolph Hearst built for his mistress, Marion Davies—this cozy restaurant and lounge has a lush, old-world feel and an eclectic menu of international snacks and entrées, from dim sum to a filet mignon sandwich. • 65 W. 54th St. (212-247-2700). (M–E)

★ Redeye Grill
This place jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duveens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential cobb salad. • 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E)

'21' Club
You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu— try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's wine is still in the vaults, and, in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

Utsav Festive India
The bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level while the contemporary dining room is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs only $12.95, and à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

★ Virgil's Real Barbecue
The burgundy hand towel you get instead of a linen napkin is the tipoff. Don't do Virgil's with your pinkie up. This is bar-b-q—food you're supposed to suck off your fingers and dribble down your chin. But is it authentic? Faced with a plate of Memphis pork ribs and red beans, this big guy from Tulsa looks up and says, "Who gives a crap? It tastes fine to me!" That should be good enough for you. • 152 W. 44th St. (212-921-9494). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, six-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has emerged if not triumphant then at least standing. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, but the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a $160–prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin custard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and fuzzy side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ Brooklyn Diner U.S.A.
If this is how owner Shelly Fireman chooses to memorialize the Brooklyn of his youth (which happens to have been spent in the Bronx), we won't complain. It's comfort-food heaven: big portions of exuberantly non-diet Americana like pigs in a blanket and a ham-flecked linguine baked in a too-rich-to-finish sauce that modestly bills itself as macaroni and cheese. • 212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (M)

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant
Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars is unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. • 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E)

Hudson Cafeteria
Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than that of its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras), and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food, but those eating it here want more and couldn't care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish with a check mark indicating availability. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

★ San Domenico
You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ The Bar @ Etats-Unis
The young staff here take their jobs so seriously that it's sometimes hard to distinguish between a paying customer and a waitress perched on a bar stool, making sure the Collioure is up to snuff. The bar shares an

impressive cellar with Etats-Unis, its sister restaurant across the street, whence comes the daily menu of hearty French-American fare. For a lighter bite, you can't go wrong with farmhouse cheeses and charcuterie paired with one of the terrific by-the-glass selections. • 247 E. 81st St. (212-396-9928). (M)

The Boathouse in Central Park

Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass in a warm citrus vinaigrette. • E. 72nd St. and ParkDrive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Cello

Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crême bruleé *that must have the Häagen-Dazs* people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

★ Mangiarini

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street, but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are as stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's

Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe

A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper and a fabulous swordfish chop. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

☆ The Post House

How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a collection of Americana spiced up with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Caffé La Grolla

The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It seats 28; it provides a *more casual, late-night alternative to its popular par*ent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I–M)

Jimmy's Uptown

Jimmy Rodriguez's new joint brings a little bit of SoHo to Harlem. The former residential space on Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard has been decorated with half-moon leather banquettes and luminous Lycra lamps. There is foie gras on the menu (served atop sweet calabaza squash); filet mignon with horseradish-flavored grits; and plump, pecan-crusted catfish fillets. Some of the culinary experiments are more successful than others, but the scene is worth the trip. • 2207 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. (212-491-4000). (E)

☆ Picholine

Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights, which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin panna cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman, a true cheese whiz. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

River

The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene, bamboo-bolstered background for the familiar assortment of Vietnamese and Thai dishes. Standouts include chicken satay; pad Thai; spicy coconut chicken soup; and marinated beef with garlic, ginger, and plum sauce. • 345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (212-579-1888). (M)

★ Ruby Foo's

In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vi*brant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight* in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Sapphire Indian Cuisine

A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. • 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Rose Water

Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb brik. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St., Brooklyn (718-783-3800). (M)

Queens

★ Rajbhog Sweets

Best-known for its 60-plus varieties of confections tantalizingly arranged like Neuchâtel truffles, Rajbhog also offers an excellent selection of mostly Gujarati vegetarian dishes. Tooriya patra combines long green squash with Swiss-chard leaves and lima beans; karela are green Chinese eggplant in a subtly spicy sauce with potatoes and cashews. At lunch, two vegetables, a paratha, plus rice and dal will run you $4.50. If you still have room for dessert, you're in the right place. • 72-27 37th Ave., Queens (718-458-8512). (I)

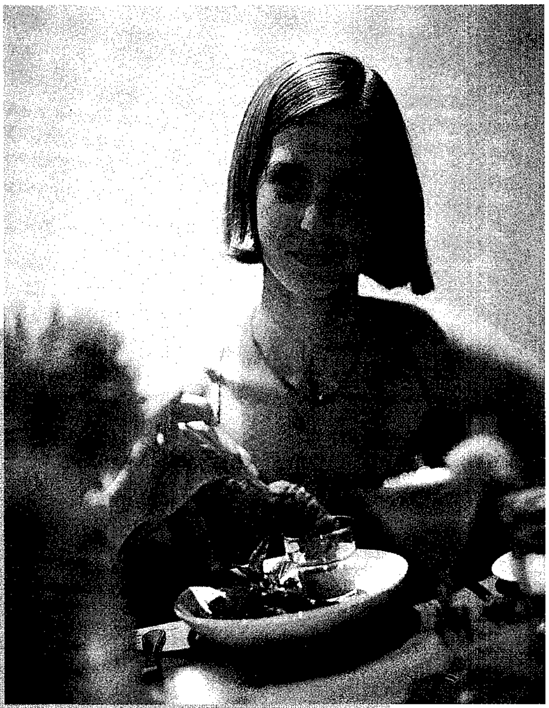
Westchester

Equus

No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a $58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave. (914-631-1980). (E)

Data

Get On the Stick



August is a tough time of year for transplanted Midwesterners nostalgic for tractor pulls, sheep-shearing races, and giant-zucchini competitions. A few restaurants around town, however, offer solace in the form of that indispensable state-fair staple, the **corn dog**. At Good, chef-owner Steven Picker serves his cornmeal-battered chicken sausage on a stick with a honey-mustard dipping sauce and watermelon-and-red-onion salad (pictured; available Sunday nights only, through Labor Day); at Stepmama in the East Village, an excellent classic version, sweet and crunchy outside, juicy within, comes with a couple of packets of Gulden's. And fatphobes will like the stickless, dogless corn dogs made from soy, with or without a smothering heap of meatless chili, at Veg-City Diner. Now, if only someone would tackle the funnel cake. (Good, 89 Greenwich Avenue, 212-691-8080; Stepmama, 199 East 3rd Street, 212-228-2663; Veg-City Diner, 55 West 14th Street, 212-490-6266.)

Photograph by Patrik Rytikangas.

cue Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Performance

Non-Conceptual Healing

"The new record is not conceptual at all," says **Maxwell** (pictured). "It's a real-life, day-by-day kind of record." Fans of the soul crooner have been dying to hear those words since the 1998 release of his frustratingly abstract second album, *Embrya.* But Maxwell refuses to concede that the album was a misstep. "It was about standing up for what you want to do as an artist," he says, "and seeing if you could walk through the fire." The new album—bluntly titled *Now,* due in late August—proves that Maxwell has weathered the fiery criticism and become a more assured musician in the process. Yet *Now* has the unmistakable stamp of another artist—Prince—from the swaggering directness of "Temporary Nite," which recalls "When You Were Mine" or "Head," to the flowery guitar arrangements of "Get to Know Ya," which could have been pulled from the post-psychedelia of *Around the World in a Day* or even *Emancipation.* There's even a gender-switch moment, with his cover of Kate Bush's "This Woman's Work." "My generation has a much broader mind because of the work that Prince did," Maxwell proclaims. "We're all kind of touched by his energy." At five of the seven shows Maxwell plays in New York this week, he'll have a fellow Artist acolyte opening for him: 20-year-old R&B singer and piano player Alicia Keys, who recently jammed with Prince at his birthday party in Minneapolis and who revived his much-overlooked ballad "How Come U Don't Call Me Anymore" on her white-hot debut. Yet fans shouldn't expect any paisley excess from the shows, says Maxwell. "It's gonna be functional, man," he says with a laugh. "Real functional." (See "Concerts.") E.B.

Concerts

"Furthur Festival"
With Ratdog; Rusted Root; Karl Denson's Tiny Universe; Keller Williams. 8/15 at 6. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15.75–$33.50.

"Hudson River Rocks: Defy the Elements"
With the White Stripes; Mooney Suzuki. 8/16 at 7. • Pier 54, 14th St. and West Side Highway (212-533-PARK). Free.

Mary Chapin Carpenter
With Steve Earle. 8/15 at 8. • The Theater at Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171) $40, $60.

Maxwell
8/13 at Irving Plaza; 8/14 at the Apollo Theatre; 8/17 at Roseland Ballroom; 8/19 at the Hammerstein Ballroom; 8/20 at the Beacon Theatre; 8/24 at City Center; 8/25 at the Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 8/17, 8/19, 8/20, 8/24, and 8/25 shows with Alicia Keys opening. All shows begin at 8, except for Irving Plaza, which begins at 9. • Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., $50; Apollo Theater, 253 W. 125th St., $35–$75; Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St., $50; Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St., $50; Beacon Theatre, 74th St. and Broadway, $37.50–$75; City Center, W. 55th St.; Theatre at Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave., $38–$78. Tickets for all shows except for City Center can be purchased by phone (212-307-7171).

Sade
8/13 at 7:30; 8/15 at 8. 8/13 is sold-out. • Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171). $35–$95.

Sugar Ray
8/13 at 7. • Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 West 34th St. (212-307-7171). $30.

Teddy Pendergrass
With Stephanie Mills. 8/15 at 8. • Beacon Theatre, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $35–$75.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
8/14: Eric Burdon and the Animals. 8/15: Eek-A-Mouse. 8/17–8/18: Ohio Players. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
8/16: "Nightbirds" with Jo Davidson; Chris Delmhorst; Lorraine Ferro; Dawn Landes. 8/17–8/18: "Jazz Is Dead": Jazz Explorations of the Grateful Dead, featuring Jeff Pevar, Alphonson Johnson, T Lavitz, and Rod Morgenstein. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300)

Bowery Ballroom
8/14: Tantric; Beautiful Creatures; Systematic; One Side Zero. 8/16: Antibalas. 8/18: Laura Cantrell. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

"Celebrate Brooklyn"
8/17: Los Munequitos De Matanzas. 8/19: Baaba Maal; Ex-Centric Sound System; Lucky Ngema and Friends; Mamadou Diabate; Ivoire Sensation. • Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West and 9th St., Brooklyn (718-855-7882 or www.brooklynx.org). Free.

"Celtic Nights"
Free Celtic-music concert series outside the World Trade Center. All performances begin at 6. 8/14: Susan McKeown and Johnny Cunningham. • World Trade Center, enter at Church and Dey Streets (212-995-1898). Free.

Central Park SummerStage
8/13: Steve Earle; Waddie Mitchell. 8/14: B. J. Thomas; Jim White; D.J. Wichita Wally. 8/20: Lyle Lovett. Tickets are $30 (general admission) and $45 (bleachers). • Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. at mid-Park (no phone; for more info, go to www.summerstage.com). All shows free unless otherwise noted.

"City Folk With WFUV FM"
Free outdoor concerts in front of the Twin Towers, Wednesdays from 6 to 8 P.M. 8/15: Nerissa and Katryna Nields; Erin McKeown. • Tower 1, One World Trade Center (212-435-4170). Free.

Fez
Thursdays: Mingus Band Band. 8/13: Steve Poltz. 8/14: Dan Bern; Felix McTeigue. 8/15: Freedy Johnston; Bliss Blood; Bootleg Remedy. 8/17: Rhett Miller. 8/18: Scout; the Lines; Kevin McGinnis. 8/19: Margarita Pracatan. 8/20: Joe Henry. • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Knitting Factory
8/13: Murder City Devils; the Apes; Emily's Bat Mitzvah. 8/14: In the Woods Night; His Name is Alive; Retsin; Noise Camp. 8/15: Eric Bibb. 8/16: Schleigho. 8/17: Clem Snide; the Original Brothers and Sisters of Love; 27. 8/19: Pinback; Coptic Light; the Secret Machines. 8/20: Alchemy Jones; A Girl Called Eddy. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
8/14: Jonathan Edwards with Kenny White. 8/15: Howard Fishman Quartet. • 35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's
Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. Tuesdays: "Popcorn Tuesdays." • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's
8/13: Jim White. 8/15: Rival Schools. 8/16: Over the Rhine; Willard Grant Conspiracy. 8/17: The Milwaukees; Mike Tichy; the Wahoo Moment; Josh Marcus. 8/18: The New Mexicans; Tizzy. 8/19: The Electro Rock Show. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
8/13: Varnaline; Hopewell; Goner. 8/14: Leona Naess; Citizen Cope. 8/17: Over the Rhine. 8/18: Drums and Tuba. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

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Photograph by Anthony Mandler

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised.

$ = cash only.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
Saturdays 3–9. "Warm-up 2001: D.J. Series" 8/18: Nickodemus & Osiris; Kid Koala; Karsh Kale (live); Christina Wheeler; J-Afrika. • 22-25 Jackson Ave. at 46th St., Queens (718-784-2084). $5.

Rodeo Bar
8/13: Western Caravan. 8/14: Miller's Farm. 8/16: Eugene Chrysler. 8/17: Shelly King. 8/18: Star City. 8/19: The Yallopin Hounds. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).

S.O.B.'s
8/13: Grupo Niche. 8/14: Morgan Heritage. 8/15: M-F Doom; Necro. 8/17: Sandra St. Victor. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

"Summer Hits at Twin Towers"
Free concerts outside the World Trade Center. Tuesdays at noon. 8/14: Mark Lindsay. • (212-435-4170).

The Village Underground
8/16: Ruby. 8/17: Groove Collective. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Wetlands
8/13: Simon Says. 8/14: Michael Franti and Spearhead. 8/16: A Birthday Tribute to Madonna. 8/17: Dri; Sworn Enemy. 8/20: Jason Crosby and Friends. • 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.

Clubs

Baktun
After a nearly yearlong wait, this small meatpacking-district nightspot finally has its cabaret license. And just n time, as the city has been left with only a handful of superclubs and a smattering of uninteresting bars because of Giuliani's quality-of-life crackdowns. The first Friday of every month: Rotating house-music D.J.'s pin at "Confusion." Second Friday: Long-running house party "Bang the Party" with Lorie and E-Man. Third Friday: Eclectic dance music with D.J. Wayne Pate at "Soularium." Fourth Friday: Icelandic promoters Holmar and A. Gram's super-cool "N'Ice." Saturdays: Drum 'n' bass at "Direct Drive." Tuesdays: House great Tony Humphries. Thursdays: Deep house with D.J. Jamyz Nylon. • 418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).

Centro-Fly
Tuesdays: "Sparkle City," with D.J.'s Mark Ronson and Q-Tip spinning hip-hop and eclectic grooves. Wednesdays: "Dance Ritual" with "Little" Louie Vega. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions," with D.J. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 8/17: Marques Wyatt. 8/18: Junior Sanchez; Miguel Migs. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

"Overboard"
Raucous Sunday-night dance parties aboard the PaddleWheel Queen. 8/19: Mr. C. • PaddleWheel Queen, 23rd St. and the East River (no phone; www.matterform.com). $25.

The Roxy
Fridays: Yet another "New Roxy," but this time the club has taken seriously the city's desperate need for spots where you can actually dance to D.J.'s. Upstairs in the "Skybox," Foundation-crew D.J.'s Kimyon and Rich Borque spin techno. On the main floor, superstar D.J.'s spin everything from progressive house to trance. 8/17: Gatecrasher resident D.J. Scott Bond; David Waxman. Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Shine
This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Tuesdays: Brazilian music with Ze Luis. Thursdays: The gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent and special guests like Phil Asher and Norman Jay. Fridays: House, techno, and trance D.J.'s unite for "Touch." Saturdays: "The Show" with D.J. Big Ben. • 285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).

Vinyl
Still strong as ever, thanks to a troika of the city's best dance parties—"Be Yourself," "Shelter," and "Body & Soul." Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Thankfully, the crowd has thinned a bit lately, leaving plenty of room for dancing. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland
Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band, 5:30–7:30 P.M. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 8/15–8/18: Jon Faddis Quartet. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 8/13: Tim Garland Trio. 8/14–8/19: McCoy Tyner plus Mac Gollehon's Smokin' Section. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

City Hall
Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Guggenheim Museum
Fridays and Saturdays in August: "Worldbeat Jazz" with composer and acoustic bassist Joel Forbes. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500). Free with museum admission. Performances begin at 5.

Iridium
Formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend grace this legendary jazz spot, now at a new location in midtown. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 8/14–8/19: Jerry Gonzalez and Ft. Apache. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

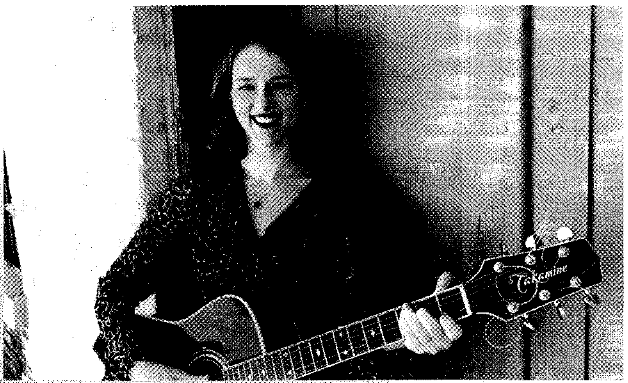
"Jazz Salon"
Intimate jazz performances in a loft setting. Admission includes open wine, beer, and soft-drink bar. 8/13: Ron Blake. 8/20: Peter Bernstein with Dena DeRose. • 177 Prince St., top floor (800-730-6992). $40.

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center
The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is $10 for adults, $7.50 for students and seniors, $6 for children. 8/17: Wessell "Warmdaddy" Anderson Quartet. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100).

Smoke
A great jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 8/13: Jam Session with John Farnsworth. 8/14: Hammond B3 Organ Grooves. 8/15: Hot Pants Funk Sextet Plus One. 8/16: Joe Magnarelli Quartet. 8/17–8/18: Dave Stryker's Miles Davis Project. 8/19: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. 8/20: Larry Goldings Trio. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic
Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 8/13: Steve Lantner Trio with Mat Maneri. 8/14: Karen Borca. 8/15: Chris Allen's Central Artery Project; Yeah No; Vernon Reid's Chatroom. 8/16: Time & Materials; Thurston Moore, Paul Flaherty and Chris Corsano; Noriko Tujiko. 8/17: Hoffman Estates; Dr. Israel. 8/18: Mat Maneri and Ken Vandermark Duo; Sugarman Three. 8/19: David Krakauer and Friends: Musicians Hang Klezmer Brunchat; Little Annie & Paul Wallfisch; Sexhunter; Workdogs; Falcon & the Snowman. 8/20: Tom



Performance

Midtown South

Laura Cantrell is fourth-generation Tennessee, with an accent as gentle as a spring breeze through the magnolias. She knows more about Chet Atkins than anybody save Mrs. Atkins, even though Cantrell is a Republican judge's daughter instead of a coal miner's. Every Saturday afternoon on WFMU, Cantrell is the "proprietress" of the "Radio Thrift Shop," three hours of rich pre-Shania twang and quirky historical asides. Yet Cantrell grew up loving the Monkees and didn't feel southern until she left Nashville for Morningside Heights. "I had a moment of discovery my freshman year at Columbia," she says. "I was 18, figuring out who I was, and 'southern' was suddenly everyone's description of me. So I went with it." All the way, sixteen years later, to a charming country album of her own, *Not the Tremblin' Kind.* Cantrell's songs fit snugly between those of Kitty Wells and Neko Case; they're as precise and evocative as the siren-red lipstick that sets off her porcelain skin. And on August 18, Cantrell is headlining at the Bowery Ballroom, further proof she's more than the sweetheart of the radio. (See "Small Stages.") CHRIS SMITH

hotograph by Rachel Liebling.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Halter Quartet with Joe & Mat Maneri. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Up Over Jazz Cafe
8/17–8/18: Arturo O'Farrill Trio. • Up Over Jazz Cafe, 351 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413).

Village Vanguard
Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M., with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/14–8/19: Jacky Terrason Trio. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/14: Super Girls; Cheap Shots. 8/15: Gilbert Gottfried. 8/16–8/19: Kevin Pollak. • 1626 Broadway, between 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar
A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11.; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 8/13–8/19: Colin Quinn; Greg Giraldo; Godfrey; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's
8/13–9/19: Angel Salazar; Billy Burr; Al Ducharme; Nancy Redman; Hood; Richie Byrne. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham
A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase; Wednesdays with Robert Klein. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $1 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $1 cover. Two-drink minimum. 8/15: Gotham All-Stars. 8/16: Stephen Lynch. 8/17–8/18: Rob Magnotti; Wali Collins; Pete Correale. • 34 W. 22nd St (212-367-9000).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel
The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in it cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late show Fri. and Sat.) 8/14–9/1: Carol Sloane. • 59 W. 44th St (212-840-6800).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books
Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin' eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Danny's Skylight Room
8/13: "A Square in the Social Circle: The Songs o Betty Hutton." 8/14: Charles Lindbergh. 8/15: Susa Ellman. 8/16: Blossom Dearie. 8/17: Robert Mark Singers. 8/18: Wendy Kelly; Jerry Scott. 8/19: Blossom Dearie. 8/20: "A Square in the Social Circle The Songs of Betty Hutton." • 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

FireBird Café
The theater district's best postshow snuggery, righ next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-totin doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. a 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $15 minimum Through 8/23: Steve March Torme. • 365 W. 46t St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's
This cozy and friendly piano bar features tw performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekl gig by Judy herself. 8/13: Thom Warren in "Organized Chaos." 8/14 and 8/16: Sue Gandy wit John Wallowitch. 8/19: Renee Smith in "N Strings." 8/17: Avery Sommers. 8/19: Rene Smith in "No Strings." 8/20: Avery Sommers "Leer Mondays." • 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th an 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).

In Concert

The Sound and the Fury

Like Beck, **Jim White** (pictured) is a twenty-first-century folkie with a penchant fo acoustic guitar and abstract beats. But White possesses a deep, dark sense of humo (see songs like "God Was Drunk When He Made Me" and "Handcuffed to a Fence i Mississippi") that we wish the reflexively ironic Mr. Hansen could channel. On Augus 14, this Southerner will bring to Central Park's SummerStage a gothic brand of folk tha would make Faulkner proud. (See "Small Stages.")

Photograph by Jean Claude Dhier

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Mostly Mozart

Austro-Hungarian Haydn Orchestra
Bruno Weil leads an all-Haydn concert featuring pianist Piotr Anderszewski. 8/13 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $40.

Garrick Ohlsson, Piano
Joins the festival orchestra and cellist Pieter Wispelwey for works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky. 8/14–8/15 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$42.

Venice Baroque Orchestra
Makes its U.S. debut with an all-Vivaldi program, including Vivaldi's *Four Seasons,* performed on period instruments. 8/16 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $44.

Vladimir Feltsman and Vadim Repin
Pianist and violinist join the festival orchestra in works by Mozart, Ravel, Prokofiev, and Haydn. 8/17–8/18 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$42.

Avalon String Quartet
Makes its festival debut with a one-hour Haydn prelude concert. 8/19 at 3. • Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $15.

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio
Performs an all-Beethoven program, including Variations in G and Piano Trios Nos. 4 and 6. 8/19 at 5. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $28.

Vega String Quartet
One-hour Haydn prelude concert is the quartet's festival debut. 8/20 at 6. • Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $15.

Other Events

Bridgehampton Chamber Music Festival
Festival ensemble performs Paul Moravec's *Cool Fire* for flute, piano, and strings, Douglas Mews's *Tangi Pohutu* for flute and music box, and works by Haydn and Elgar, 8/15 at 8; Gareth's Farr's *Kembang Suling* for flute and marimba, and works by Pachelbel and Tchaikovsky, 8/17 at 7; and a dance-themed concert including Kernis's *100 Greatest Dance Hits* for guitar and string quartet, Piazzolla's *Histoire du Tango* for flute and guitar, and works by Dvorák and Couperin, 8/19 at 6:30. • Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, 2429 Montauk Hwy. (212-741-9403); $30. 8/17 concert is at Daughters Winery; $50.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival
Presents "Chamber Music of the World" with sitarist Kartik Seshadri playing classic Indian ragas. 8/16 at 6:30. • North Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-875-5108); free.

MoMA's Summergarden Concerts
Chamber concert of violin music from around the world includes works by Lasse Thoresen, George Enescu, and Charles Ives. 8/17–8/18 at 6. • Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-708-9491); free.

Bronx Arts Ensemble
Performs Baroque music by Bach, Handel, and Telemann, for soprano and period instruments, 8/19 at 2, Van Cortlandt Park; and at 4, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. Call for rain-date info. • Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park; McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus, Southern Blvd. (718-601-7399); free.

Opera

Twilight Series
Director Vincent La Selva and members of his New York Grand Opera Company present arias and ensembles from *Tosca, La Bohème, La Traviata,* and other opera faves. 8/18 at 5. • Fort Totten Park, Bayside, Queens (718-463-7700); free.

Dance

Ballet Tech
Eliot Feld's company's annual summer-preview season includes revivals *Theatre, Jukebox,* and *Ah, Scarlatti;* Feld's new *Pacific Dances* for eleven women, set to Hawaiian slack-key guitar; and others. 8/13–8/18 at 8. • Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (212-242-0800); $35.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival
Performances include Golden Gamelan with I. M. Harijito and Friends (Javanese), 8/14 at 5:30; Arthur Aviles Typical Theater's *Hunts Point in the House,* 8/14 at 6:30; Badenya Les Frères Coulibaly (African griot from Burkina Faso), 8/15 at 6; Muntu Dance Theatre of Chicago (classic African). 8/15–8/16 at 8; and Monte/Brown Dance, 8/17 at 8. • Various outdoor locations, Lincoln Center (212-875-5108); free.

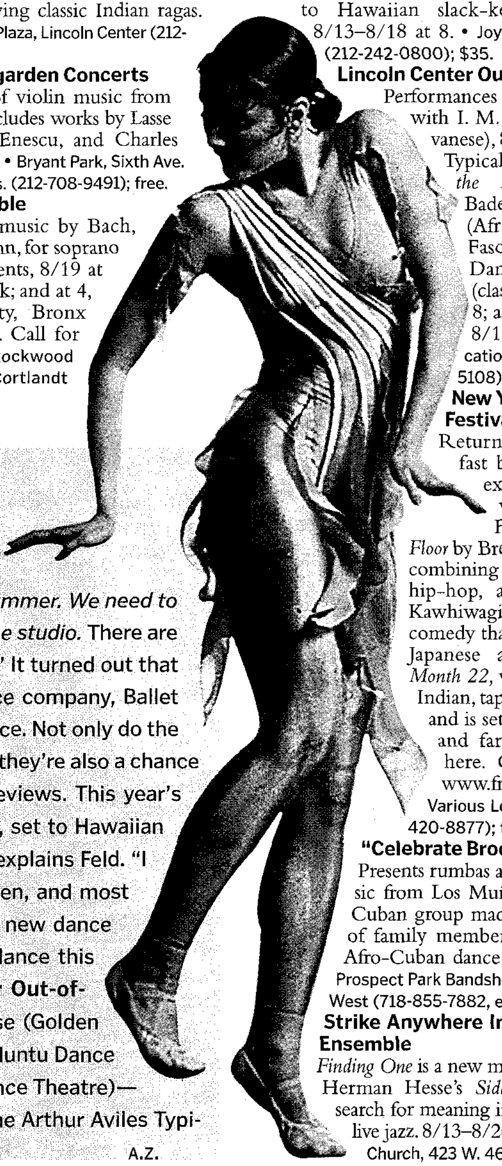
New York International Fringe Festival
Returning for its fifth year and fast becoming a staple of the experimental-performance world, this year's Fringe Festival presents *Break the Floor* by Break the Floor Productions, combining live rock and roll with tap, hip-hop, and jazz dance; Kiyoko Kawhiwagi's *Lone Ant,* a solo dance comedy that fuses modern dance and Japanese animation; As We Go's *Month 22,* which draws from classical Indian, tap, and contemporary dance and is set to Indian and jazz music; and far too many more to list here. Call for details, or visit www.fringenyc.org. 8/13–8/26 • Various Lower East Side venues (212-420-8877); free–$12.

"Celebrate Brooklyn!"
Presents rumbas and Afro-Cuban ritual music from Los Muñequitos de Matanzas, the Cuban group made up of three generations of family members; also, Yamile Malagon's Afro-Cuban dance ensemble. 8/17 at 7:30. • Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3.

Strike Anywhere Improvisational Theatre Ensemble
Finding One is a new multimedia work inspired by Herman Hesse's *Siddhartha* about a woman's search for meaning in the modern world, set to live jazz. 8/13–8/26. Times vary. • St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (212-501-4542); $15.

Dance

Honolulu on the Hudson



"For the first ten years at the Joyce, it was dark in the summer," **Eliot Feld** recalls. "I thought, *We need to work in the summer. We need to get onto the stage, because we're going to kill each other in the studio.* There are still people in the city. I get on the subway, and it's crowded." It turned out that there certainly was an audience, and this week, Feld's dance company, Ballet Tech, wraps up its twelfth summer-preview season at the Joyce. Not only do the performances keep his dancers from committing murder, but they're also a chance for Feld to showcase new pieces without worrying about reviews. This year's new number is *Pacific Dances* (pictured), for eleven women, set to Hawaiian slack-key guitar. "For me, it always comes from the music," explains Feld. "I buy lots and lots of music, and I listen and I listen and I listen, and most things I don't like." But this Hawaiian guitar he loved, and a new dance was born. There's also lots of other world-music-inspired dance this month, thanks to the thirty-first season of **Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors.** The free festival features acts ranging from Javanese (Golden Gamelan With I. M. Harijito and Friends) to classic African (Muntu Dance Theatre of Chicago) to American Indian (American Indian Dance Theatre)—before bringing it on home to the boogie-down Bronx with the Arthur Aviles Typical Theater's *Hunts Point in the House.* (See "Dance.") A.Z.

hotograph by Lois Greenfield.

SENIOR *Continued from page 29*

I tried to get my regular shrink to explain it. Her response was a strange mixture of metaphysics, genius, and nonsense.

"Well, relationships with boyfriends are relationships in real life," she said.

MY SHRINK WANTS TO DISCUSS THIS STORY again. She thinks I'm writing it because I don't have any faith in psychoanalysis.

Well, duh, I say—possibly in those words.

We're both quiet for a second. Usually, after such an outburst, she lets me go first. Not this time.

"That's not what I mean. You're pessimistic about a lot of things. You don't think you're ever going to get married. You think your boss is going to fire you. You think you're going to have sleep problems for the rest of your life. *I'd like to point out, you didn't come out of the womb this way.* So don't you think your skepticism about psychoanalysis is connected to a more general feeling of hopelessness? And that we ought to be looking at *why* you feel this way?"

I say nothing.

"Somewhere along the way, I think you developed the conviction that you weren't capable of changing."

Then she brings up a story I've told her before, about something that happened to me when I was 6. It was an interesting connection. At the time I'd repeated that memory, I'd had no idea what it meant—it had just heaved to the surface, drenched with uncertain meaning, as I was lying there on the couch.

"I think," she finishes, "that despair is at the root of a lot of this."

I continue to say nothing. When I finally do, I realize I'm trying not to cry.

I'VE DISCOVERED THAT SHRINKS DON'T like to talk much about termination. But if pressed, a number will acknowledge it isn't always given its proper due at psychoanalytic institutes. Only in the past quarter-century, in fact, did it become a part of their curricula at all, and usually not in the form of a full-blown course.

After finishing his studies at the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, for example, George Frank says, "I became aware I didn't have any training in it, and that I needed to give myself some. It was a real missing piece."

He starts thumbing through the 2000 bulletin of his alma mater, and then IPTAR's. "Classical Technique . . . Dreams . . . Non-interpretative Factors in Analysis . . . Gender Issues . . . Countertransference Issues . . . Application of the Classical Technique to the Non-classical Patient . . . I'm sorry. No course in termination."

Part of the reason for this is practical: If all psychoanalytic institutes were to keep their students around long enough to shepherd them through their first terminations, these students would be in training forever—and they already *are* in training forever, with four years of curriculum work, several years of supervised analyses, and God-knows-how-many years of personal analysis to slog through.

Nevertheless, the American Psychoanalytic Association still refuses to certify anyone who hasn't completed a supervised termination.

"We've opposed the requirement for about 30 years," says Edward Nersessian, the head of the education committee at New York Psychoanalytic Institute, the city's oldest and hoariest training ground. "We feel it puts undue pressure on the analyst. It may lead some people to do a premature termination, just to get certified."

New York Psychoanalytic does, however, require that all of its students go back into supervision while they're terminating their first patients, even if they've already graduated. "From time to time, we've also had a course on termination," continues Nersessian. "Though I couldn't swear we have one now."

IT'S THE MIDDLE OF JULY, JUST A COUPLE OF weeks until the time I've resolved to terminate. Once again, I am lying on the couch, flip-flopping my feet and inspecting my therapist's bookshelf to see whether she has moved anything. (Wasn't *Female Perversions* on the *top shelf* yesterday?) We are having our usual friendly tussle.

Her: "I think your obsession with my intelligence is a form of resistance."

Me: "*Of course* you do. Here we go again—"

"No, let me finish. I think it's getting in the way of positive feelings you have for me, which you don't want to have right now, because that would mean you'd have to stay here."

"Isn't this a little self-serving? Don't I have a right to be concerned about your intelligence, given how much I pay you?"

"Absolutely. But do you really think I don't have the experience and intelligence to do this?"

"Sometimes."

"Would you really have stayed here so long if you thought that way?"

I cannot answer this.

"Sometimes we race around in so many circles in here . . ."

"You do that in relationships, too, you know. I've seen you do this now. *Twice.*"

I cannot answer this either. The fact is, she's right.

OKAY. SO LET'S ASSUME THAT OUR RELATIONSHIPS with our analysts do, after a while, start to mirror the other relationships in our lives. Let's assume we start to engage in similar patterns of behavior—needling them in the same way, idealizing them in the same way, loving them in the same way, hating them in the same way.

In this light, I can see exactly why my analyst was alarmed, six weeks ago, when I told her I wanted to write a story about our little stalemate. Clearly, she recognized the real fantasy lurking beneath this project. It wasn't lapsed Catholics I wanted to talk to; it was different priests.

What I wanted, in other words, was to have the psychoanalytic equivalent of an extramarital affair. After all, the very act of reporting is a way to relieve the tedium and ambivalence of therapeutic monogamy—I'd be sampling the minds of other analysts, comparing their opinions and intellect to that of my own. Heck, I'd even be visiting a new one, just to see what it was like with someone else.

Which is exactly the sort of thing a person who dreads commitment would do.

"It's nearly August," she tells me on a recent morning. "I assume you'd still like to terminate in August?"

"Yes . . ."

"Uh-huh. So that means we'd have worked together for how long?"

I count on my fingers. "Three years and eight months."

"Three years and eight months." She says it slowly, deliberately, and waits. "Three years and eight months."

At first I have no idea what she's driving at. Then I see it.

Three years and eight months. The same length as the longest relationship of my life. The same length as the relationship that made me seek out psychoanalysis in the first place.

Jesus. Is *this* what they mean by transference?

I am dumbstruck, furious, intoxicated. My mind starts to swim. I stare at the door.

"I don't suppose this could simply be a coincidence."

"What do you think?"

My head still aches. My brain's roaring. But I make a decision, finally, right then and there.

I will terminate psychoanalysis. In six months to a year.

I know, I know. I can't believe me either. If I'm this much of a wimp, I probably *deserve* to remain in analysis, right?

Maybe. Then again, maybe it's proof that it's finally starting to work. ■

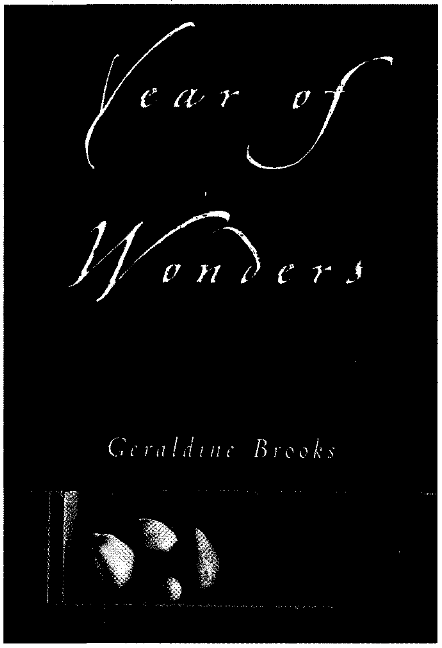
TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

In Print

Apocalypse Redux

"In journalism, the worst of times is the best of times," says former war correspondent **Geraldine Brooks.** She clearly applied that lesson to her first work of fiction, *Year of Wonders* (Viking, $24.95), a rich historical novel set in tiny Eyam, England—the real-life "Plague Village" whose residents were nearly wiped out in 1666 after heroically quarantining themselves to prevent a broader epidemic. Brooks, who now lives in an equally tiny Virginia town (though a slight accent betrays her Australian origins) suffered her share of indignities as a *Wall Street Journal* reporter working in war zones. "The impolite term is *shithole correspondent,*" she explains. Initially sent to the Middle East to replace a reporter who'd left the beat after being jailed in Iran, Brooks eventually found herself in a Nigerian prison and gave up reporting soon after, unsure what to do next. "It's like being a plumber who doesn't want to plumb anymore," she says. *Year of Wonders*' central character, Anna, is just one of the book's several strong women. "I don't think late-twentieth-century women are the only ones who ever railed against their lot," she says. The plague was just another crisis that wreaked havoc on the social order. "I've seen a lot of women who'd led very sheltered lives in the Middle East suddenly thrown into situations where they had to take charge," says Brooks, whose earlier book, *Nine Parts of Desire,* is about women's changing roles in Islamic cultures. "People will do things in the middle of a war that they wouldn't be caught dead doing in ordinary situations," she says. "I've gotten the sense that when confronted with the possibility of death, there's almost this crazy sense of exhilaration." B.K.



Radio Highlights

'The Miles Davis Radio Project"
[his episode, titled "Miles Davis: Midnight Oil 1955–1959)," covers Davis's rise to celebrity, his first]uintet, and his recording of *Porgy & Bess.* • 8/18 at 11 .M. WNYC, 820 AM.

'The Next Big Thing"
)ean Olsher's variety show focuses largely on the va- ieties of noise in New York City, as well as the rare)leasures of peace and quiet. • 8/19 at 11 A.M. on WNYC,)3.9 FM and 6 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

'Selected Shorts"
[he latest broadcast recording of Symphony Space's eries features Billy Campbell presenting Fitzgerald's 'The Sensible Thing" and Hattie Winston reading [oni Cade Bambara's "Gorilla, My Love." • 8/19 at ıoon on WNYC, 820 AM and 6 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

'Bookworm": Micheline Aharonian Marcom
Host Michael Silverblatt talks at length with Marcom, vhose stunning first novel, *Three Apples Fell From Heaven,* dramatizes the Armenian genocide. • 8/19 at :30 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM.

Aolly Jong-Fast
The daughter of Erica Jong and the author of *Normal Girl* talks to Lewis Burke Frumkes, the eponymous ıost of his show. • 8/19 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

;otham Writers' Workshop: Children's Books
ınyone aspiring to break into the children's-book or ıagazine industry could benefit from a free class on ıe topic. • 8/14 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th t. (212-794-1962); free.

}ruce Rosenthal
The medical expert on eye care and the author of *Liv- ıg Well With Macular Degeneration* demonstrates adap- ve devices and shares tips for coping with this form f blindness that progresses with age. • 8/16 at 11 A.M. he Lighthouse International, Vision Rehabilitation Ser- ices, 111 E. 59th St. (212-821-9760); free.

The Techniques of Color"
ırtist William Kasuli delivers the last of his four-part ries of workshops demonstrating techniques behind ıe works in the Morgan's "Master Drawings" exhib- . This time it's all about crayon and pastel. • 8/17 at :30 P.M. Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008); 10.

[he Written Word

'ictoria Moran
'he author talks about her inspirational how-to, *Lit rom Within,* and signs copies. • 8/15 at 12:30 P.M. Barnes Noble, 600 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (212-765-0592); free.

elia Sherman and Scott Westerfield
t KGB's contemporary science-fiction series, Sher- ıan reads from *The Porcelain Dove,* Westerfield from *volution's Darling,* a *Times* Notable Book of 2000. • '15 at 7 P.M. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Villiam Monahan
'he author of *Light House,* a novel about an eccentric lew England B&B hit by a nor'easter, reads from his ew book. • 8/15 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. 12-420-1322); free.

braham Rodriguez
merican Book Award winner Rodriguez reads from is new novel, *The Buddha Book,* at two locations this 'eek. • 8/16 at 7 P.M. Housing Works, 126 Crosby St. (212- 34-3324); 8/21 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

lary Morris
he author of *Acts of God* reads from her work. • 8/16 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

***S.P.A.W.N.* at Halcyon**
Standing for "Sunset Park Art and Writing Newsletter," *S.P.A.W.N.*, the triannual Brooklyn-based publication, presents five of its writers—Ahimsa Timoteo Bodhran, Robert Booras, Alicia Marie Howard, Zahera Saed, and Marco Villalobos. • 8/16 at 7:30 P.M. Halcyon, 227 Smith St., Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY); free.

Linda St. John
The author of the memoir *Even Dogs Go Home to Die,* about her life's journey from obscurity in poor rural Illinois to renown as an "outsider" artist, reads from her book and signs copies. • 8/16 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Beverly Donofrio
The author, whose memoir *Riding in Cars With Boys* will very soon be a Drew Barrymore vehicle, reads from her semi-sequel, *Looking for Mary,* and signs copies. • 8/20 at 7 P.M. Half King Bar, 505 W. 23rd St. (212-462-4300); free.

Bob Gore
Gore talks about *We've Come This Far: A Photographic Journal of the Abyssinian Baptist Church,* which has a foreword by Jesse Jackson and Calvin Butts. • 8/21 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0180); free.

Special Events

Tours

The Bowery at Twilight
Just as the Museum of the City of New York's exhibit kicks in, this tour of New York's historic skid row includes the sites of P.T. Barnum's circus, Big Tim Sullivan's headquarters, McGuirk's Suicide Hall, and many a saloon and flophouse. • 8/16 at 6:30 P.M. Meet at the black cube at Astor Pl. (212-439-1090); $12.

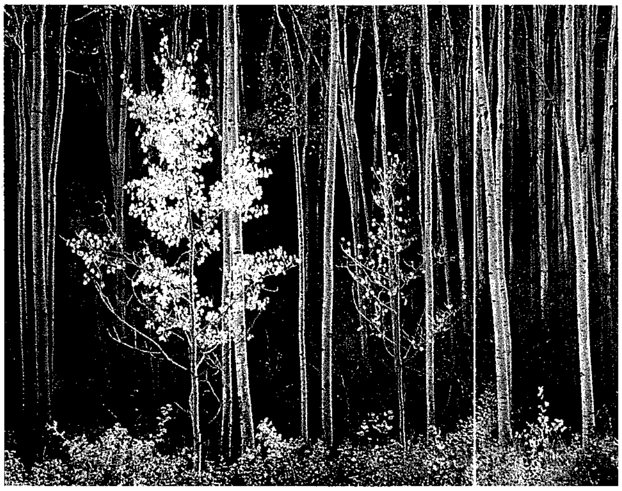
"Money Matters: The Interiors of Wall Street"
The financial district's lobbies and atria are the focus of a trip inside the Cunard Building, the U.S. Custom House rotunda, 1 Wall Street, and other buildings impressive on the inside. • 8/17 at 11 A.M. Meet on the U.S. Custom House steps, 1 Bowling Green (212-935-3960); $15.

"Midtown's Wild West"
In conjunction with the Met's exhibition "A Century of Design, Part IV: 1975–2000," architectural historian John Kriskiewicz takes you through the western areas of midtown, a recently developed stretch that includes

In Print

Ansel-lary Rights

Even though John Szarkowski, the curator of **Ansel Adams at 100**, was a longtime director of MOMA's photography department, it won't be until July 2003, a year after Adams's centenary, that the preeminent nature photographer's retrospective makes its way to town from San Francisco. Until then, you'll have to content yourself with the companion book (Little, Brown, $150). Szarkowski's introduction precedes 114 superior prints of Adams photographs, from established classics to surprisingly intimate scenes (like *Aspens, Northern New Mexico, 1958,* pictured) and even a rare urban shot of Wall Street. Every copy comes with one framable print—though everyone gets the same 1937 photo of the Dolores River Canyon, so don't be shocked if your Ansel-loving friends all seem to have identical taste.



the Equitable Center, Carnegie Hall Tower, and Worldwide Plaza. • 8/19 at 11 A.M. Meet at Carnegie Hall Tower, 152 W. 57th St. (212-935-3960); $15.

"Old and New Money"
A tour covering the origins of Fifth Avenue and Central Park West is also a look at the effect of different kinds of wealth on the culture and architecture of two great city boulevards. • 8/18 at 2 P.M. and 8/19 at 1 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Murray Hill
A comprehensive walking tour led by guide Alfred Pommer includes 25 separate stops, visiting sites like Robert Murray's original farm, the gold-domed Armenian Orthodox Cathedral, and FDR's first home with Eleanor. • 8/19 at 2 P.M. Meet at the northeast corner of Second Ave. and 34th St. (212-979-2388); $10.

"The Harbor and the Sea"
Tour New York Harbor by boat, as Joe Svehlak takes you aboard the *Pioneer,* an 1885 vintage schooner, for a private sailing cruise past Governor's Island and Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty, and the Manhattan and New Jersey coasts. • 8/19, 2 to 6 P.M. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $70.

Benefits

Summer Gala With the Stars
The New York Junior Tennis League hosts its annual charity party at the newly air-conditioned Central Park Boathouse. Alec Baldwin, Pam Shriver, and David Dinkins preside over a buffet dinner, cocktails, a silent auction, dancing, and gondola rides on the lake—all benefiting the tennis nonprofit as well as the Arthur Ashe Endowment for the Defeat of AIDS and the New York City Little League Baseball Emergency Fund. • 8/15 at 7 P.M. Central Park Boathouse, Eastern Central Park at 74th St. (718-786-7110, ext. 146); $150 and up.

"Wow Brazil"
A Southampton fund-raising gala for the Animal Rescue Fund of the Hamptons (known affectionately as ARF) features a Brazilian-themed dinner party and dancing to music by D.J. Tom Finn, with Chuck and Ellen Scarborough as honorary chairs. • 8/18 at 7 P.M. The End, 595 Captains Neck Lane, Southampton (631-537-0400, ext. 208); $250–$1,000.

Events

"Living on the Edge"
Socrates Sculpture Park in Long Island City is the setting of the Museum of the Moving Image's outdoor festival, in which each Wednesday presents one ethnicity's music and food along with one of its films. This week, Italian food accompanies a screening of *The Italian,* a 1915 silent film about Italian-American romance accompanied by a live singer and keyboardist. • 8/15, music begins 7:30 P.M., screening at sunset. Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819); free.

East Harlem Weekend
During Harlem Week, the Museum of the City of New York presents four events to celebrate Eas Harlem. "Dancing at the Plaza," at the Dana Discovery Center on Thursday, is a strictly ballroom affai not far from the site of the famous Park Palace Ballroom; on Friday, a tour covers such sites as Metropolis Studios and St. Cecilia's Roman Catholi Church; on Saturday there's a screening of Georg Rivera's documentary, *Tito Puente: The King of Lati Music;* and the series concludes with Clave Azul playing Latin and Afro-Caribbean jazz in the museum' garden. • "Dancing on the Plaza," 8/16 at 6 P.M. Dana Discovery Center, south of E. 110th St., near Fifth Ave. "Behind the Scenes in East Harlem," 8/17 at 1 P.M.; *Tit Puente* screening, 8/18 at 2 and 3 P.M.; Clave Azul, 8/19 a 2 P.M., all at Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fift Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free wit $7 museum admission.

The Great Reenactment
At the conclusion of Battle Week, th British Brigade and the Brigade of th American Revolution reenact the Battl of Brooklyn at two of the borough' fields, Prospect Park (with a battle at th historic Old Stone House) and Doubleday Field in Fort Hamilton. • 8/18 at 1 P.M Long Meadow, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, an 8/19, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Doubleday Field, For Hamilton, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn (718-768 3195); free.

Police Appreciation Weekend
Show your love for the NYPD at the *Intrepid,* where you can cheer on specialized teams—the Scuba Team, the Bom Squad, and the Aviation, Harbor, Canine Highway, and Emergency Servic units—as they demonstrate their coo state-of-the-art crime-stopping equipment. Good luck dodging the Recruitment Unit. • 8/18 and 8/19, 1 to 4 P.M. Th Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. a 46th St. (212-957-7055); $12.

Sports

GHI Bronx Tennis Classic & Family Festiva
Madonna may be gone, but that doesn't mean w can't embrace the (fake) cowboy mystique she le behind. This year, the Bronx's pre–U.S. Open professional Tennis Classic, in which young male an female upstarts play for a $100,000 purse, goes Wester in a nod to the international rodeo concurrently takin place across the street. The rodeo features bareback bronco, barrel, and bull riding, as well as steer wrestlin and calf roping. On the 8/17, a parade of kids visits th rodeo, has free lunch, and gets tennis lessons from th pros. • Tennis Classic: 8/13 to 8/19, 11 A.M. to sunset; Rode 8/16 and 8/17 at 1 P.M., 8/18 at 4 P.M., 8/19 at 5 P.M. (718-78 7110, ext. 105); Crotona Park, Third Ave. and Claremo Parkway, the Bronx; Tennis Classic free during the week, $1 for semis and finals on 8/18 and 8/19; Rodeo $6 in advanc $8 at gate.

53rd Artists & Writers Celebrity Softball Gam
Legend has it that this Hamptons tradition—which officially began in 1968 to benefit Eugene McCarthy presidential campaign—actually has its roots in a 194 game with Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock i Syd Solomon's backyard. This year, Yogi Berra is throwing out the first ball, Giuliani is catching, and prett boys Ed Burns and Billy Baldwin are expected to pla ball. First-time sponsor French's mustard is donatin hot dogs, the proceeds of which, along with tick sales, go to three local charities: a battered-women shelter, a hospice, and a day-care center. • 8/18 at 3 P.M Herrick Field, East Hampton (631-725-1294); $8.

Park-to-Park One Miler
In an effort to prove that—despite *The Sopranos'* popularity—there are more "fishes" alive than dead in th Hudson, the Battery Park City Parks Conservanc sponsors a mile-long swim along the sea wall fro Battery Park City to Pier 25 in Hudson River Park North Moore Street. • 8/19 at 10:30 A.M.; South Cov Battery Park City, near W. Thames St. (info: 212-267-970 registration: 888-692-7946 or www.nycswim.org); free.

Game Week

HOME AWAY

	Mon: 8/13	Tue: 8/14	Wed: 8/15	Thu: 8/16	Fri: 8/17	Sat: 8/18	Sun: 8/19
METS		SD FSNY 10:05 P.M.	SD FSNY 10:05 P.M.	SD FSNY 5:05 P.M.	LA WPIX 10:10 P.M.	LA WPIX 10:10 P.M.	LA WPIX 4:10 P.M.
YANKEES		TB FOX 7:05 P.M.	TB MSG 7:05 P.M.	TB MSG 1:05 P.M.	SEA MSG 7:05 P.M.	SEA FOX 4:05 P.M.	SEA MSG 1:05 P.M.
LIBERTY		WAS ESPN 8:00 P.M.					
METROSTARS			DC FOX 7:30 P.M.			DAL FOX 8:30 P.M.	COL METRO 3:30 P.M.
NFL Preseason				GIA V. JAC ESPN 8:00 P.M.		JET V. BAL CH 2 8:00 P.M.	
CYCLONES	SI CH 29 7:00 P.M.	SI NO TV 7:35 P.M.	NJ NO TV 7:15 P.M.	NJ NO TV 7:00 P.M.	SI CH 29 7:00 P.M.	SI NO TV 7:35 P.M.	NJ NO TV 1:00 P.M.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern A

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Opening

Fringe Benefits

Parents yearning to be hip but not *too* hip will find comfort in FringeJr, the kids edition of the annual FringeNYC Festival showcasing emerging theatrical talent. While grown-up plays (with titles like *Often I Find That I Am Naked*) are the primary draw of the festival, Fringe folk are making sure that the next generation will appreciate things beyond the mainstream. But don't worry; they keep the atmosphere G-rated, with such activities as a creative-writing corner, South American arts-and-crafts sessions, Liberian storytelling, and games that take red-light-green-light to a new level. Tinamarie Panyard, the director of FringeJr, is adamant that this five-year-old production stay true to its grass roots. "What can we do in our own backyard without electronic entertainment?" she asks. "Kids need creative thinking, things that are less prepared." That said, moms and dads will be relieved to learn that Panyard has done most of the prep work for them; FringeJr's productions require little more than showing up and letting the kids loose, free to improvise in the company of such performers as Ballooniac. (See "Children's Events.") S.A.

Children's Events

On the Fringe
FringeNYC gets under way with plenty of action for the kids. On 8/19 and 8/26 from noon to 2 P.M. at La Plaza Cultural Garden on 9th St. between Aves. B and C is the outdoor portion that includes ewelry- and instrument-making, street clowns, face-painting, puppet shows, and the like. Theatrical performances follow a different schedule and include *Fairy Tale Odyssey*, quick-change artistry of the classics; *Balls, Balls, Balls*, a collage of inventive movement that goes from a rain forest to the subway tation; and *Curiouser & Curiouser,* a puppet show about the relationship between Lewis Carroll and his real-life friend Alice. • Theatrical performances are scheduled daily through August 26 (212-420-8877 or www.fringenyc.org); $12.

Not Your Bubbe's Lower East Side
Adventure on a Shoestring has scheduled a snacks-nd-sights safari in the revitalized Lower East Side. Kids on this walking tour will be treated to stops at he famous Grand Street bialy store, a pickle store, a knishery, and Orchard Street. The tour ends with an optional dinner at Katz's. • 8/19 at 4 P.M.; meet at the orthwest corner of Delancey and Essex Sts. (212-265-663); $5.

Picture This
A free seven-week program in Battery Park explores he science of photography through subject choice, ght exposure, and image fixing. Bank Street School eacher Douglas Van Horn runs the class on Mondays beginning 9/10, from 3:30 to 5 P.M. Pre-registration equired. • Nelson A. Rockefeller Park at Battery City (212-67-9700); free.

Don't Suck Your Green Thumb
At the Staten Island Botanical Garden, kids cross the moat and make their way through a maze to discover he hidden wonders of a secret garden. A discussion ollows about the importance of nurturing a garden lus a reading of the classic *The Secret Garden.* A planting exercise is included in the session. Pre-registration required. • 8/18 from 11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; meet at the Visitors' Center at Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-8200); $5.

Master Builder
The Long Island version of the Frick Mansion, home to the Nassau County Museum of Art and 145 acres of gardens and outdoor sculptures, are the learning tools for an exploration of architecture. Using various techniques and materials, kids will develop their own fantasy buildings and go deep on the subject for a week. Materials, snacks, and smocks included. Pre-registration required. • 8/20–8/23 from 9:30 A.M. to 12:15 P.M.; One Museum Dr., Roslyn Harbor, Long Island (516-484-9337); $175.

More Master Builders
Tour the Guggenheim kid-style, with a family tour of the "Frank Gehry, Architect" exhibit. Kids will learn what makes Gehry and Frank Lloyd Wright so great. Leave the Legos home. Pre-registration required. • 8/19 at noon; 1071 Fifth Ave. (212-423-3587); free with museum admission of $12 adults, $8 seniors and students, free for kids 12 and younger.

Full of Hot Air
Some 50 colorful hot-air balloons will fill the summer sky at Long Island's Brookhaven-Calabro Airport. The three-day Waldbaum's Balloon and Music Festival offers sing-alongs, puppet shows, jugglers, clowns, high-diving gymnasts, magic shows, and, of course, polar bear, Energizer Bunny, and Tony the Tiger hot-air balloons. Grown-ups will groove to Jethro Tull and the Doobie Brothers. • 8/17–19 from 1 to 10 P.M. on Friday and 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday; Shirley, Long Island (888-99-HOTAIR or www.balloonfestival.com); $15 adults, $10 kids 7–12, free for youngers.

Native Sounds Downtown
Dance to the sounds of Chicken Scratch, social dance music known in the American Indian community as *waila*, as rapped by Cherokee Litefoot. Learn the steps and gather laughs with a kid-appropriate comedian. No reservations are required, but space is limited. • 8/23 from 7 to 10 P.M.; Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian, George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3894); free.

Yes, It's a Living Thing
Coral consist of millions of tiny organisms and the New York Aquarium wants to share what it's doing to protect these creatures throughout the world. The weekend also includes Caribbean music, arts and crafts, and storytelling. Free activity book for kids 2–12. • 8/18–19 from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Surf Ave. and W. 8th St., Brooklyn (718-265-FISH); free with admission of $9.75 adults, $6 kids.

Stick 'Em Up
Lots of those fascinating specialized units of New York's Finest will be on hand during Police Appreciation Weekend at the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum. Demos from the Scuba Team, Aviation Unit, Canine Unit, Bomb Squad, Emergency Services, and more will remind the masses how important these men and women in blue are to us. • 8/18–8/19 from 1 to 4 P.M.; Pier 86, W. 46th St. and 12th Ave. (212-245-0072 or www.intrepidmuseum.org); free.

South of the Border Heads Uptown
The Film Society of Lincoln Center's Movies for Kids gloms onto the adult program of Latin cinema. On 8/25–8/26 at 1 P.M. is the animated *Manuelita*, about a brave turtle who accidentally becomes a top Parisian model. The final film, *The Pintins to the Rescue*, on 9/1–9/2 at 1 P.M., another animation from Argentina, finds Luna, a penguin, under the power of a mad scientist. • Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5610); $3.

The Better to Eat You With, My Dear
The Queens Museum of Art joins forces with the children's theater group Once Upon a Time to present the classic fairy tale *Little Red Riding Hood.* Performances are held in the lush landscape stage of Flushing Meadows Corona Park. Attendees are encouraged to bring blankets and pillows for seating and easy mobility, as scenes move to multiple locations around the park. Free post-performance admission to the museum. • 8/19 at 3 P.M.; at the museum's main entrance (718-592-9700, ext. 222); free.

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hotograph by Andrew Kaen.

MANEKER *Continued from page 43*

each member of the crew goes over his mistakes in previous races. Berman, trying for any last piece of knowledge that might give him an edge, calls Nashua, New Hampshire, on his cell phone, hoping to get a weather update.

"Like they've gotten anything right so far," one of the crew grouses.

"Hey!" Berman says, looking up from the companionway and his cell phone, "have a heart. These guys probably make all year what you earn in a month." His tone is sympathetic to the forecasters. Before he got involved in sailing full-time, Berman was a commercial-real-estate broker living in the Village. When the market tanked in the late eighties, Berman decided to make a life out of his hobby. Now he runs Yachtsoft.com, a company in Great Neck that outfits vessels with technology.

When wind enough for the final race eventually comes, *Gold Digger's* superior training and experience win out. Both boats start well, but *Gold Digger* gains a slight advantage downwind and exploits it to full effect. After the crucial moment, which is over before most of the crew realize it, Berman refuses to give up, calling for tack after tack upwind and an endless series of jibes downwind that *Gold Digger,* the lead boat, is obliged to mirror.

"Between now and the finish," Berman says as he increases the frequency of the turns, "we can only keep doing it and hope something breaks on their boat."

IT'S 9:15 ON A THURSDAY MORNING IN late July—almost a year to the day after the weekend in Newport—but the weather feels more like April or October. Feigel stands impassively in the rain as traffic clogs the Throgs Neck Bridge several hundred feet above him. But Feigel isn't concerned about the commuters because he's got a clear lane down the East River and only a tugboat coming up in the other direction to worry about.

Down below, Berman has three laptops open on the nav station, calibrating instruments and running charts that show the boat's exact position and speed within the tides and currents of Long Island's waters. *Brown-eyed Girl* is making her way through the heart of New York City to arrive at the starting line for this year's Around Long Island Regatta, a 190-mile race from just off Sheepshead Bay in the Atlantic Ocean, around Montauk and Orient Point, and back down Long Island Sound to Hampstead Harbor.

During the trip from City Island, the weather begins to clear and they get a rare and peaceful view of the city. On the lawn of Gracie Mansion, three large dogs disport themselves by racing up and down an open patch of green. At the 59th Street Bridge, the FDR is stalled out in the morning rush. ("You gotta love going faster than the traffic," Tom Cagnina says.) And along the embankment, a few morning joggers and a nanny or two with strollers parked at the railing wave to the passing boat. *Brown-eyed Girl* passes under the Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges, where a photo shoot involving a yellow motorcycle and dry ice is under way in DUMBO, and behind Governor's Island before ducking a large ship moored just under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. It's a little after noon when the sailors begin to converge on the starting line. In staggered intervals, the 126 Around Long Island competitors start in classes according to their size and speed, with the faster boats, like Dinhofer's, at the end.

In the near-perfect conditions, *Brown-eyed Girl* sets off at 3 P.M., sailing closely by three of the five J/44s. Though they are racing against the entire fleet on a handicap system, the well-matched 44s struggle to gain yards and even feet on one another throughout the afternoon and into the night as they skirt the Rockaways, Jones Beach, Fire Island, and, finally, the Hamptons.

Aboard this time is Tim Mahoney, a former J/44 owner who lost his boat, *Saline Solution* (he owns salt mines in the Dominican Republic), in a storm in 1996. With Wall Street in hibernation and Benna about to deliver twins, Dinhofer is looking to share expenses with someone like Mahoney, who will race the boat. "At this point, I'm looking to get a partner," Dinhofer says.

It hasn't helped that the spring series and Block Island Race Week were plagued by stumbled maneuvers and awkward crew work. But tonight everything's going right. Around eight in the evening, the wind dies a little, and *Brown-eyed Girl* is quick to make the decision to hoist a larger headsail, which gives the boat a brief but decisive advantage.

When Mahoney takes the 10 P.M.–2 A.M. watch at the wheel, *Brown-eyed Girl* is burying the competition. A confident and calm sailor, Mahoney widens the lead before returning the boat to Dinhofer and Cagnina, who've found their groove. Through the night, they sail against the computer, calling out numbers from the readouts and matching their performance against target speeds, which the computer generates from the wind conditions.

Just before 9 A.M., *Brown-eyed Girl* rounds Montauk Point, calling in its position by cell phone to the race committee at Sea Cliff Yacht Club. The two trailing J/44s have slipped off onto another tack, and Dinhofer and Berman spend the next hour busily trying to determine where the competitors might be—ahead or behind? For all the sophisticated equipment aboard, there's no way to tell whether the boats remain a threat.

"Why don't you get your wife to call Sea Cliff and pretend she's married to someone on *Charlie V,*" Berman jokes about one of the missing boats as he heads below to retrieve a pair of binoculars. "Then she can ask when they expect the boat back and what time it rounded Montauk."

"We tried that two years ago," Dinhofer says, laughing. "They left an answering machine on the phone line so you couldn't ask." Berman scans the horizon ahead of the boat and behind it.

"You should really get a pair of gyroscopic binoculars," Berman says. "You can see twice as far. I can get you a pair for $1,200." Then he gives up on trying to figure out if a very similar-looking boat is actually one of the missing J/44s. (It isn't.)

"You know, with the GPS and the weather reports and the gyroscopic binoculars," Dinhofer says, "you've taken all of the guesswork out of this."

Five hours later, both boats have been located several miles back; ahead there are only two other boats. But it will take another ten hours to finish, including a tense bout of maneuvering as *Brown-eyed Girl* and three other boats desperately try to cope with a last-minute wind shift within a mile of the finish line.

Just before midnight, a tipsy blonde woman with corkscrew curls shouts "Welcome to Sea Cliff!" as one of the nearly dozen women on the committee boat raises a chromed shotgun and fires a round, signaling that *Brown-eyed Girl* has crossed the line first in its class. Eventually, the corrected time will give Dinhofer and Mahoney first in their handicap fleet and second overall.

An hour later, the crew members have freshened up in the basement of Sea Cliff Yacht Club and sat down for a drink on Dinhofer. Though he's pleased with his boat's performance, he's having doubts about returning next year: "I think we're done with this regatta. We've won everything we can win here."

A few days after the race, Scott and Benna are considering selling the boat.

"It's getting harder," Benna says. "Being on a boat with a toddler is not a nice thing. Ally's always going for the water. She's in a life jacket, but I'm still worried."

"If I don't sell it, *fine,*" Dinhofer says. " still have a great boat. If I do, I'll never have to say, 'Someday, I'm going to own a big boat.' I've done it—and maybe I'll get another one when I'm 50." ∎

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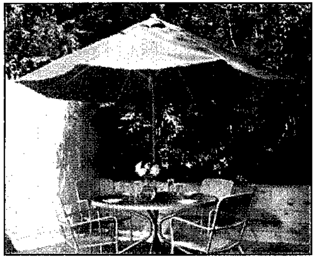

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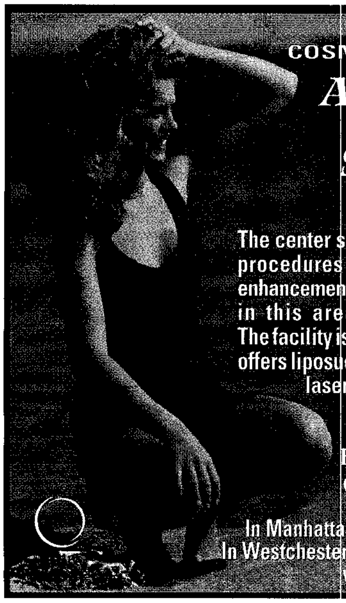

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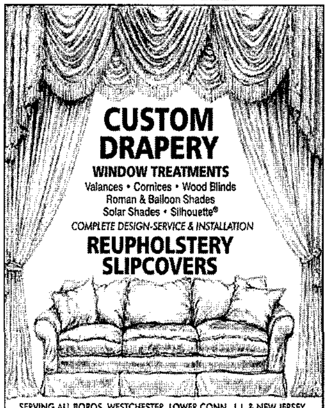

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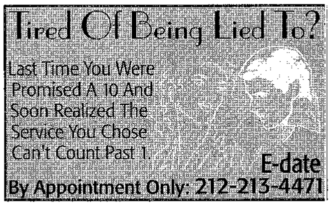

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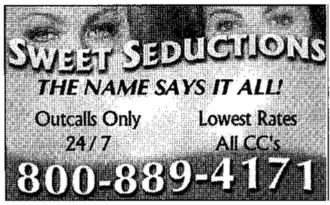

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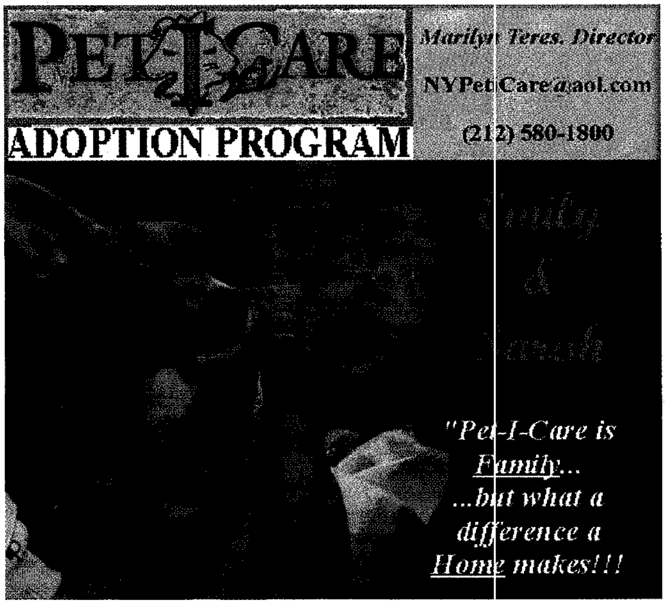

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Successful, Handsome—Entertainment executive, 40, seeks attractive, intelligent and outgoing woman, 25-35, for fine dining, exotic travel and best life has to offer. Photo a must. 8467 ✉☎

Ivory Girl—Earthy beauty, lithe, refined, passionate, playful, independent, professional, diverse interests, 34. Seeking strong, educated and successful professional, easy on the eyes, mid-late 30s, warm, fit, funny, nonsmoking. Jewish a plus. For mutual, long-term monogamous spoiling. Photo appreciated. 8464 ✉☎

Every Life Affects Another's—Unmarried Jewish female, 49, 5'2", petite, buxom, blue-eyed blond, smart, caring attorney, seeks unmarried Jewish man, warm, caring, honest, smart. 8462 ✉☎

Seeks Marriage And Family—6'4", handsome (really), slim, very athletic, successful Jewish attorney, 52, many interests, easygoing, happy, fulfilled - except I do not have an educated, warm, pretty, slim lady, 35-40, for all that life has to offer. Photo; will reciprocate. 8471✉

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Renaissance Man—A Jewish professional male, 47, very attractive, varied interests, fit and fun, in search of a professional female who is eclectic, artistic, slim, sensitive, intelligent, and who radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. No e-mail. Note/phone, please. 8463 ✉☎

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Good-Looking Guy—39, attorney, 6', athletic, never-married, seeks very attractive, slim, 26-36-year-old woman for relationship. Note/photo. 8468 ✉☎

Spicy, Slim Brunette—Seeks fit, warm, loving soulmate for future, 50-65. 8435✉☎

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Handsome Professional—White male, 51, athletic, funny, honest, easygoing, many interests, seeks female for serious *relationship.* 8447 ✉☎

Pretty Blond—37, European - enjoys travel, sports, fine dining. Seeks a loving male for a long-term relationship. 8472✉

Don't Answer This Ad—Unless you are a man of quality, 65-70, successful, tall, attractive, health-conscious and loving. I am all of the above. Photo. 8474 ✉☎

Successful Professional—38, 5'7", of European descent, sincere, passionate, fun-loving, with family values, desires relationship with a woman of substance. 8473 ✉

Romantic With IQ Desirable—Attractive, upbeat, warm, blond Jewish lady, 5'7", young 52, independent, accomplished professional - seeks worldly, caring, down-to-earth, sincere, committed life partner, 48-58, 5'10" plus. Photo/note. 8439 ✉☎

Beautiful Brown Skin—Green-eyed, shapely, talented, passionate and fun woman, 50s, seeks a nonsmoking, cultured, fun male companion for what may come. 8478 ✉☎

Real Guy Seeking Real Woman—Handsome, 45, 5'8", 155 lbs, clean-cut, all-American looks, educated, successful, athletic, great sense of humor. Seeking similar woman for commitment. 8483 ✉☎

Seeking Special Man—Very attractive, professional, slim, warm, fun-loving and grounded female - enjoys travel, people, pets, movies, theater, dining out. Seeks Manhattan male counterpart, 46-58, emotionally available and financially secure, for lasting relationship. Photo. 8476 ✉☎

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Pretty Female Workaholic—Needs to learn how to relax. Would love male companion, 45 plus, for theater, dining out, travel. Note/photo a must. Will reciprocate. 8477 ✉

I Am A Pretty, Warm, Funny Lady—Whose interests range from opera to safaris. Are you a kind, cultured, engaging male, 50-60, who is looking for a soul mate? If so, please call/write: 8482 ✉☎

CT Socialite—Seeks comparable gentleman (60-70) who appreciates a lady who is elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate. Note/photo a must! 8451 ✉☎

Find Romance—Laughter and an open heart in this fit, funny Manhattan guy, 44, who's ready for a deeper relationship. Professional, bright, witty and a true NYer, seeking a confident, relaxed, attractive, athletic woman, 32-42, with a great smile, creative energy and a heart of gold. Nonsmoker. Phone/photo. 8456 ✉☎

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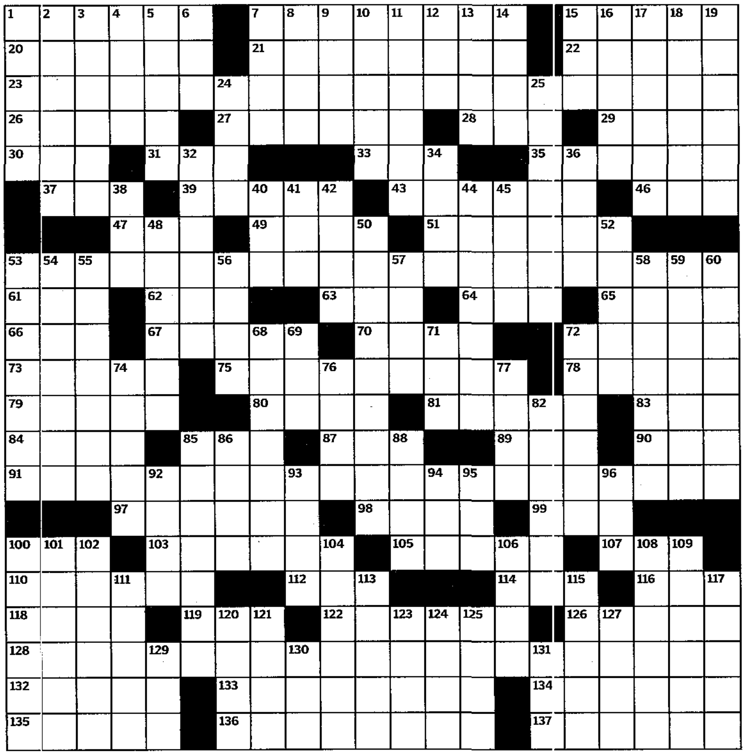
'I, My Name Is . . .'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



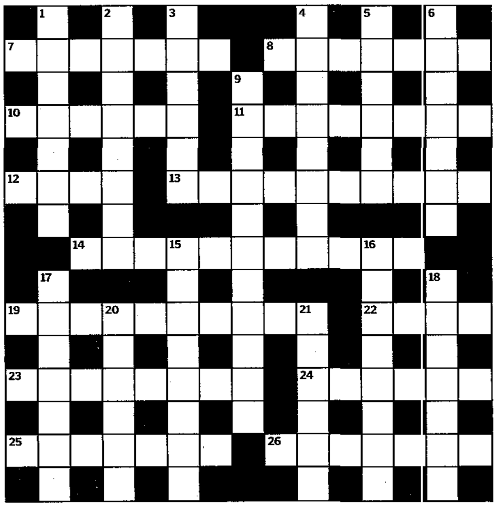
ACROSS

1 Expel a lawyer
7 Recognizable
15 Brazilian dance, with "nova"
20 Punctual
21 It can be circumstantial
22 Firepalce debris
23 "I, MY NAME IS . . . "
26 Ward healer
27 Impassioned
28 *Too-late* E.R. report
29 "—— Kleine Nachtmusik": Mozart
30 Snarling dog's sound
31 Farm-mail abbr.
33 "Home Improvement" star Allen
35 January birthstone
37 Potato bud
39 Bit of offshore land
43 Couturiers' identifications
46 Reverse curve
47 Trail behind
49 Victorian "by God!"
51 Ingrained behavior patterns
53 AND ——
61 Dr. Ruth's topic
62 Assn.
63 "—— was saying . . ."
64 Sailor's yes
65 Sly look from Groucho
66 Hip-hop music
67 Barrett and Jaffe
70 Declare openly
72 Not outlawed
73 Negatively-charged atom
75 AND ——
78 Napoleon's punishment
79 Cheeses from Holland
80 Henry VIII's last Catherine
81 Red-carpet affairs
83 Amount offered
84 "—— Smile Be Your Umbrella" (1928 tune)
85 Between a birdie and a bogey
87 Comic-strip shriek
89 Promos
90 Captain's diary
91 AND ——
97 Smitten by Cupid
98 Uppity one
99 Tavern
100 Younger Reiner
103 Cause hurt feelings
105 Started a card game
107 Where Einstein was born
110 Reluctant
112 Go one better
114 Words between Stein's roses
116 Lubricate
118 Takeout store
119 VCR manufacturer
122 Fame
126 Pola of the silents
128 AND ——
132 Mo or Stu of Congress
133 Was overpowered by fright
134 Wood coating
135 Code name
136 Suffocates
137 Has a hankering

DOWN

1 Nothing ——!
2 Guarantee against loss
3 Like a cloudless night sky
4 Babies' dickeys
5 Kuwaiti bigwig: var.
6 Kinsman: abbr.
7 Be in dread of
8 More than eager
9 Distance measure
10 "—— Know How to Love Him"
11 Soup bean
12 AND ——
13 Boric, for one
14 Las Vegas rival
15 It's a sheep remark
16 Wickerwork twig
17 Pilgrimage destination
18 Large fishing nets
19 Ledger entries
24 Lass's beaus
25 Comedian's zinger
32 Operatic barber
34 Half a Hawaiian fish
36 Whodunit pet
38 Angled annex
40 Deighton who wrote "The Ipcress File"
41 Coop find
42 "Gone With the Wind" residence
44 Munich's state
45 Auction Website
48 Adds trimmings
50 Has a different opinion
52 Glass coffeemaker trademark
53 Haifa citizen
54 Roam
55 Make reparation for
56 Fire: *prefix*
57 Plunge headfirst
58 Easily read
59 Aquatic mammal of circuses
60 TV executive Roone
68 Give the okay
69 —— Na Na
71 Brit.
72 Teaching unit
74 Saudi's neighbor
76 Angered
77 Jai-——
82 Owns up
85 Filches
86 Dating from
88 Tenderhearted
92 Baseball's Slaughter
93 Pre-Easter period
94 She's a deer
95 "The —— Daba Honeymoon'
96 Antelope that doesn't sound old
100 Curie discovery
101 Exert excessively
102 New Jersey beach resort
104 "Little" girl in a Dickens title
106 Austrian city on the Danube
108 Less peppy
109 Actress Helen of the "Prime Suspect" series
111 Teheran money
113 Nectarine's kin
115 Year, in Lyon
117 Prevaricators
120 Puts a lid on
121 He never had a mother
123 Popular sports brand
124 Singleton
125 Says "I do"
127 Author Ferber
129 Ending for infant or project
130 "Sail —— Ship of State!": Longfellow

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Rufus



ACROSS

7 Add one's ringing tones to the conversation? (5,2)
8 It provides an opening for parachutists. (3-4)
10 Exercise out, the way to acquire a heavenly body. (6)
11 Downpour makes it hard to see. (8)
12 A good likeness. (4)
13 Devious system of one-way traffic. (10)
14 Tired out intellectual is not very helpful. (11)
19 Refuse to be a hazard to the environment. (5,5)
22 Unfasten the duck cage. (4)
23 His appetite is all-consuming. (8)
24 It's completely in Latin. (2,4)
25 Mocked when seen to be upset and embarrassed. (7)
26 Soldiers accept our weapons. (7)

DOWN

1 Insects found under tea cup. (7)
2 The height of distinction. (8)
3 Time to wrap up. (6)
4 Managed to find time which suited nicely. (6,2)
5 Rat swallows a river insect. (6)
6 Break down, strangely enough. (5,2)
9 Band leader waves at customers. (11)
15 Uncooked, filleted and lean. (8)
16 Acceptance of notice before election. (8)
17 Walked up around a chap sleeping. (7)
18 Film we start and end on a ship. (7)
20 Is about to get up, but flags. (6)
21 One regime mistreated? (6)

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 78.